SKETCHES

OF

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

AUTHOR OF NORTHWOOD, &C.

The genius of my country shall arise,
A cedar towering o'er the wilderness—
Wafting its native incense through the skies.

BYRON.

THIRD EDITION.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit:

District Clerk's Office.

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"Sketches of American Character, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Author of Northwood, &c.

'The genius of my country shall arise,
A cedar towering o'er the wilderness—
Wafting its native incense through the skies.'—*Byron*."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE approbation bestowed on the SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER, when they originally appeared in the Ladies' Magazine, has enconraged the publishers to collect and revise them for a separate volume. This would not have been done so soon after their first appearance, could the demand for complete sets of the Magazine have been answered, without printing a new edition of several numbers. The publishers preferred a selection; and they trust the public will approve their judgment.

Boston, August 1829.

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SKETCHES

OF

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

WALTER WILSON.

"If e'er thy heart incline to thoughts of Love,
Think not to meet the gentle passion joined
With pomp and greatness: Courts may boast of Beauty,
But Love is seldom found to dwell amongst them.
He seeks the cottage in the tufted grove,
The russet fallows, and the verdant lawns,
The clear, cool brook, and the deep woody glade,
Bright winter fires, and summer evening hues:
These he prefers to gilded roofs and crowns.
There he delights to pair the constant swain
With the sweet, unaffected, virtuous maid:
Here is his empire, here his choice to reign,
Here, where he dwells with Innocence and Truth."

ROWE.

TRAVELLERS, who have made the tour of Europe, always dwell with peculiar delight on the sunny skies of Italy; and a host of domestic writers, never, perhaps, in the whole course of their existence, beyond that seeming boundary where their eyes first beheld the horizon apparently closing around them, join their voices in the chorus of the sunny skies of Italy!

Let them lard their poems and stories with threadbare descriptions of the 'rosy twilight,'

and 'silvery moonbeams,' and 'gorgeous sunrise'—I confess, these *copied* delineations have little interest for me.—America, 'my own, my native land'—O! the rudest mountain, and wildest wood of thy varied landscape, is far dearer to my heart, and more inspiring to my imagination, than the sublime antiquities and unrivalled natural charms of that clime, where 'all, save the spirit of man, is divine.' It is the *free* expression of that spirit, which, when irradiated by liberty, and instructed by knowledge, is all but divine, that gives to Americans their peculiar characteristics. To exhibit some of those traits, originated by our free institutions, in their manifold and minute effects on the minds, manners, and habits of the citizens of our republic, is the design of these Sketches. How *well* the design is fulfilled, the decision of the public taste, must decide.

Walter Wilson was the only child of a man who had once been an eminent merchant in Boston, but losses and misfortunes suddenly reduced him to bankruptcy, and he died, broken-hearted, before Walter had attained his seventh year. Mrs. Wilson, with her little boy, then retired to the house of her father, a good industrious farmer, residing in the county of Franklin; where she might have dwelt in quietness, had not the elevation from which she had fallen, and which, in truth, she had not borne very meekly, continually mortified her pride. Her impatient repinings were not heard with much sympathy by her own family,

and she was driven as much by necessity as inclination, to pour forth her sorrows to her young son. However, it must be confessed, she dwelt quite as pathetically on the loss of her fine house and fine furniture, fine horses and fine carriages, as on the loss of that husband to whom she was indebted for all her finery. She was a weak woman—too highly elated in prosperity, too easily depressed by adversity—not considering that *both* are situations of *trial;* that there is but *one* path which leads to eternal life, and so we gain it, the consideration is trivial, whether it be beneath the garish sunbeams of the one, or groping our tearful way through the dark shadows of the other. But lessons of true humility, or useful exertion, were never taught by the precepts, or examples, of Mrs. Wilson ; and Walter, till her death, which occurred when he was about fifteen, had done little, save repine at the cruelty of fortune, or form wild schemes of future success and grandeur, which neither his temperament, nor habits, seemed in the least calculated to realize. He was proud, passionate, and visionary, and though not idle, a very *reluctant* boy, whenever manual labor was included in his tasks. These were the dark shades of his character. Now for the sunny side ; and that I like to portray far the best. His feelings were just like his countenance, —open, ingenuous, noble ; his heart quick as the flash of his dark eye, in the cause of the oppressed ; and tender as the smile that played on his lip, while gazing on the faces of those

he loved. And he possessed that surest pledge of virtue in the *dependant*, a grateful mind; joined with a sense of honor so scrupulous, that he would have died rather than betrayed a trust reposed in him, or violated a promise voluntarily given. It was on the right direction of these qualities, that his grandfather, a cautious, shrewd old citizen, who had fought in the battles of the revolution, and assisted in the formation of more than one constitution designed for the government of freemen, built his hopes of the future success of the destitute orphan. But how to manage him judiciously was the question. He had never been subjected to much restraint, and his spirit would spurn at the contumely and wrongs the poor are often exposed to receive from the rich. He was naturally romantic, and had not been inured to steady exertion, and would probably be discouraged if a life of labor was proposed as the only means by which greatness might be achieved. His grandfather had a friend, an old-fashioned farmer like himself, and moreover rich and without sons, who offered to take the boy. It was an excellent place, if plenty of food, and plenty of work, good instruction, and pious examples, are considered of primary importance in the education of the young. The grandfather thought them so.—Walter was not so easily satisfied ; but, finally, gratitude to his relative, who had so long supported him, made him yield to his wishes, and consent to dwell with Mr. Ezekiel Clark, for the space of three years. If in that time his objections

to the occupation of agriculture should not be removed, his grandfather promised to aid him to prepare himself for something more consonant to his wishes. It is impossible, in this limited sketch, to analyze the motives which induced the old gentleman thus to dispose of Walter, whom he loved as tenderly as he ever did one of his own sons. No doubt the reader, if a young lady, thinks his destination very vulgar—wonders why he was not sent to college, or at least, placed behind some counter; and, all interest in the hero at an end, prepares to turn to some more amusing article. If she does, she will lose the description of as fair a girl as herself, besides one or two love scenes.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening of the last day of November, 1803, that the family of Mr. Ezekiel Clark was summoned to the sitting room to attend family duties. This was two hours earlier than the usual season for the evening devotions, but all knew the reason of the call, and assembled without delay. There, in an oldfashioned armed chair, before a fire that seemed calculated for the meridian of Lapland, sat Mr. Ezekiel Clark; at his right hand stood a three legged table, on which lay the "big ha' Bible," well worn, and beside it, a small, neat edition of the holy scriptures, apparently new. Mr. Clark was advanced in years, sixty or upwards, a tall, spare, yet vigorous looking man, and in his youth, probably handsome; but now his face was marked with the deep lines of care and sorrow, while his thick, overhanging eyebrows, gave an austere cast to his

countenance, which was much increased by his habitual gravity. With her chair nestled close to his side, and her hand reclining on his knee, sat his daughter, his only one, and a fairer girl could not be found in all the country.

I dislike full length descriptions of beauty. Who does not know that a handsome woman must have a fair complexion, bright eyes, ruby lips, and all the *et cætera* of loveliness, requisite to take captive the affections of lordly man? These choice gifts had been showered upon the fair Fanny—(that was her name ; had she ever attended a boarding school, it would probably have been *novelized* into Frances ; but the advantages of a fashionable education she never had enjoyed, and so I shall call her as her father always called her—*Fanny* ;)—with a prodigality that marked her for a favorite of nature ; yet I cannot be positive of the color of her hair, whether it was black, brown, or chestnut.

The qualities of her mind and temper demand more particular scrutiny. She was the youngest of eight children that a beloved wife had borne to Mr. Clark. The others all died young ; and as these human blossoms, one by one, were withered, the heart of the mother sunk beneath her grief. She died of a lingering consumption, and the little Fanny, then but five years old, only remained to console her father. It might naturally be supposed she would be much indulged—but it was not so. Mr. Clark was a genuine descendant of the pilgrims, pious even to enthusiasm, and

pursuing what he deemed the path of duty, with a resolution that savored of sternness. Strict in family duties, and family government, even to rigidness, he would have thought it an infringement of the decalogue, to have indulged with his child in that playful hilarity which good people now deem so innocent and laudable. But Fanny loved her father with a reverence so deep, so grateful, that all his commands were pleasant. She even watched to anticipate his wishes, and although, had she followed the impulses of her own happy and buoyant heart, she would have sung and danced from morning till night; yet whenever she caught her father's voice, hers sunk to soft murmurs; and when she heard his step, her own was demure as a quaker's. Yet it was not that he did not love her sweet tones; they thrilled every fibre of his heart, and often charmed him 'even to tears'—but he did not dare indulge his tender and delighted feelings, he so feared he should idolize her; he so trembled lest he should lose her. He was like the miser who can only count his gold in secret, lest some one beholding his treasure, should rob him of the precious deposit. He always prayed for her, but he never caressed her; even when she drew her chair so close to his, and looked up in his face with such confiding fondness, he did not smile upon her. But she knew he loved her, and to retain and merit his affection, was her study and pride. O, she was a sweet girl! as gay as a swallow, and yet gentle as a dove—persevering, and yet

flexible ; just the disposition for a woman, a wife ; a spirit that can accommodate itself to the wishes and humors of those on whom it is dependent for happiness, and yet retain sufficient firmness to act with decision when circumstances shall require its exertion.

I have dwelt so long on the character of Fanny, (how could it be avoided ?) that I must be brief in the notice of the personage seated next her. And yet to delineate half her peculiarities, would fill half a volume, and her sayings and doings would form a folio. She was no other than Miss Judith Clark, better known in the family and neighbourhood by the name of aunt Judy, the sister of Mr. Ezekiel Clark; and ever since the decease of his wife, had been his housekeeper. She was a working, talking, bustling body, and one who never omitted an opportunity of giving good advice to any person, let them be ever so mean or miserable, who would listen to her harangues. If she did not always give assistance to those who needed it, it was because she did not see it to be her duty. She was the reverse of her brother in many things, and perhaps the difference cannot be better explained than by saying, that while *she* was boasting of her knowledge of the law, *he* was silently obeying its injunctions. Yet she was an excellent housekeeper, and proud of her housekeeping ; in short, one of your notables ; a character not so common now as twenty years since. She was seated very erect, in a low chair, her knitting work on her lap, but covered with her pocket handker-

chief, which would wholly have concealed it, had not one unmannerly needle thrust itself through a small hole she had that very evening to her great consternation burnt, while smoking. Her visage was thin and sharp, and her features, and the lines of her countenance, denoted no predominant passion, save extreme carefulness ; yet her spectacles were now raised upon her forehead, and her hands reverently folded upon her lap, as if she had cast aside all worldly thoughts, while preparing to attend the reading of the Holy Word. Let us not doubt the sincerity of her worship—she certainly made a sacrifice of inclination to duty ; the posture she had assumed, was to her active habits a penance ; for never, during waking hours, were her hands seen folded, except at the morning and evening devotions. But even then, she was not wholly freed from anxiety. Her attention was often diverted from her religious meditations, by the pranks of a roguish looking urchin, who sat in the corner, on her left. A little curl-headed Jonathan, who had been bequeathed, by his dying mother, to the care of aunt Judy, and whom she loved, *three* excepted, the best of any human being. But he loved play, even better than he did aunt Judy ; and was now, from his low stool, slyly pulling and teasing two venerable cats, that lay sleeping on a rug, placed purposely for them, near the fire.

One other figure completed the group around the hearth. Nearly opposite aunt Judy, and beyond the table, on the right hand of Mr.

Clark, sat a young man, apparently sunk in profound thought. The air of his countenance was lofty, almost to haughtiness—and yet there was something in the expression of his very handsome features that attracted, almost fascinated, every beholder. It was the expression of generous feeling, that promised sympathy; of open sincerity, that invited confidence ; and few, who regard the face as an index of the mind, would have hesitated to trust him as a friend, and fewer still would have wished to have provoked him to become an enemy. That youth was Walter Wilson. It was the day of his emancipation—he was twenty-one; and the family were thus early assembled, that they might all unite once more in worshipping the Most High, before Walter departed to a school, in a distant town, which he had engaged to instruct during the winter.

Mr. Clark read a chapter composedly, but in a much lower tone than usual—perhaps that was the reason why neither Walter nor Fanny heard one word of the matter. Aunt Judy could not attend strictly to the reading, as she was obliged to keep one eye constantly fixed on the rogue in the corner, while sundry shakes of her head denoted her displeasure at his conduct. Then followed the prayer, in which Mr. Clark deviated so far from his usual form, as to petition, earnestly, that the path of duty might be made plain to the one about to go out from them—that he might be kept from temptation, and preserved from evil ; and that they might all meet again, if not in this vale of

tears, yet in the heaven of joy above. Aunt Judy, as a response, uttered a sigh so deep, it nearly resembled a groan—Walter stood with his lips firmly compressed, and every nerve wrought up to endure, if possible, without betraying his feelings; he did not relax for aunt Judy's groan. But when he heard a soft, low sigh, that he knew was breathed by Fanny, his knees trembled so violently, he was compelled to lean against the mantel-piece for support. When Mr. Clark had ended his prayer, he took from the table the small Bible, and advancing one step towards Walter, said, —'It is now my duty, Walter, to say you are *free*. You have been a faithful and a good boy; not that I can say you have always done your duty; but we all have our short-comings, and you have behaved much better than I expected when I took you. I hope and pray you will continue to do well; and as a guide to your path, I give you the word of God. Study it, Walter, and you will, I trust, become wise unto salvation. And if, in this world, you meet with any trials in which I can assist you, call upon me as your friend, your father.'

His voice sunk as he pronounced the last word, but not one word was so distinctly heard by Walter; and as he returned the fervent pressure of the old man's hand, the tears swelled in his eyes. Aunt Judy sobbed audibly, and would doubtless have cried outright, had she not felt it her duty, while her brother was speaking, to reprimand little Jonathan, which she did in a whisper, by telling him that 'if he

did not let them 'ere cats alone, and behave himself, she would, as soon as ever Walter was gone, whip him till she took his skin off.' For the credit of her humanity, however, I will record, that she had not the least intention of executing her threat.

A man now entered the room to say he waited for Walter. 'We must bid you good-by, Walter,' said aunt Judy, offering him one hand, while with the other she wiped her eyes—'but where is Fanny? Fanny!' she continued in a loud tone—'where can the girl be gone to, I wonder? Fanny!'

'Bid Fanny farewell for me,' said Walter, in a low voice, and then again pressing the hand of Mr. Clark, he rushed from the house.

'You may put my trunk in the sleigh, and drive on,' said Walter, to the man who was to accompany him—'I shall walk.'

'Walk! what, all the way to your grandfather's?' inquired the man—'why it is a good five miles, and a plaguy rough road.'

'No matter,' replied Walter, in an accent so impatient, it sounded angry—'I say I shall walk.'

'And walk you will, I guess, for all of my stopping for you,' muttered the fellow, as he drove off at full speed.

Walter slowly followed the jingling vehicle, till he had reached an abrupt angle in the road, which, entered upon, soon shut out the view of Mr. Clark's dwelling. Here the youth paused, turned, and stood long, with folded arms, gazing on the home he had left. The cold of

winter had already commenced ; the ground was covered with snow, that sparkled beneath the bright moonlight ; it was shining as the world appeared to Walter, and cold as his hopes on entering it. The tall elms, that so gracefully, during summer, threw their green foliage over the long, low, oldfashioned building, now towered, revealed in all their gigantic proportions, their long bare arms, stretched abroad, as if to defend the dwelling they had so lately ornamented. All around was hushed ; and while Walter stood there so still and lonely, the only living thing unsheltered, he felt pressing on his heart that sense of utter desolateness, which persons of sensibility, who for the first time find themselves alone in the world, are doomed to suffer. There are few sensations more painful.

How his hopes, and plans, and wishes, had altered, since he first went to reside with Mr. Clark ! Fanny was then just twelve. He promised to stay three years ; they looked like an eternity to him, he was so anxious to mingle among men, and hew himself a path to fame, and do—he knew not what—but 'wonders, no doubt.' The three years expired. Fanny was fifteen. She loved Walter, with all the innocency and truth of sisterly affection. Every leisure hour they planned some amusement together. During the long winter evenings, when she had knit her *thirty times round*, they read the same books together. Fanny, with tears in her eyes, begged him to stay ; could he go ? O, no ! not then—in a few months per-

haps. Thus two years passed—they passed quickly to Walter. One year only remained of his minority; and during that, he never once expressed a wish to go. And Jacob could not labor more faithfully, while serving for his beloved Rachel, than Walter wrought on the farm of Mr. Clark. Yet the intercourse between Walter and Fanny, had assumed a character so distant and reserved, that a stranger might have thought them wholly indifferent to each other. This reserve was the effect of her delicacy, and his sense of honor and fidelity to his master. It was then Walter felt the full bitterness of his poverty and dependence.

He loved Fanny, deeply, fervently; and yet he never breathed a syllable, which a brother might not have spoken to a sister. Still he feared he had not been sufficiently guarded, else why had not Mr. Clark expressed a wish to have him reside longer with him, when he so much needed help? 'He suspects I love Fanny,' murmured the youth to himself. A convulsive movement for a moment agitated his features. Then clenching his hand firmly, he exclaimed—'And I will yet be worthy of her love!' And plunging down the steep road, he pursued his way with a speed that seemed calculated to overtake his companion.

In truth, Walter was not the only person who wondered why he was suffered to depart. Aunt Judy owned her astonishment; but as *economy* was as much her hobby as it ever was Adam Smith's, the only difference being that his was *political*, hers, *personal*—she resolved

all her doubts by reflecting, that probably, her brother knew of some person he could hire, who would work cheaper than Walter.

The next morning saw a very sober looking group assembled around the breakfast table of Mr. Ezekiel Clark. 'I took a bad cold yesterday, and could not sleep much last night,' said Mr. Clark.

'I had terrible bad dreams, and my sleep did not do me one bit of good,' said aunt Judy.

Fanny said not a word ; but, judging by her swollen eye and pale cheek, she had rested no better than the others. A fortnight passed, and no news from Walter—another fortnight, and a letter came to Mr. Clark.

'Pray, how does Walter like his school ? how many scholars does he have ? when is he coming home ?' eagerly demanded aunt Judy; huddling question upon question, with true feminine volubility.

'He says nothing at all about his school,' replied her brother, gravely, and glancing his eye on his daughter.

'You needn't look to Fanny,' said aunt Judy, pettishly, provoked that her questions were all vain,—'as if she wanted to hear anything about Walter. She hasn't mentioned his name since he went away, and I don't believe she cares whether he is dead or alive.'

Fanny was employed making a coat of crimson flannel, which aunt Judy had taken particular pains to color for little Jonathan. During the time her father was reading the letter, she had busily continued her work ; but aunt

Judy afterwards declared, she never, 'in all the days of her life, see such a looking button-hole as one that Fanny made on that crimson suit.' Her face was pale as marble when her father first looked upon her; at aunt Judy's remark, it was colored to her forehead—even her neck and hands were as crimson as Jonathan's coat.

A smile of tenderness, mingled with a shade of sorrow, passed over the usually fixed, and almost stern features of Mr. Clark. He collected his writing materials, and sat down to answer Walter's letter; but what he wrote, aunt Judy, with all her fidgeting, could not discover.

The months passed on; but if we credit aunt Judy, they passed heavily. She always declared it was the most *melancholy* winter she ever experienced. 'And Fanny,' she said, 'was so downspirited and moping, she *raly* feared the girl was going into a consumption.'

At such remarks, Fanny would try to smile; but if her father heard them, the look of pity and endearment he always threw upon her, would bring tears to her eyes.

It was towards the last of March, and on the evening of a stormy, blustering day, such as frequently occur at the vernal equinox, that Mr. Clark sat down to read his usual portion of scripture. He had laid his hand on the sacred volume, and given the preparatory hem, when the outer door unclosed, and a light step was heard traversing the long, narrow entry. The sitting room door was flung open.

'Walter!'—exclaimed Mr. Clark, in the deep bass tones of his guttural voice, seizing one of the youth's hands.

'Walter!'—screamed aunt Judy, a full octave above the highest treble notes she ever before used—as she caught the other.

'Walter!' murmured Fanny, in a voice sweeter to his ear than the breathing of an Æolian harp, as disengaging himself from the grasp of her father and aunt, he pressed both her hands in his, and while she sunk into the chair from which she had partly risen, just touched his lips to her forehead.

The action was unnoticed by aunt Judy, who had stooped to pick up her spectacles, which had fallen in her hurry to welcome Walter; and which she would not have had broken, for a kiss from the handsomest young man in the universe. If Mr. Clark saw the slight caress, the smile that beamed on his features, while he pointed Walter to a seat in his usual place, did not argue displeasure.

'What is the matter with Fanny now?' said aunt Judy. 'I shouldn't think Walter's coming home was any occasion for tears.'

'We will proceed in the duties of the evening,' said her brother, solemnly, as he just glanced on his daughter.

'You may have Fanny,' said Mr. Clark to Walter the next day—'but, as I told you in my letter, you must not marry till next November. Manage for yourself one year. Go, hire yourself out, and be steady and industrious; you will gain much useful knowledge;

and next fall come home here, and you shall be as my own son. Fanny, too, has need of learning many things, before she will be fitted to manage a family.'

'Yes, indeed,' responded aunt Judy. 'Fanny never has cared whether she knew how to bake, or brew, or any such necessary matters, if she could only skip and sing. But I hope now she will be more steady, and mind how I season my pies; the wedding cake I shan't let her try to make, for it would be a bad sign, besides a very great waste, if the wedding cake should be spoiled.'

'These wild, idle boys sometimes succeed well,' said a neighbour to the grandfather of Walter Wilson. 'There is your grandson, he has married the richest and prettiest girl in the county. Who would have guessed it?'

'It has happened just as I intended,' replied the sagacious old man, significantly shaking his head, 'when I persuaded the child to live with Mr. Clark. Walter was one of your romantic, hasty, wayward boys; but he had a good heart notwithstanding. One of those tempers, so difficult to manage, and so well worth the attempt of managing. I placed him in the right way, and he is now so trained and bound, that habit and inclination will keep him right. His own ardor and ambition will soon carry him forward, and it is the blessing of our happy institutions, that merit and talents, in whatever station, if rightly exerted, will command respect, and ensure success. I prophesy,' continued the old man, raising himself up

with a lofty air, 'I prophesy, that if Walter Wilson lives twenty years, he will be a distinguished man!'

There is now a large, elegant brick mansion beneath the shade of those old elms, that once threw their arms over a long, low, irregular building; the grounds, and everything around, bespeak the owner a gentleman of industry, wealth, and taste; and the address of that gentleman is, the Hon. Walter Wilson.

THE

SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

'Old men forget; yet all shall not be forgot,
But they'll remember with advantages,
The feats they did that day.'

Almost every man, who is advanced in years, has, in his past life, some particular period which is remembered with peculiar interest. The circumstances connected with that period are treasured in the memory, often repeated, and but few topics of conversation can be introduced without furnishing an opportunity of referring, at least, if not expatiating on the important affair. It is deserving of notice that what is, in fact, the engrossing pursuit of the multitude, namely, the acquisition of *wealth*, is not, even by the most devoted worldling, accounted matter of such glorious triumph as those deeds which shame the propensity he is indulging. You rarely hear such an one boast of the cunning bargain which laid the foundation of his fortune, or the plodding thrift by which he accumulated his thousands.

Avarice is a deep rooted passion in the human breast, and its gratification ministers to

vanity, yet none are vain of being thought avaricious. There is a feeling of degradation in the mind, if known to place its sole affections on the paltry, perishable things of earth, which should admonish even the most stupid, of that more noble destiny which man was formed capable of enjoying. But feats of personal strength and activity, and 'hair breadth 'scapes' from danger, are recounted with a satisfaction commensurate to the labors performed, and the perils encountered; because there is a pride of personal desert in such achievements and escapes. But above all, the glory gained in the tented field, is the theme which those who have any claim to the title of *soldier*, are the most ambitious to display. They all appear to feel somewhat of that yearning for martial fame which agitated the princely hero of Agincourt when he exclaimed—

> 'By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
> Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
> It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
> Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
> But if it be a sin to covet honor,
> I am the most offending soul alive.'

Yet whoever has heard, or read the narratives of the veterans of our revolutionary war, must have remarked that they dwell not so much on the detail of the battles and skirmishes in which they were engaged, as on the effect those actions had in deciding the contest in favor of liberty and independence. The causes which roused the Americans to take up arms, were most favorable to the developement

of the virtuous energies of men, and consequently that recklessness of moral character and abandonment of pious principles, which too often fatally distinguishes the mass of that profession, when composed of hired mercenaries, never attached to the soldiers of our armies. It was doubtless matter of astonishment to the governments of Europe, that no disturbance followed the disbanding of the American troops; those foreigners did not know that our *soldiers*, when assuming that name, never abandoned the one of *citizens*. In fact the latter was the most gratifying to those who fought the battles of freedom,—and when the necessity for farther resistance ceased, they gladly relinquished their weapons and returned to the firesides their valor had preserved from insult and spoliation. It was their boast to have fought for their country, and to their country they cheerfully resigned the laurels they had won. This generous devotedness of the American soldiery to the principles of liberty and equal rights, and their prompt obedience to civil government, have no parallel in history. They have never been adequately rewarded, but let them be gratefully remembered. They deserve to have their deeds the theme of story, and of song; and a sketch of one of those veterans will not surely be considered inappropriate in a work like this, especially by those who consider how much the ladies of America are indebted to the free institutions established by the war of the Revo-

lution, for their inestimable privileges of education, and that elevation of character and sentiment they now possess.

'This walk has quite tired me,' said old Captain Blake, seating himself in his capacious armed chair, and placing one foot on the low stool his grandaughter Maria arranged for his accommodation. 'A little matter overcomes me now, I find. Maria, my love, bring me a tumbler of beer. Well, Mr. Freeman, you look as if nothing could fatigue you; and I have seen the time when I thought no more of walking a dozen miles, than I do now of creeping as many rods. I remember when I marched with General Starke to Bennington—that was the first time I went as a soldier. I was then just twenty, and I carried my gun and ammunition, and a huge knapsack, containing clothing and provisions, for my kind mother was very much afraid I should suffer with hunger; and I marched with all that load about forty miles in one day, and never thought of complaining.'

'You had then a glorious object in view to animate your spirit,' said Horace Freeman.

'Yes, and we obtained it,' replied the old gentleman, briskly, sitting upright in his chair; 'and the country is now enjoying the reward of our labors and sufferings. Those were dark days,' he continued, with the air of one who is endeavouring to recall ideas of scenes and feelings long past, and almost forgotten. 'Dark days and perilous times for America, Mr. Freeman;—and the events of that period

cannot be too often related to the rising generation.'

He paused, and seemed gathering strength and breath for a long harangue, and the young people expected the history of his three campaigns. Horace Freeman had heard the whole just six times over, and Maria at least sixty—but she was never tired of listening to her grandfather, and Horace, if he might but look on her, could listen very patiently.

It is probable the old gentleman noticed the glances interchanged by the lovers, and that they recalled forcibly to his mind some passages in his early life—at least it might have been so inferred, as the circumstances he proceeded to narrate he had never before been heard to mention.

Captain Blake resumed—'It is easy for you young men to imagine the deeds of valor you should have performed, had you lived in the days that tried men's souls—but it is not in the battle that the heart or courage is most severely tested. Indeed there are but few men who feel any fear to fight when once the engagement has begun; 'tis the anticipation of the combat that makes cowards, and sometimes brave men tremble. But the most painful moment of a soldier's life, at least of those who have a dear home and kind friends, is when they part from them. I said the expedition under General Starke was the first I joined. When the news of the Lexington battle arrived, I was eager to be a soldier—but my father objected. 'No, my son,' he said, 'you

are not yet arrived at your full strength, and the country requires the assistance of men. I will go.' And he went, and fought at Bunker Hill—and in the retreat across Charlestown neck he was wounded by a cannon ball from the British man of war. The ball shattered his right knee, and amputation was found necessary. It was some time before he could be brought home, and he never recovered his former health. My father was a poor, but a very respectable man; for in those days the display of wealth was not necessary to make a man respected. Good sense, industry, economy and piety were passports to the best society among the descendants of the pilgrims. My father possessed all these requisites; and, moreover, his reputation for personal courage and tried patriotism was firmly established,—for who could doubt either, when his harangues, justifying the proceedings of Congress and condemning the British ministry, were always followed by a vivid description of the Bunker Hill battle, and the pain he endured from his wound; the whole closed by the solemn declaration, that his greatest anxiety and distress, during the whole operation on his limb, arose from the conviction that he was for the future incapacitated from taking an active part in defending the liberty of his country. My father had one enemy and opponent. This was a man by the name of Saunders, our nearest neighbour. They moved into the wilderness together, and it might have been expected that mutual hardships would have made them mu-

tual friends. But, in the first place, there was no similarity of mind or temper between them —and in the second place, Saunders married a rich wife; giving him an advantage in point of property, which he was very fond of displaying. My father, though various untoward accidents kept him poor, was nevertheless proud, and knew his own abilities were far superior to those of his neighbour; and so, the more ostentatiously Saunders displayed his wealth, the more contemptuously my father treated his opinions. There was scarcely a point on which they agreed ; and when the troubles between Great Britain and the Colonies commenced, they immediately took different sides ; my father was a flaming whig, and it was perhaps as much to avoid being termed a follower of his, for my father always took the lead in town meetings,—as from principle, that Saunders declared himself for the government.

It would be a curious inquiry to trace the operation of the causes that have contributed to establish those principles, which men often boast of having adopted solely from a conviction of their truth and usefulness. How much of personal convenience, of private pique, of selfishness, envy, anger or ambition, would be found to mingle in the motives of the patriot and the politician ! But this we will not now discuss. My father was a firm friend of his country, and a fervent christian ; but he had, like other good men, his infirmities ; and among them, perhaps none was more conspicuous than a persevering habit of advancing his own

sentiments on almost every occasion, and a dogmatical obstinacy in defending them. And he availed himself to the utmost of the advantage which the popularity of his own opinions gave him over his adversary. Though I embraced with enthusiasm my father's political sentiments, yet one reason made me regret, very much, the animosity that seemed every day more bitter, between him and Mr. Saunders. There was a fair girl in the case, and I was just at the age when the affections of the heart are most warm and romantic. Mary Saunders was not an extraordinary beauty : I have seen fairer girls than she ; but I never saw one whose expression of countenance was more indicative of purity of mind and sweetness of temper. But you can judge for yourself, Mr. Freeman, for Maria here is her very image—all but the eyes. Mary Saunders had black eyes ; and black is, in my opinion, much the handsomest color for the eye, and generally the most expressive. Maria's eyes, you see, are blue—do, my love, look up—but their expression is very much like her grandmother's eyes.'

Horace Freeman was doubtless very glad of an opportunity of examining, and that too by the permission of her guardian, the eyes of the girl he adored ; but her confusion and blushes admonished him that the indulgence of his passion was fraught with pain to the object of his affection, and he endeavoured to change the conversation to the subject of the battle of Bennington.

'You observed, you accompanied General Starke,' said he to the old man; 'were you present when the tories under Baum were defeated?'

'Was I?' returned the old gentleman, his eyes flashing with the keenness of youthful ardor—'I guess I was, and I believe I have told you the whole story; nevertheless I will detail it again, some time, as I find you like to hear such accounts, as indeed all sensible young men do; but now I was intending more particularly to tell my own feelings and views when I first left home. Accounts of battles are quite common, but we seldom read or hear a description of that warfare of mind which every soldier must undergo when he, for the first time, girds himself and goes forth to fight. I said I loved Mary Saunders, and she returned my affection; but the difficulties, every day increasing, between our families, threatened to prevent our intercourse. Mr. Saunders was the first to object, and he intimated that my father encouraged the match, notwithstanding his pretended aversion to tories, because he thought it advantageous. This accusation kindled my father's anger to a high degree, for nothing roused his spirit like a charge of meanness—and so he absolutely prohibited me from seeing or speaking to Mary, or corresponding with her in any manner. How absurdly our passions are often allowed to control our reason and judgment, and even our inclination. At the time when Mary and I were thus positively forbidden to meet

had our fathers spoken their real sentiments, I am persuaded they would both of them have approved our affection for each other. I was always a favorite with Mr. Saunders, and as Mary was an only child, and had no companion at home, she had passed much of her time with my sisters, and my parents had seemed equally fond of her as of their own daughters. But now all intercourse between the families was annihilated, and for us to have met, would have been considered a great crime.

Party spirit was then, and always will be, wherever indulged, the bane of society and good neighbourhood. But the peculiar circumstances in which the whigs were placed justified, in some measure, the asperity they cherished against all denominated tories. There are some nowadays that write histories of that war, and pretend to describe the feelings and spirit that then pervaded America, but this cannot be done. There was at that time agitation in the minds of men which words can never describe. The uncertainty that hung over the destiny of our country, the exertions and sacrifices that all good patriots felt must be made before success could be hoped for—the possibility of a failure, and a dread of the consequences that must ensue, all these thoughts pressed on the soul, filling it with an indescribable anxiety and gloom. But though there was, sometimes, in the mind of the firmest and most determined patriot, doubt, there was seldom dismay. He considered the principles for which he contended so important,

and the prize so glorious, that even though assured that he could not have succeeded, he would not have yielded. 'Give me liberty or give me death!' was not the motto of Patrick Henry only,—thousands of our citizens subscribed to the same sentiment. I remember when the news of the approach of Burgoyne's army, and the retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga, reached us. We were at dinner when a messenger, sent by General St. Clair, to rouse the inhabitants of New-Hampshire to come to the assistance of the retreating army, entered our house abruptly, without even the ceremony of rapping at the door. The dress of the man showed him to be a soldier, and his countenance displayed such deep concern, that my father seemed instantly to guess his errand. He dropped his knife and fork, and turning his chair so as to face the messenger, demanded his news. I was always something of a physiognomist, and while the man related the disasters that had befallen our troops, and described the numbers and appearance of the British army, I watched my father's features, and never did I see such an expression as his then displayed. During the first part of the recital there was an eagerness, an agitation, a quivering of the lips and eyelids, that showed the deep, even painful sympathy he felt for the embarrassments of the American general—but when the royal commander was named, his brow instantly contracted, his eye dilated, every muscle of his face grew rigid as with determined resolve;

and the stern expression of his features seemed bidding defiance to the whole British army. At length, while the man was proceeding to describe the proud array of the invading foe, and the number of the Indian allies, my father suddenly struck his clenched hand on the table, with a force and clatter that made all the children instantly start from their seats, while he exclaimed—'O! if it had only been God's will that I should have kept my leg, I would soon be on the ground and show them red coats the metal of a Yankee.' I caught his eye as he ceased, and there was an instant change in his countenance. I presume he noticed the eagerness of my look, for there was nothing on earth, except to see Mary, that I then longed so much to do as to become a soldier. This my father had never appeared willing to permit. He could face danger without shrinking, but he trembled for me. I urged my wishes to go. He appeared for a few moments irresolute—drew his hand twice across his forehead, and then calmly said—'My son, you may go. The crisis demands the sacrifice of all selfish and private feelings on the part of Americans—You shall go.'

To know the whole merit of the sacrifice my father then made, it will be necessary to state that I was the eldest of eleven children, all girls, excepting myself and the youngest babe. My father was not able to do any labor—it was in the month of July, when the farmer has, necessarily, so much business on his hands, and yet I am persuaded there was not one self-in-

terested motive, excepting his fears of the danger to which I would be exposed, that caused his hesitation.

It is impossible, in these days of peace and plenty, to estimate truly the generous, devoted, self-denying spirit that was exhibited during the revolution. The thirst for private gain, that is now so engrossing, was then a feeble passion, compared with the ardor to promote the public good; and the final success of our arms is mainly to be attributed to the virtue and patriotism of the people. We had, to be sure, a commander worthy of our cause and country, one undoubtedly designed and prepared by Heaven for the task he performed—but then, his powers and those of the Congress were so limited, he never would have succeeded, but for the zealous and spontaneous co-operation of our citizens. But I am wandering from the subject of my own feelings,' he continued, smiling, 'as indeed I am very apt to do whenever I begin to think, or speak of the public excitement. But to comprehend rightly an old man's story, you must allow him to tell it in his own way. Often when he appears to wander the most widely from his purpose, it is not that he forgets it, but because so many circumstances, which he thinks important, connected with the event he would relate, press on his mind, that he fears you will not get a right understanding of his subject, unless he relates all those circumstances. It is not so often from loss of memory that the aged are garrulous, as from remembering too much.

It was settled I should depart next morning, and all was bustle to prepare me for the expedition.

My father would himself inspect and arrange my military equipments. I had an excellent rifle, and a sufficient quantity of powder, but no bullets—but that deficiency was soon supplied. My mother tendered her pewter basons, and we manufactured a sufficient quantity of shot to kill a whole regiment. My mother also packed among my clothes a huge roll of linen, for bandages, remarking as she did so, that she hoped I would not need it, but I might perhaps have it in my power to bind up the wounds of some poor creature. At that time the soldier had often to carry about him his hospital, as well as magazine. During all this my parents neither shed a tear nor uttered a desponding word; they even reproved my sisters for weeping, saying, that tears should be reserved for the dead—that they ought to rejoice they had a brother capable and willing to defend his country and family from the ruthless savages; and that God would not suffer the injustice of their oppressors long to triumph, if every American did his duty. In the mean time, my own mind was suffering a severe conflict. I did not fear the battle—I longed to engage in the fight; but there was something in this preparation for wounds and death, that could not but be somewhat appalling to one who had always lived in the security and shelter of home. I reflected on the possibility that I might never see that home again.

All the kindness and affection of my parents and sisters, came fresh to my mind. The happy circle we had always formed around the fireside would be broken, and I knew there would be mourning for me. But there was *one* who I thought would weep bitter tears. I had not seen Mary, excepting at church, for more than six months; but I gathered from the expression of her countenance, that her regard for me was unaltered. She had doubtless suffered more from the separation than I. Women are more constant in their attachments than men, and they have fewer employments and resources to vary the current of their thoughts, and a disappointment of the heart is to them a constantly corroding sorrow. Mary had grown very pale and thin, and when I gazed on her as she joined in singing the praises of God, I had often felt as if she must soon be transferred to a happier world. And I had sometimes taxed my father with cruelty and injustice, in separating us, though, at the same time, I respected the high minded integrity that dictated the command; but I had never thought of disobeying him. He had in his look and manner, that kind of authority which seems to be delegated from Heaven, and which will not brook to be disregarded; such as we may imagine distinguished the patriarchs. Our pilgrim ancestors possessed this domestic authority in an eminent degree; and their descendants for several generations inherited it, though less dignified—but it now seems to be nearly extinct. Whether it was on the whole, more

favorable to human improvement in virtue and happiness, than the present *reasoning* manner of family government, is a question I have never seen decided. I wish some one qualified for the task would give us their opinion on the subject. But to return to Mary, from whom my thoughts then seldom wandered. I could not endure the idea of leaving home without seeing her. I went to my father—I trembled in every joint, and the sweat started in large drops on my forehead, but nevertheless I retained sufficient firmness to tell him I must and would see Mary; that I wished for his consent to visit her, and that perhaps it was the last request I should ever make him; and then I added, that if I lived to return, I would still be as obedient to his commands as I had hitherto been. How I summoned sufficient courage to tell him so much, was afterwards to me a matter of astonishment; it might be that I felt rather more boldness from knowing I was soon to be a soldier.

I believe my father's first impulse was to rebuke and refuse me, for he assumed one of his stern looks that always quelled all opposition —but luckily for us both, he looked in my face, and I suspect he became sensible I was not in a state to bear rebuke or disappointment. His first words were, 'Do you wish to be friends with the enemies of your country, with traitors?'

I said, No—but that Mary was not an enemy of her country.

'But her father is,' he replied, 'and children

do adopt, indeed they ought to adopt, the opinions of their parents.'

'Not if they think that opinion wrong,' said I. 'And I have told you before that Mary does not approve her father's sentiments, and that she ought not to be judged and condemned on his account.'

'I know,' he replied, 'that you think favorably of her. At your age this is not strange, but remember, that though I do not forbid your seeing her, if you insist upon it, I warn you of the consequences. The path of duty is now plain before you; it is to fight manfully for liberty and independence. You seem to have such strength and courage given you, as we may hope will bear you up; but if you join hands with those who are wishing to riot in the blood of their country, you will probably be forsaken by Him who is the God of battles.'

There was in my father's manner a solemnity that awed me, but still his prophetic warning had no effect to deter me from my purpose of seeing Mary. I knew, what my father would not credit, that she was an enthusiast in the cause of her country, though the mildness and modesty of her disposition, and respect for her parent, restrained her from openly expressing her sentiments. Indeed, it is worthy of notice that during the whole war, the American women were almost universally patriots; and they encountered their full share of privation and suffering, and that too with a cheerfulness and fortitude that often infused courage and vigor into the hearts of the almost despond-

no A. Douglas.

ing soldiery. And they not only submitted to separations from their friends without murmuring, but they exerted themselves to provide for their families at home, by performing much of the labor and business that usually devolves on the men. A volume of anecdotes might be collected of the heroism and devotion to freedom, manifested by the ladies during that period. There were wives, and mothers, and sisters, who encouraged and assisted to prepare for the battle, those they held dearest on earth. And there were maidens who animated their betrothed lovers for the fight. I was confident Mary was not deficient in this generous self-denying spirit, and I had no fear she would exert her power over me by endeavouring to dissuade me from going into the army. I did not then hesitate a moment on my own account; but I had to procure the consent of her father, as well as mine, for the meeting. I wrote to Mr. Saunders, and very respectfully requested permission to visit his daughter, stating my reasons, and that my father had consented. I afterwards learned it was that which made Mr. Saunders object. He would agree to nothing that my father approved. He wrote me a very cool and provoking answer, in which he took care to repeat all the account of Burgoyne's success, and warn me against joining in a sinking cause ; and he concluded by declaring he would not allow one who was intending to fight against his sovereign to visit at his house, and that his daughter entirely agreed with him in opinion. I was never so

disappointed in my life, and I do not remember that I was ever more angry. The more so perhaps, because my father seemed to enjoy my chagrin. I did not believe Mary was thus indifferent about seeing me ; but still a young man scarce twenty, and a lover beside, is not usually the most reasonable being under the sun. I thought of a thousand things, and imagined a thousand improbable events. These were some of my fancies. If the enemy should succeed, Saunders would doubtless join the victorious army, at least, he would wish to pay his compliments to Burgoyne; and he might take Mary with him ; and I was too deeply in love to imagine any person could see her with indifference. And then I thought it probable some English officer would admire her, and succeed in gaining her hand—and then I felt as if I could annihilate the whole British host.

While I was indulging in one of these paroxysms of feeling, a boy who lived with Mr. Saunders appeared at the end of the lane leading to our house. I knew him in a moment, although it was nearly dark, and hastened to meet him. He brought me a letter from Mary. I know you expect I treasured that letter in my mind, and remember it now—and though it may sound rather silly to hear an old man like me, saying over his love-letters, I will repeat it. It had been begun with 'Dear Samuel,'—but those words had been scratched out, though not so entirely but I could trace them. The next beginning was—'Worthy Friend, I have just seen a letter you sent my

father, and from what he has told me, I fear you will think I am ungrateful and have forgotten you. But this I never shall do. I think of you almost constantly, and pray that you may be directed in the path of duty. I believe you are now pursuing it. I feel that our country needs aid, and wish I could render it. But that is out of my power; but if prayers and tears could avail to save you from harm, I would offer them daily. I do not say this to discourage you, but to show you that I approve your determination to be a soldier. May God shield you.——Mary Saunders.

'P. S. I hope you will not forget me.'

'Such was the letter, word for word,' continued the old man. 'I remember it well, for I carried it three years in a little pocket book, and read it pretty often, as you doubtless guess. It was at the time a precious treasure, for it assured me of Mary's affection, and that she approved my being a soldier, and perhaps I departed with a lighter heart than I should have done had we actually met.

Early the next morning every thing was prepared, and the family all attended while my father made a most fervent and impressive prayer. I observed that he dwelt more earnestly on the salvation of his country, and prayed more heartily that the men who were going forth might have strength and resolution given them to conquer their proud and cruel enemies, than he did that they might be saved from danger and returned in safety. When he concluded, he took my hand; the pride of a soldier

was in his eye as he glanced over my military equipments, but I observed a moisture there; and when he spoke, it was in a sharp, quick tone, as if he feared to trust the expression of his feelings, and even felt angry with himself for indulging them. 'Sam,' said he, wringing my hand as he spoke. 'Sam, remember your duty. Your country now requires your services; and next to your duty to God, your country's claims are sacred. Go, and fight manfully for liberty. Remember it is better to die free than live a slave. Go, and God bless you.'

'Samuel,' said my mother, taking my hand in both of hers, and pressing it tenderly, while the tears gushed from her eyes—I had not seen her weep before. 'Samuel, your father has told you what is your duty, and I know you will do it. I shall pray for you, and if you are hurt, remember the bandages and salve. I have put some salve into your pack, that is very excellent for wounds. Heaven keep you—farewell.'

I do not particularly remember what my sisters said, nor indeed distinctly anything else that passed, till I found myself on the brow of a hill that overlooked the farm of my father, and part of that belonging to Mr. Saunders. I paused there, and looked back on the scene I had left. The sun had not risen, but the eastern sky, as if preparing for his coming, was kindled up with those beautiful hues that the light of noonday never imparts. I saw the green woods stretching away on every side till

they blended with the blue of the distant mountains. In those woods I had hunted many a time. I heard the birds singing their morning songs; all spoke of peace except the shrill cry of the jay, and that sounded in my ear like a call to battle. Beneath me lay the fields I had traversed so often—the windings of the little brook, the boundary that divided the estate of my father from that of his tory neighbor, were easily to be traced by the mist that hung over it; and I could distinctly see the favorite fishing place where I had passed many happy hours. And then there was the home in which I was born, and the trees in whose shade I had so often played with my sisters—and, in the small meadow, a seat beneath an old elm, where Mary and I had often met.

I saw all these, and the recollections they awakened, and the thought that, in all probability, I should never see that spot, and those objects, and my dear family, and Mary, again, came so painfully on my heart that my fortitude was overcome, and I wept and even sobbed aloud. I was in the battle at Bennington—I fought at Saratoga—I was one of the twenty under the command of Lieutenant Knox at the capture of Stoney Point—I have been wounded, and a prisoner. I have heard bullets whistle as they fell like hail, and seen men dropping around me like leaves in autumn, and I have been in want of a crust of bread, but I never felt that fear, that utter despondency, that misgiving of spirit, which I endured when taking my leave of home.'

'But you did return, my dear grandfather,' said Maria, wiping her eyes. 'You did see that home again ?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I returned to dwell there, and I married Mary ; but, it was after my constitution was broken by fatigue and hardship, and my arm rendered, as you see, nearly useless by a fracture in the elbow. Nor had Mary been exempt from sorrow and suffering. The chagrin her father endured in being, as he was, confined to his farm, and knowing himself the object of suspicion, hatred, and contempt of his neighbours, and the disappointment he felt at the failure of the British army, whose triumph he had so confidently predicted, all these things troubled him, and finally undermined his health. He fell into a consumption ; but before he died, he renounced his tory principles, and my father and he became reconciled, and he consented I should marry Mary. And so when I returned from my last campaign, where I was disabled, by this wound in my arm, from further service, Mary was the first to welcome me. But O ! how pale and thin she looked. You young people have no experience, and can hardly form an idea of the trials we had endured. But we had the satisfaction of thinking our country would be free and independent ; and it is so : and yet few, in these days of peace and prosperity, seem to remember that their freedom and privileges were purchased by the sweat, and toils, and blood, of the old soldier.'

THE

WEDDING AND THE FUNERAL.

—o—

'O, thou invisible spirit of *brandy*, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—*murderer!*' SHAKSPEARE.

THERE was a great bustle in the village of B—— when James Murray, Esq. was married to Lucy Marsh. Weddings are always, especially by the ladies, considered important occasions; and the marriage of a rich and distinguished young man with the most beautiful and amiable girl the country could boast, afforded matter of description for many a tea party, and speculation for many a fireside. 'They tell me the furnishing of the house cost James all of three thousand dollars,' said Mrs. Colvin; 'I wonder what his father, poor man, would say, were he living, to see such extravagance and waste!'

'Waste do you call it?' said Miss Lucretia Crane, elevating her long neck as she gave her head a most supercilious toss—'Why, it is nothing more than is necessary, if one intends living genteelly in the country; they would hardly call it decent in Boston. The only thing that gives me any uneasiness, is, that

Lucy will not understand how to arrange her furniture and order her table in good style. A great deal depends on being accustomed to such things—and though Lucy has had a tolerably good education, she is not highly accomplished, and has never had her taste improved by mingling among fashionable society. And her parents were so poor she could not learn much at home.'

'She learned to work,' observed Mr. Colvin, dryly—'and that, allow me to say, Miss Crane, if not a *high* accomplishment, is an *indispensable* one for every American lady. It is true, the wife of James Murray appears to be placed above the necessity of exertion; but sudden changes of property are more common among men of his vocation than any other; indeed, changes in every station frequently occur, and that parent who does not accustom his children to reflect on a probability of a reverse, and, to the best of his ability, qualify them to support it, is, in my opinion, not only weak but cruel. Lucy is not, I fear, in spirit, very well calculated to bear misfortunes—she is too tender and confiding—but she has always been an industrious girl.'

'It might have been better for her to have kept to her needle, and married John Russell, as I am well convinced she was once engaged to do'—replied Miss Lucretia, with that kind of laugh which betrays both envy of a rival, and exultation at the prospect of seeing her mortified.—'I have been told'—she continued in a low but eager whisper, 'I have been told

that James does not always conduct like the gentleman he pretends to be.'

'We should be cautious of trusting reports affecting the character of our neighbours,' said Mrs. Colvin, forgetting that she had began the scrutiny by taxing James with extravagance. 'James is a generous, intelligent, and agreeable gentleman, and his talents do honor to our village. What did you ever hear to his disadvantage ?'

'O they do say he has been known to take a little drop too much—at particular times—when in wild company. At least my brother heard he did so when in college,' replied Miss Crane.

'It cannot—must not be true,' said Mr. Colvin, hastily. 'James was piously brought up—he has had excellent advantages, and possesses good judgment and a quickness of penetration rarely equalled. He is also ambitious of obtaining the confidence of the people, and the honors of public office. He will never yield to that most brutalizing vice which degrades men.'

'I have good reason for believing he has been guilty of it,' said Lucretia, composedly. 'But perhaps there is no reason to fear, as his lovely wife will doubtless reform him.'

'Such reforms are seldom radical ; and never, I fear, with men of his temperament,' remarked Mr. Colvin.—'But ten years will decide.'

'O, if James does turn out a profligate, how I shall pity his mother !' said Mrs. Colvin, sighing.

'I shall pity his wife,' said Miss Lucretia

Crane, adjusting her ruffles with an air of great self-complacency.

'I shall pity him,' said Mr. Colvin rising hastily and traversing the apartment with the perturbation of one who has heard some evil reported openly which he had long suspected, but had been striving to disbelieve.

The real concern of Mr. and Mrs. Colvin, and the affected sympathy of Miss Crane, were interrupted by the approach of the bridal cavalcade. In an elegant carriage, drawn by two noble grays, sat the new-married pair. They were arrayed in costly apparel, and both possessed that beauty of form and face which, bearing the impress of nature's nobleness, is not dependent on ornament for its power of commanding admiration. A long line of carriages followed, from which manly faces, beaming with exultation, or fair ones blushing at the thoughts of their own loveliness, looked forth; the gay laugh was distinctly heard as the vehicles rolled rapidly along, and no one, not even a cynic, could have regarded the scene without feeling a sentiment of joy and gratitude pervading his heart at thus witnessing the perfection of social happiness.

'What a comely couple they are!' exclaimed Mrs. Colvin, as the carriage containing the bridal pair drew up before a new and elegant mansion—'and what a prospect of domestic felicity is theirs. But few begin the world thus advantageously. They have health and beauty, wealth and reputation, and friends, and affection for each other.'

'Could you add one item more to the catalogue of advantages, the earthly picture would be complete,' said Mr. Colvin. 'How unfortunate that the absence of that one requisite, may, perhaps, render all the others nugatory.'

'You then probably have reason to credit the report to which I alluded,' said Miss Crane.

'I did not mean to be so understood,' said Mr. Colvin, calmly. 'All that I intended was, that *self-control*, in every station and to every individual, is indispensable, if people would retain that equanimity of mind, which, depending on self-respect, is the essential of contentment and happiness.'

Miss Crane reddened, for she felt she had been displaying before one well skilled to read character, the meanness of envy and anger, while revealing a report confided to her under the solemn injunction of secrecy, and which she would never have pretended to have credited, but for the pique she felt at not being bidden to the wedding.

Indeed, no one who looked on James Murray, could believe him guilty of aught mean or vicious. He had that noble ingenuousness of countenance which we always, in idea, associate with great and good qualities; (but we do not in the world always find our expectations realized) and he had also that air of manly confidence which usually distinguishes those who have always been the favorites of fortune, and consequently think themselves privileged to expect her favors. Yet his was not the triumph which the vanity of superior wealth imparts to

the weak minded. He had talents of a high order. He had also been liberally educated, and had he been permitted to study a profession, would probably have become eminent. But his father, a rich merchant, wished his son to pursue the same business ; it was the way he had acquired his estate, and he thought it the way in which James would best preserve it. But the old gentleman did not act with his usual sagacity when he sent his son to college to qualify him the better to become a merchant. There is a fitness in the manner of educating to the character and destination of the educated, an adaptation of means to some contemplated end, which should never be lost sight of by those who have the care of youth. James had good sense, and a fine genius, and had he considered the studies in which he spent so much time preparatory to some pursuit which was to be the business of his future life, he would doubtless have applied himself more diligently, and thus been spared many opportunities for frolic, and saved from many temptations to folly which those who are idle or unemployed cannot escape. He knew, and all his fellow students, that he was sent to college to obtain a diploma more as an ornamental appendage to a rich man's son, than for any real benefit. So he passed his four years in gayety and pleasure, and came home with his A. B. to take his station in his father's counting-room. He was then but nineteen, and many supposed his college acquirements and predilections would soon be obliterated from his mind by the

bustling life in which he had engaged. But it should be remembered that though the human heart is like water when we would write thereon lessons of virtue, it is like the rock to retain the impressions of vice. In what I am about to relate I would not be understood as reflecting on the management of any literary institution, or the manners of any particular class of students. Opportunities and examples of vice occur everywhere—and the only effectual shield to oppose their influence, with which parents can invest their dear ones, when sending them forth amid the temptations of evil, which will meet them in the college and in the cloister, as well as in the camp and court, is to imbue their souls with the precepts of our holy religion, and furnish, for their minds, at least, active employment. James was strictly educated in the principles of true piety—his parents were, what they professed to be, Christians—and though they had by honest industry acquired a large estate, they did not count their money merely by dollars—but by a better tale—by the good deeds it would enable them to perform. And they were both remarkable for temperance, and the simplicity, and even plainness, with which their table was furnished and all their domestic arrangements conducted. James had not, as some children unquestionably do, acquired a relish for rum before he could lisp its name—his 'nurse' never was allowed to keep him 'quiet on sweetened brandy'—he had an aversion to spirituous liquors, as all, not taught

to love it, have ; and so his parents had no fear he would ever fall a victim to its pernicious poison. They exposed him too early, and unguardedly, to temptation. He went to college with plenty of cash at command, and plenty of leisure—he was unsuspicious and generous, and, as such lively and ardent youths generally are, fond of amusements and fond of applause. There were among his classmates, some who had the meanness to wish to be treated at his expense, and these took advantage of his inexperience and generosity—and by flattery, and ridicule, and persuasion, his squeamish prejudices, as they called them, were overcome, and he learned to take his glass as gaily and frequently as any member of the convivial club to which he belonged, and often paid, himself, the whole expense of the entertainment. It would be painful and almost impossible to paint the scenes in which he was often engaged, and the effect they had on his mind ; but yet, notwithstanding his conduct, he never lost his sense of the purity and beauty of virtue, nor his determination to pursue its paths, whenever circumstances should make such a course easy and popular—that is —when he returned home.

But no one 'can take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned.' James did return home, and his father soon after discovered, with a concern bordering on horror, the fatal relish for liquors which his son had aquired. The daughters of Mr. Murray were married, and all of them gone from the paternal roof—

James was the youngest child—the one who was to perpetuate his father's name—his heir —his hope, and his idol. There lay the fault of his parents. They had loved James too well, and trusted him too confidently, and expected more from his discretion than human frailty can warrant us to hope. Remonstrance and reasoning, entreaties and reproaches, were all in succession tried by his parents. But though James ingenuously acknowledged his fault and lamented it, and promised reformation, he was found failing in strength of purpose to keep his resolutions of abstaining from brandy, till his father began utterly to despair of his amendment, and was about resigning him to infamy—for, with commendable discretion, his parents had managed for nearly a whole year to keep their son's misconduct a profound secret in their family, lest the loss of his good name should be the signal for his losing all self-command—when a circumstance occurred which promised, by awakening the energy of a new passion, to grant him a chance for victory over an appetite that had hitherto wholly engaged his senses. James saw, and immediately loved Lucy Marsh. Her father was a very poor man, but beauty is not necessarily of the patrician order. It is as often found in the cottage as the palace, and Lucy, then just sixteen, was one of the loveliest girls that ever the light of the sun shone upon. It were in vain to try to describe her. A Mahometan would have likened her to the 'dark eyed Houris,'—a christian lover to an 'angel,'

and both undoubtedly have thought the superiority of loveliness on the side of the fair mortal. At least, so thought James Murray on the morning after his return from a ball, where he had been permitted to touch for the first time the hand of his charmer ; to sit by her side ; and though the confusion of his feelings did not permit him to say 'soft things,' he had nevertheless looked 'things unutterable.' He was sitting with his head reclined upon his desk, and musing upon the 'scenes of yesterday,' so wrapped in contemplation that he did not hear his father's step, nor notice his approach, till the old gentleman laid his hand upon his shoulder. James started on his feet, the blood rushed to his face, and he looked around with a half stupid, half frighted stare. A shade of deep sorrow passed over the pale countenance of Mr. Murray, and his voice quivered with emotion as he said—'I am expecting my friend Mr. Alden, of New-York, every moment. He writes he shall dine with me to-day. I once hoped to have presented to him my son—but I see you will not be in a condition to appear. He will doubtless inquire for you, and what excuse shall I make for your absence ?'

James strove to reply, but it was some minutes before the swelling of his heart would permit him to speak. At length he seemed to have taken his resolution, and said with energy—'I know your suspicions, sir, but for once you wrong me. Though I confess I am intoxicated, it is not with wine'—and then, with an eloquence his father had never before heard

him display, he went on and told the whole history of his love, and described the beauty of Lucy, concluding with an earnest asseveration, 'that if he might be permitted to marry her, he would never taste another drop of liquor again while he lived.'

Mr. Murray gazed on James with that kind of eager and overwhelming joy which we may imagine glowed on the face of the father of the prodigal when witnessing the return of his son. But in a few moments the expression of his features changed, and a deep and troubled concern overspread them as he said impressively—'What you ask, my son, neither my honor or conscience will now permit me to approve. I place interest out of the question. The father of Lucy Marsh is a good, honest, and industrious man ; but he has met with crosses and losses in the world, while I have been blessed and prosperous. We came into life equally destitute, we shall leave it on equal terms. Six feet of ground is all the richest man will permanently occupy, and, at death, the right of the poor to the possession of that freehold is never disputed. But, James, you describe Lucy as possessing every virtue of mind and heart that constitutes the excellence of the female character ; and I have before this heard her merits praised. Her husband should be equally worthy. Are you entitled to that distinction ?'

The color deepened on James's cheek, but it was not all the hue of shame ; there was the kindling of proud and ardent resolve to deserve

the boon he sought ; and he urged his determination to be all that his father wished, so earnestly and sincerely, that Mr. Murray could not help feeling an assurance his son would, at least, make a strong effort to overcome his evil propensities. Still the father knew, for he had been an observing man, how difficult it was to effect a radical cure of the habit to which James had yielded ;—that though love might furnish arms, and the most effectual ones perhaps that could be wielded by a *young* man for the combat, time only could determine the victory. At length, after much pondering, he said ; 'James, I have no doubt your intentions of reform are sincere, but till I am convinced of your perseverance in executing them, I cannot consent you shall address Lucy, or endeavour to gain her affections. She must not be involved in the ruin which will finally overwhelm you if persisting in intemperance.'

'What period of trial will satisfy you ?' asked James.

'As long for your recovery as for your fall.'

'What ! four years !' exclaimed James ; understanding the allusion of his father to the time passed in college.

'Even so,' replied the other—'and too short a time to establish entirely my confidence in your steadfastness. But pass that period in activity and integrity, and I shall have strong hope. I will myself speak to Mr. Marsh, and if he consents to my proposal, I will provide for the education of his daughter in such a manner as shall qualify her to become a member

of my family. But I shall inform her and her parents unreservedly of your past course, and present resolution, and she shall not be bound by any promise to you till the four years are expired.'

James knew when his father had come to a determination, and settled a plan of action on the principles of what he conceived *duty*, neither arguments or persuasions could move him from his purpose—so James acquiesced.

Mr. Murray, though a good and judicious man, was not indifferent to worldly considerations. The business by which he had acquired his property has a tendency to make calculation, and in some degree, even with the most liberal, pecuniary speculation, a favorite pursuit of the mind. It is not probable he would so unhesitatingly have approved the choice of his son, and consented he should marry one so poor, had he not hoped by that indulgence to win him back to rectitude and usefulness. But whatever were his motives, his promise, once given, was promptly executed and sacredly kept.

The parents of Lucy Marsh eagerly accepted proposals so advantageous to their daughter, for they doubted not but the folly of James would soon be corrected. The proposal seemed to Lucy so like a scene of romance, she could not, for some time, be persuaded of its reality. She had been struck with the appearance of James Murray, and though his station, so different from hers, had forbade her to hope engaging his serious affections, yet

there had been, ever after the ball, wild dreams of fancy in her imagination, which her reason had been unable wholly to dispel. When convinced she was destined to become his wife, but one wish, one desire swelled her heart—that she might become worthy of him and of the excellent family who were adopting her as their own.

To one not accustomed to reflect how much of the excellence and virtue of character is owing to energy in some favorite and useful pursuit, the effect which this arrangement had on James Murray would appear incredible. He seemed to have shaken off an incubus that had hitherto pressed down his faculties; or only displayed them like the phantoms of that disease, distorted and horrible. He walked forth among men with a determination to become a man. He engaged in business with activity—he pursued it with energy, and soon felt that proud consciousness of deserving the approbation he received, which nothing but our own rectitude of principle and conduct can bestow. Without this self-approving voice within us, the applause of shouting millions is idle, empty praise. There is so much of *real* excitement in the mode of life in America—so much industry and enterprise in business—so much stirring of the spirit in political canvassing, in which all are interested, that it would seem no citizen of our republic need resort to artificial stimulants to remove

'The settlings of a melancholy blood.'

Certain it is that James Murray found the pursuits in which he engaged, of essential benefit in breaking off the associations of his habit, and thus freeing him from its tyranny. Yet perhaps to that restlessness which his first abstinence from liquor engendered, may mostly be attributed the eagerness with which he immediately engaged in politics. For this pursuit he was, by nature, admirably fitted. His commanding and handsome person always attracted attention, and he had a persuasive, and whenever he chose to exert it, a powerful voice, whose tones thrilled the heart. His education also had given him advantages which but few of the men among whom he resided, possessed, and young as he was, he soon became distinguished as the leader of his party, and so effectually secured their confidence, that before he was twenty three, he was elected a member of the state legislature. His own ambition and the fondest wishes of his parents seemed realized ; and his father, at his death, which occurred about that time, as he embraced and blessed his son, said,—'My cup of earthly joy is full—I depart in peace, and leave you, James, in the full belief that we shall meet where a crown of rejoicing awaits those who have overcome temptation.'

Death is called the king of terrors—but may he not often be the angel of consolation ? How much of mortal sorrow is spared or ended when he drops his sable curtain, and closes the drama of human life ! Mr. Murray died in peace—confident of the worth of his

beloved son. Had he survived ten years—but I am anticipating. In our country, especially in the new and thinly settled towns, a man who proposes marrying a wife, usually signifies his intention by building a house; and consequently, a new house is esteemed a very important affair to the new married couple. It seemed quite unnecessary that James should follow this fashion, as his father left a good and convenient dwelling; but he was ambitious, and so the new house was determined on. In size and elegance it was to exceed any building in the village.

'Americans have no taste for the antique,' says the European antiquary, 'therefore they are rude and ignorant, and unpolished.' But is it not the same principle of taste only modified by the difference of circumstances, which leads the American to boast of his new edifice, and the European to venerate his ancient one? In both cases the pride of preference is associated with the idea of merit. The European prizes his old castle because it is blazoned with the feats of his ancestors. The American prefers his new dwelling because it is the work of his own efforts; the one describes the magnificence that once distinguished his domain—the other shows the improvement he has made on his estate. And if personal merit be more praiseworthy than imputed excellence, then is not the advantage on the side of our countrymen?

But these remarks are quite irrelevant to the subject—the new house of James Murray;

yet it would undoubtedly have been better for him to have cultivated a taste for the antique, and been contented with his father's old dwelling. It was during the progress of the building that, forgetting or disregarding the solemn promise he had pledged his father, he again began to taste the prohibited brandy. He took but very little, however, and flattered himself he had acquired sufficient strength of mind to restrain and regulate his appetite by the suggestions of reason. It seemed a reproach on his character as a man, to lack firmness to face his enemy. It was puerile to be always trembling, like a whipped schoolboy, when a glass was offered him ; and finally, he could not refuse without being considered mean, as his workmen would imply he did not wish them to drink, if he himself never tasted. So he reasoned, and for several months no perceptible bad effects followed his 'temperate use of ardent spirit,' as he styled it. About three weeks before he was to be married, a political bet, in which he was engaged, was decided in his favor. The forfeiture was to be paid in punch, and James Murray became intoxicated. While under the delirium of his temporary insanity, he presented himself before his intended bride.

Lucy Marsh was just as lovely as a summer rose, and just as easily bowed. She had never suspected James of having violated his promise—she was utterly unprepared for this storm of affliction—she did not utter a word to him, but fainted ; and he had to be forced from her

presence, and carried home. The tumult of his feelings, on recovering from his paroxysm, can scarcely be imagined. After bitter self-reproaches and curses on his folly, and resolutions of the most rigid abstinence in future, he repaired to the dwelling of Lucy to obtain, if possible, her forgiveness. He knew she was then released from all obligations to marry him—that his father had advised, indeed enjoined it on her, as she valued her own happiness, never to wed his son if he again yielded to intemperance. But James knew Lucy loved him, and he knew, too, that women are prone to palliate the failings, and trust the promises of those they love ; that they are, by nature, unsuspicious, and confiding, and forgiving. The event showed he judged rightly. Reason urged to Lucy all the risk she was incurring ; imagination portrayed all the sorrows and agonies she was exposed to suffer, if James did not reform, and hope could hardly be so credulous as to believe in his permanent reformation, when he had thus broken the solemn and voluntary pledge to his own father. But still, her heart—O, she could not stifle the pleadings of her heart. And when James came before her, his tears, and entreaties, and protestations prevailed. She forgave him, and became his wife. She did not insist on his making to her any particular promises of sobriety ; and in that she acted wisely. The teasing interference of a woman, no man of sense and spirit will brook—none ought to brook. And Lucy had too much discretion to expect that

a promise of temperance made before marriage, would bind her husband, if the sacred vows he made at the altar to cherish her, the preservation of his own character, and reverence for morality and piety, could not restrain him. She trusted, therefore, to his affection and his honor, and for more than two years his conduct fully justified her confidence.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Colvin was reclining one cold winter evening before a bright fire, her work table before her, and as she listened to the storm that beat furiously against the windows, and her eye wandered around the commodious and well furnished apartment in which she was seated, she reflected on the blessings she enjoyed; and contrasting her situation with millions of her fellow-beings, in different parts of the world, all equally with herself susceptible of pain and pleasure, she breathed a fervent thanksgiving that she had had her birthright and habitation assigned her in a land so favored as America. Her husband hastily entered.

'You look fatigued and sorrowful,' said Mrs. Colvin.

'I have just come from the dwelling of affliction,' he replied.

'O, I knew this was a world of suffering!' —exclaimed Mrs. Colvin; 'and yet I have been this whole hour indulging in congratulations on my own happy situation, and inferring because I felt no grief, no privation, all my neighbours were equally blessed.'

'When,' replied her husband, 'men yield to

temptation; to sin—suffering must follow. Indeed in our country, more than in any other on earth, deviations from morality and integrity are punished either with the loss of fame, fortune, or public confidence;—and James Murray has forfeited them all.'

'Is his situation as bad as we have heard?' inquired Mrs. Colvin.

'Worse, far worse,' returned the other. 'We heard he would probably have sufficient to pay his creditors, but he is a bankrupt by several thousands, the mortgage on his estate is foreclosed, and every article of personal property has been attached; the sheriff was removing the furniture when I reached the house.'

'Is it possible that he can have spent the large estate his father left him?' inquired Mrs. Colvin. 'It is but a little time—a year or two, since he became so dissipated.'

'There is nothing more easy than for a man to ruin himself,' returned her husband. 'Let him neglect his business, bet with every one who will venture a wager, and generally take the losing side, and keep constantly in a state of inebriety, and his estate will soon be wasted. But James Murray was never so rich as many imagined. Much of his wealth depended, as most of our country merchants' estates do, on his credit; and then he built his costly house, which he ought not to have done. And he has been intemperate longer than you mentioned; ever since he lost his election four years ago. His wife told me he never tasted liquor after

their marriage, till that disappointment. But his relish for spirit had been before acquired, and when a man has unfortunately contracted that thirst, every extraordinary emotion, whether of joy or grief, or anger, seems to awaken it anew. There is not, for such an one, much hope of permanent reformation.'

'Where is his poor wife ? and how does she bear her trial ?' asked Mrs. Colvin.

'I found her in her small parlour—her little children gathered around or in her arms—like a brooding dove sheltering her young ones from the approach of danger. Her face was pale as marble, but perfectly calm ; yet at the first expression of my concern she burst into a passionate weeping. I endeavoured to console her, and promised my assistance. She dried her tears as she said—'Do not think, sir, I am grieving for the loss of our property, or because I must leave this dwelling. The display of wealth is not necessary to my happiness, indeed I think it has made me more wretched —the splendor by which I was surrounded seeming to mock my heart's misery. But my husband—it is for his degradation, his ruin I weep. O ! I could joyfully share poverty with him—I would work to support him—I would willingly be a slave, or lay down my own life, if he might be persuaded to return to virtue—if he could be reclaimed !'

'What did you say to her ?' asked Mrs. Colvin, weeping.

'I could suggest nothing of earthly comfort,' returned her husband. 'I could only direct

her to that balm for sorrow which is found only in him who has declared that all things shall work together for good to them who love God.'

'What will become of her and her dear little family ?' again reiterated Mrs. Colvin.

'They will not be left to suffer,' said her husband: 'Her merits and her grief touched every heart. I saw tears in the eyes of many firm men, when speaking of her situation. Indeed, the principal creditors declared they would not have urged their claims, and taken all the property, had they not thought it might possibly rouse Murray to exertion. To show kindness to him by allowing him means of indulging his depraved appetite, would be cruelty to his family. But we have made arrangements that will secure for Mrs. Murray what she needs for present comfort. The family are to be removed to that house of mine which stands close by the dwelling of Mr. John Russell. It is small, to be sure, but comfortable, and we shall furnish it. You, ladies, must find employment for Mrs. Murray ; she told me she would sew for any one.'

'I do not wish her to work for me,' said Mrs. Colvin, eagerly ; 'whatever I can do to assist her shall be cheerfully rendered.'

'You forget, my dear,' said her husband, smiling, 'that the necessity of receiving alms is, to the delicate and sensitive mind, the most galling link in the chain of poverty. But few of our native born Yankees, and none who have the spirit of a Yankee, will long submit to the ignominy of subsisting wholly by charity.

There is a pride of independence among us—a nobility of soul, that spurns at vassalage, in whatever way the yoke is imposed. Then do not add to the embarrassments of Mrs. Murray, by an offer of charity, which she may not feel at liberty to refuse, but which will mortify her to accept. Employ her, and pay her just as liberally as you please, but let there be some reciprocity between you. You will then secure more than her 'thank ye'—her esteem, gratitude, and love.'

'But will not James Murray himself be capable of doing something for his family?' inquired this amiable woman.

'That is a question which cannot at present be solved,' said her husband. 'James is a good penman and accountant, and can find employment if he will keep sober. O, when I looked on him, extended as he was on the floor, in a state of utter insensibility to everything passing around him—the removal of his property—the agony of his wife—and then when I thought of his early promise—his excellent disposition—his fine talents—his education—all the advantages with which he began his career, and the eminence he had obtained—and saw all lost, ruined by his own folly, I could not but weep over him. How much he has already suffered! and how much he must hereafter endure! He sees those who once waited on his smile, now scornfully pass him by; he reads contempt or pity in those countenances that once brightened at his approach; he finds himself shunned, neglected, or ridicul-

ed, where his lightest word was once heard with attention. All this he must bear, and who will not acknowledge that punishment follows the transgressor? It ought to every-where; it invariably does among the descendants of the Pilgrims. Rank may, in governments less pure and popular than ours, secure the semblance of respect to the unworthy. A lord, though drunk, is still a lord, and parasites may flatter him, and servants attend him. But the spontaneous esteem, cofidence, and applause of our free, independent, and intelligent citizens, cannot be obtained by a degraded and worthless character.'

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The morning exhibited all the calmness, and beauty, and gladness, that usually pervades the summer sky, the day after a violent thunder shower has cleared the atmosphere of all impure vapors. The birds then sing their gayest notes, as if congratulating each other that the storm has so happily passed by. There was a fresher green on the trees and fields—a serenity in the deep blue sky, picturing, as we may imagine, the repose of the spirit, after the storms of earth are ended, and it rests beneath the shade of the tree of life. But amid all this beauty, joy, and peace, there came a memento of man's mortality. The sound of a funeral knell from the village spire, fell more mournful than usual on the ear, contrasted as it was with the rejoicing of nature.

'It is the burial of Mrs. Murray,' said Mr. Colvin, to a stranger who addressed him with an inquiry. 'Poor Lucy! she will find the grave a refuge from suffering.'

'Was it she who was once called Lucy Marsh?' inquired the stranger.

'The same.'

The stranger was much agitated. 'I saw her once,' he remarked, 'just before she was married. She was the most beautiful human being I ever beheld. I heard that her husband had failed—that he was intemperate—and my journey through the village was induced by curiosity to learn the situation of that lovely woman. I confess, I hoped I should find that her husband was no more.'

'You would probably then feel interested to learn some particulars of her fate,' said Mr. Colvin.

The stranger bowed.

'You observed you had heard of the failure of James Murray,' continued Mr. Colvin. 'His father was my intimate friend, and once did me a signal service; and I wished to express my gratitude by showing kindness to the son; so I established James and his family in a house of my own. This building adjoined one in which lived a man who had once been an admirer of Lucy Marsh.'

'There were many such, I presume,' said the stranger.

'Her beauty was doubtless much admired,' returned Mr. Colvin, 'but John Russell, as I

understood, had sanguine expectations of obtaining her hand, and had she never seen James Murray, would probably have been successful. Poets may celebrate the omnipotence of Cupid, but from observation I am inclined to believe that, in at least one half of the matches, *propinquity* has quite as much influence as the arrows of the blind god. But Mrs. Murray loved her husband truly and undividedly, and excepting occasional starts of passion or petulance when intoxicated, he was, till his mind became inflamed with jealousy, a most affectionate husband. This jealousy, excited by a trifling circumstance, is a sad exemplification of that alienation of reason which is often caused by intemperance. Men seem then possessed with the spirit of demons; rage, envy, hatred, and they delight in inflicting misery. I have said the house, in which this unfortunate family resided, adjoined that of Mr. John Russell. His was a very elegant dwelling, for he had been gaining an estate while James Murray was dissipating his —and Mrs. Murray happened one day to remark on the prosperity of Mr. Russell and his handsome house. Her husband instantly became exasperated, and pouring a torrent of abuse both on her and Mr. Russell, declared he would not reside so near a man whom he doubted not was the favored paramour of his wife. From that hour, his conduct to his family became changed and cruel. I cannot enter into details, your heart would sicken at

the recital, and it makes mine bleed to think of the sufferings of that amiable woman.'

The stranger was evidently much agitated, yet he begged Mr. Colvin to proceed.

'I must be brief,' returned he; 'and can only say that Mrs. Murray was so persecuted, and rendered so wretched, by the jealousy of her husband, that she consented to remove from the house. Her husband provided another. It was a lone building, situated in a wild place, and half a mile from any neighbour. The house was in a ruinous state, the roof pervious to every storm, and there was not a glass window in the building. In short, it was a mere wreck; 'the very rats instinctively had quit it,'—yet there, this once angelic and still interesting woman, was compelled to reside. The sorrows of the poor are not understood from description; to be known they must be felt. Our charitable people did much for Mrs. Murray and her little ones, yet still I have no doubt they often suffered both from cold and hunger. And then they were subjected to the capricious cruelty of a drunken man. O! would young ladies but once be sensible of that depth of mortification and wretchedness which a woman is doomed to feel who has an intemperate husband, they never would for a moment hesitate to discard a lover who had been guilty of that degrading crime. They never would wed with such an one, though he were before as dear as their own life; they never could marry him—no, never, never, never! You doubtless won-

der how such a delicate woman could live, subjected to such distresses. The capacity of the human mind and frame to endure, is, in many cases, indeed astonishing. Mrs. Murray had the consolations of religion for support, and then affection for her children strengthened her to 'bear up under the load of life.' Yet even the exercise of her piety was often fraught with the most exquisite agony, for how lost, when judged by the holy law of God, appeared the character, and how terrible the condition of the husband she still fondly loved! Every day seemed widening the gulf between them, and rendering more fixed and irreconcilable the habits and principles which must finally separate them forever.

He who created us, alone knoweth why some of his children are appointed to win their heavenly crown through so much tribulation. To the trials of Mrs. Murray were now to be added, the sickness and death of her two youngest children. Her eldest, a daughter, had never enjoyed good health, and the hardships and wants to which she was often exposed, doubtless, injured her, till finally she became subject to fits of epilepsy, and her case was pronounced incurable. But still, the mother had one precious treasure, a fine boy, just entering on his seventh year, and the most perfectly lovely and engaging child I ever beheld. In him she 'garnered up her heart,' and reposed all her earthly hopes; in him she could love his father's image without self-reproach,

and her affections continually wounded, or trampled on by her husband, twined around her child with those close foldings, whose delighted throb is so nearly allied to agony. This feeling, the fever of love, is never experienced by those who live tranquilly, and have not been necessitated to centre that affection and hope on one object, which should have been divided among a family. Last Monday morning I called at their dwelling. I found Mrs. Murray in better spirits than usual, and there was a cheerfulness in her manner, I had not for a long time witnessed. While we were conversing, a carriage, in which were two gentlemen, passed. A glove fell from the chaise, and little James, who was playing before the house, sprang with the agility of a fawn, picked it up, and presented it with a low bow, to the owner. The exceeding beauty of the child, contrasted, as it was, with his mean habiliments, made him a most interesting object. The gentlemen were undoubtedly struck, as I observed they pointed towards him, while conversing with much animation. At length one of them called the boy and presented him a dollar.

I wish you could have seen the little fellow when he came bounding into the house to exhibit his prize. He was too young to feel any mortification from being thought an object of charity—there was nothing but pure joy in his sensations. His bright eyes fairly lightened with pleasure,—and his rosy face laughed and

dimpled all over, while his breath came so short and eager, he could hardly find words to express his feelings, as he exclaimed—'Mother, dear mother, I shall buy something for you—I shall buy everything you want!' Tears and smiles were blended on the faded and sad, but still sweet countenance of his mother. I read her thoughts—she was anticipating the day when her boy would be her friend and protector. At that moment her husband entered. He had, as I afterwards learned, been that morning refused credit for a glass of liquor, and in the contention that ensued his wrath had been treated with contempt, till he finally became so outrageous he was driven from the store; the very one he had formerly owned. I saw there was a terrific frown on his brow, and that his wife shuddered; but his little son, elated and joyous, saw or heeded not the gathering storm. He sprang to his father, and holding up his money again told what he was intending to buy for his mother.

'You shall do no such thing,' thundered the savage parent, snatching the money from the child's grasp. 'Go, bring me yonder bottle—I will see if I cannot have a glass of rum!'

'O! give me my dollar, father,—give me my dollar,'—cried the child, clinging to his father's knee.

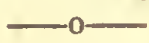
With the fury of a madman flashing from his eyes, that father raised his clenched fist. Mrs. Murray shrieked, and we both sprang

forward to intercept the blow. It was too late!

I have no idea James Murray intended to kill his child, or indeed that he knew, at the time, what he did;—but when he saw the guiltless victim of his wrath, lying like a crushed lamb—senseless—pale as marble—the blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils, it recalled the maniac to his senses. The chords of his better feeling, which for a long time had not vibrated, were touched—and the fountain of his affections, which had seemed withered, scorched, dried up, suddenly gushed forth with the stream of tenderness. With the most careful attention he assisted me to raise the body of his child—he chafed his temples and little hands—he spoke soothingly to his wife, in the tone and with the words of endearment, once so familiar to her ear. We essayed everything to revive the child, but in vain—the spirit of the young sufferer had passed from earth. When we became convinced that life was extinct, the lamentations of the mother were heart-rending. Her husband listened one moment—his features were convulsed with agony, and I hoped and prayed he might weep—but that relief was denied him. Suddenly his countenance assumed a fixed and horrid expression; it was the wildness of utter despair. His eyes glared, he gnashed his teeth, and clenching both hands, invoked on his own head the most awful denunciations, and rushed from the house.

Mrs. Murray—but I see you are distressed,—and I will not attempt to describe her feelings. She died the next morning, and I rejoiced at her release from a world she had found so filled with thorns. Yesterday, just as the thunder was bursting in fury, the body of James Murray was found. He had drowned himself! Probably he never paused after leaving his house, as the expression of his features was unchanged—his teeth were set—and his hands still clenched. We buried him in silence, near the spot where his body was discovered; and yonder, attended by nearly all the inhabitants of our village, as mourners, come the remains of his murdered child and victim wife.'

ANN ELLSWORTH.



'————Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at————' SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT one mile from the pretty village of N———, that stretches along the banks of the fertile Connecticut, there lived, some thirty years since, a farmer by the name of Williams. He was a good man, in the Yankee sense of the term, that is, industrious and thriving, and accounted honest and pious—for he lived aboveboard, paid all his contracts punctually, and belonged to the church. So he was called a good man, and on many accounts he truly deserved the epithet; but there was one foil to his virtues—he was avaricious.

The acquisition of property is, in our country, so very creditable, that probably many who yield themselves slaves to the love of money are not aware of the dominion it exercises over their hearts and passions. They do not intend to love the world, or the things thereof, unduly; but they want to have the comforts of life, and the means of entertaining their friends, and somewhat to bestow in charity, and a por-

tion for their children, and many other items, which appear indispensable; and thus they deem the eagerness with which they go on increasing their hoards, but the duty they owe themselves, families and society.

I have said Williams was a thriving man, indeed he was rich for the sphere in which he moved. He cultivated his excellent farm with great care, the eye of the traveller was always arrested by his charming situation, and it was often remarked that so quiet and pleasant a residence must be the abode of content and happiness. How little of either are dependent on worldly prosperity!

Both Williams and his wife loved the world so well they had but little love to bestow on each other; and though they both toiled hard, and rose up early, and sat up late, and eat 'the bread of carefulness,' it was not from the sympathy of affection, but to become rich. They gained their wishes; but then they found, as all will find, that whenever worldly desires are inordinately indulged, their gratification is sure to bring disappointment and vexation, if not misery, to the worldling. They thought, and people generally said, that all their uneasiness was caused by the untoward behaviour of their only son. Obed Williams was one of those common characters, and they are much the most numerous class, which seem to have no distinguishing lineament, but take their form and pressure entirely from surrounding objects and accidental circumstances. He was in infancy rather a sickly child, and so his mother

constantly indulged him in every whim—and in childhood he was, chiefly in consequence of that indulgence, cross and wilful; and then his father, who made Solomon's mode of government his standard, as constantly whipped him for every fault, and it is difficult to decide which mode of treatment had the worst effect on his disposition. To complete his evil destiny, it was often whispered in his ear, and that too by his own mother, that he was a rich man's only child, and would, sometime, inherit a large estate, and have it in his power to do just as he pleased. Should it excite wonder that, as he grew towards manhood, and therefore found himself exempted from corporal punishment, he displayed a selfish, sullen, overbearing temper? His parents, by their injudicious management had increased, if not kindled it; and they were punished by his wilfulness and disobedience. But still Mr. Williams hoped that if his son married a good wife he would improve, and with his usual sagacity, when pecuniary profit was in question, he had selected such an one for Obed.

'Your cousin, Ann Ellsworth, will be here to-morrow,' said Mr. Williams—'and, Obed, I do hope you will not show any of your contrary temper, but be sociable and endeavour to please her. Ann is a girl worth pleasing, for she will have a fortune of four thousand dollars;—and her mother, before she died, consented that Ann should marry you.'

'What, whether I choose it, or no?' said Obed, looking up with an expression of features between a simper and a sneer.

'You will choose it, Obed,' replied his father, in a soothing tone. 'Ann was very handsome when I saw her last, which is about three years ago. It was when her mother died, and I wished to bring the girl right home with me and have her learn to work; but she was so anxious to go back to her school, and her mother had promised her she should go and complete her education. I don't call such an education *complete* by any means; but I did not like to contradict sister then, as she had been very loath to sign her name to the will that obliges Ann to forfeit her fortune if she marries without my consent. I pressed that matter, and gained my point, and let sister have her own way in the rest.'

'May be Ann will not like me,' said Obed, with an expression of thought which his face seldom wore.

'She must like you, or lose her property, or it will be forfeited to me if she marries without my consent—and I shall not give it to any one but you. But say nothing to Ann about it. Girls always like to have their own way in marrying, and seldom love those their friends choose, so I have contrived to keep the matter a secret except from a few who were witnesses in the matter. You must try to please your cousin, and as soon as you can persuade her to marry you I will put you in possession of all her fortune, and one third of my own estate.'

'I should think you might give me one half,' replied Obed, with a dissatisfied and sullen

air, 'I don't see why old folks want to keep everything for themselves.'

Mr. Williams regarded his son with that look of bitter anguish which the discovery of ingratitude in a child excites in a parent's heart. There were no soothing reflections to allay the sting ; something in his own breast whispered that he deserved chastisement ; that he had been guilty of the sin of covetousness, while professing the most disinterested concern for his orphan niece, and remorse for the part he had acted in obtaining the will, and an indefinite dread, that somehow, his own child was to be the instrument of punishing his fault, came so home to his mind and conscience, that, covering his face with his hands, the tears he could not restrain he allowed to flow.

Obed was not naturally hard-hearted, and touched with this exhibition of sorrow he wished to comfort his father, but not knowing what to say, he stood twirling his hat till Mr. Williams, with that feeling of impatience which self reproach awakens in the unhumbled heart, angrily bade him go about his business.

Obed departed whistling.

'Pray where do you keep your books, cousin Obed ?' said Ann Ellsworth, the morning but one after her arrival. 'I have searched every part of the house, and excepting the Bible, find nothing worth reading, and I really want something to amuse me.'

'I should never think of looking for a book to amuse myself.'

'And what do you like ?' inquired Ann.

'O, hunting and fishing in the summer, and skating and playing checkers in the winter.'

Ann laughed, but Obed had sufficient penetration to discern that what he had said had not raised him in her esteem ; and as he really wished to please her, he attempted to apologize for his want of taste and literature.

'We have but little time to spend in reading,' said he, 'or my parents have none. I, to be sure, am not hurried, for I will not drudge on the farm, and I suppose I should have liked reading as well as you do if I had only had entertaining books ; but father never would buy anything but land and cattle, and all he thinks about is getting money. He has laid up as much as I shall want to spend, and that's one good thing ; so there is no need of my working ; and as I have nothing to read, I must hunt, and fish, and play checkers.'

Ann had now learned that her cousin was idle and illiterate, and though she knew nothing of the defects of his temper, yet so completely did his self-exposure destroy the favorable opinion which his good looks,—for if a fine manly form, regular features, and fair complexion, constitute beauty, he was really very handsome,—had inspired, that she never, from that hour, thought him agreeable.

'You will find books enough if you go down to Mrs. Grant's,' said Mrs. Williams, to the reiterated wishes of her niece for something to read. 'They are always reading, though

they are so poor I don't know how they can afford to spend their time.'

'Who is Mrs. Grant, and where does she live ?' asked Ann.

'O, she is a poor widow, and with her four daughters, lives in a little house, down in what we call the valley, about half a mile off.'

'A poor widow, living in a small house,' thought Ann, as, glancing her eye around the handsome apartment in which she was seated, she pondered the propriety of a visit.

'They are poor enough,' continued Mrs. Williams, 'and have nothing only what they earn by taking in work and braiding straw.'

'Braiding straw !' thought Ann, as she surveyed in a mirror her own elegant dress, and she almost resolved to think no more of the Grants.

'And yet,' resumed her aunt, 'to hear them talk about their books, you would think they did nothing but read; and then they are all so proud of Charles.'

'And who is Charles ?' inquired Ann.

'O, he is their brother, the eldest of the family; and he was a very ill-looking child, and he don't look much better now. I wish you could see him beside of Obed. But Charles was called a good scholar, and somehow he has got along in his studies, wonderfully, quite beyond my expectations ; for he has studied law, and is now practising, though he is only two years older than Obed. But Obed thinks, I 'spose, that he is rich enough without studying.'

Ann Ellsworth was a little capricious, for she had been a petted child; and gay and high spirited, for she was very fair, and had been flattered,—but she had good sense, and whenever she reflected, her decisions were sure to be influenced by reason and right principles. She did reflect on what her aunt had communicated, and the conclusion was to seek the acquaintance of the Miss Grants.

Their dwelling, a low house, containing only three small rooms, besides a little one in the garret which had been the study of Charles, and was now his sisters' library, stood in a quiet nook about twenty rods from the high road, at the foot of a green hill ; and the front of the building was almost entirely covered and concealed by woodbine, and lilacs, and prime rose bushes, then in full blossom. Ann loved flowers, and books, and intelligent conversation ; at Mrs. Grant's she found them all, and after a few days' intercourse she could not, very complacently, reflect on the foolish prejudice which had so nearly prevented her from cultivating the acquaintance of this amiable family, merely because they were poor, lived in a small house, and braided straw. There is, in sincere piety, an elevating principle, which never fails to dignify its possessor. Let the poor inhabitant of a cottage feel himself an heir of eternal glory, and envy at the prosperity of his rich neighbour, and repinings at his own hard fortune, vain regrets and idle wishes, are all repressed. He bows submissively to the dispensations of that Providence

which has in this life assigned him a lowly lot; and looking only to the glorious prize set before him, his mind and conversation are, perhaps insensibly to himself, imbued with the purity and moral grandeur of that faith which is destined to inherit a throne in heaven. The devotion of Mrs. Grant was thus pure and elevated. She had none of that morose, mystical, mechanical affectation of piety which is dependent on settled phrases, and stated seasons. Her worship was not dictated by fear, but inspired by love. 'Our Father which art in heaven,' always suggested to her heart the idea of a tender, benevolent and holy parent, who was constantly watching over her and hers for good ; and when afflictions came they were but the chastenings of his mercy. It was impossible that Ann Ellsworth should become, as it were, domesticated beneath the peaceful roof of Mrs. Grant without observing the difference that existed between its inmates and that of her uncle's elegant dwelling. In the latter, all was hurry and anxiety, labor and care ; exemplifying the truth of the wise man's remark, that 'the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.'

And then the acquisition of riches brought no enjoyment, except merely, the idea of possessing them. The elegant and costly furniture that decked the parlour of Mrs. Williams, instead of awakening in her mind elegance of taste, only suggested ideas of the money it had cost, and the care and trouble which would be necessary to preserve it from injury. She fear-

ed to have her husband or child set their feet on the carpeted floor, and whenever they did, then were sharp reproofs on her part, saucy retorts from her son, and surly grumblings from the lord of the mansion on the inconvenience to which such newfangled decorations subjected him.

But at Mrs. Grant's, all was quietness and affection ; and though they were necessitated to earn their livelihood, they did not neglect to cultivate that refinement of feeling, mind, and manners, which gives a zest to social intercourse. Mrs. Grant possessed great decision of character. This quality is rare in woman ; whether in consequence of her more delicate organization, or the dependent situation in which nature and education have placed her, is of no consequence to inquire. While she has judicious friends and kind protectors, she can very well dispense with that kind of energetic decision displayed by men, which seems to be attained only by deep reflection, when the mind has been tasked to judge of the fitness of a proposition with reference to its ultimate importance alone, and when that is clear, feels prepared to encounter every obstacle the world can raise to its accomplishment. Such decision only becomes necessary to woman in adversity. Let no one imagine its *exertion* contributes to the happiness of a female. It may be her *duty*, it should never be her desire.

There is no human mind exempt from weaknesses. Mrs. Grant had hers, and the most prominent one was the fondness with which

she doted on her children, especially her son. Her neighbours declared she was never heard to converse five minutes without mentioning Charles. She certainly contrived very soon to introduce his name to Ann Ellsworth; and tell of his genius, and discretion, and kind heart; always adding, that under Heaven, he was all her dependence. 'The girls,' she would say, 'are good, and industrious, and obedient; but what can girls do? Charles takes thought for us all. He assists me, and advises them, and provides for himself; and it is all owing to him, that his sisters are so well educated. He gave them all their books, and taught them when he was here, and writes to them now he is away, and never seems weary of the task. He gave me, too, my large Bible, because my eyes had grown weak, and I never open it without thanking Heaven for having blessed me with such a son. I want, Miss Ellsworth, you should see him. He is not handsome, to be sure, nothing so handsome as Obed Williams, but when you are once acquainted with him, you will not notice his plainness. I do wish he would come home while you are here.'

Ann cordially joined in the wish; the letters he sent his sisters were often shown her; and combined, with what she otherwise heard, to give her a high opinion of his talents and character. Her situation in her uncle's family had grown almost intolerable. She was so wearied with their eternally reiterated complaints of bad health, and bad weather, bad crops, and bad markets, which constituted the

chief topics of their discourse, when together; when separated, they were usually complaining of each other. Obed thought his parents cross and stingy—they called him idle and extravagant,—and poor Ann had to hear it all. One beautiful forenoon, in the month of August, Ann called at Mrs. Grant's, as usual, to pass an hour, but found them all engaged in preparation, as if for some expected guest. The floor of their little parlour was newly sanded, the fire-place filled with fresh green boughs, and the few flowers their garden at that late season afforded, were gathered and placed in glass tumblers, disposed on the mantel-piece.

'We have just received a letter from Charles,' said Mrs. Grant, her face radiant with smiles, 'and we expect him every moment. I can truly say I am glad, and I hope I am grateful. We did not expect him this month,—and he is coming now. But do, my dear Miss Ellsworth, sit down; the girls will hardly be at leisure to walk with you at present,—but if you will stay till Charles comes, I presume he will be happy to take a ramble,—and you can all go together.'

Ann excused herself from staying, by pleading engagements at home; and as she slowly and solitarily pursued the path to her uncle's, she reflected much on the insufficiency of wealth to confer happiness on a family, whose members are neither united by the confidence of affection towards each other, nor by gratitude and love to the Giver of every good.

Charles Grant arrived, and in due time was introduced to Ann; and the fair reader undoubtedly expects to hear of their mutual and immediate prepossession in each other's favor. Charles Grant, however, was not a man with whom a woman would be very likely to fall in love with at first sight. He was plain, almost to ugliness, small and thin, with harsh features, and sallow complexion, and gray eyes, —and the only redeeming point in his appearance, was a finely formed forehead, around which his dark hair gracefully clustered. But he was so intelligent and agreeable, and affectionate to his mother and sisters, and so gentlemanly, Ann could not help esteeming his character, and delighting in his society. Three weeks he allowed for his visit, and said, during that time, he should trace all the haunts of his childhood; and he usually persuaded his sisters and Ann to accompany him in his rambles and excursions. Obed Williams, also, dressed in his 'very best,' always was there, for jealousy of the superior abilities of Charles, and fears that he would gain the favor of Ann, had operated to make Obed fancy himself violently in love with his cousin; and he studiously endeavoured to display advantageously before her, what he considered of vast importance, his fine person. He had better have staid at home. Ann did often see Charles and Obed beside each other, but it was when the one was all animation,—his plain features glowing with intelligence, and his gray eye sparkling with the wit and vivac-

ity that flowed so enchantingly from his lips—while the other stood in stupid or wondering silence,—his handsome features dull and unvarying as a barber's block.

It was then that the heart of Ann confessed the truth of the poet's assertion, that

> '*Mind, mind* alone, (bear witness earth and heaven,)
> The living fountain in itself contains
> Of beauteous and sublime———'

and though she did not look and love, she listened with such undisguised pleasure, for her mind was all artlessness, that before the 'three little weeks' were expired, Charles had dared to whisper his admiration, and had not been forbidden to hope. Obed, at the discovery of his cousin's partiality for his rival, was filled with rage and envy. He declared Charles was wholly influenced by pecuniary motives, and that Ann, like all young ladies, who fancy themselves educated, despised the laboring class, and thought a professional man only worthy her smiles. This is an observation often urged by farmers. The fault is all their own. No class of men in our own country, are so independent as the agriculturists, and none would be more respected, did they only cultivate their minds as assiduously as their acres. They plead want of leisure ;—let them improve what they have—the stormy days—the long winter evenings—opportunities are not wanting—books are within their reach—the road to honor and high station is open before them, and yet they sit down, not contentedly to be sure, for the soul

of an American cannot rest contented in ignorance and obscurity, while light, and knowledge, and energy, and enterprise are with the spirit of liberty, abroad in the world; but they sit down in envious repinings, at the fate which has assigned them the task of tilling the earth, when they should be exerting themselves to obtain that knowledge which will confer honor and dignity on their employment.

Ann Ellsworth did not despise Obed because he was a farmer, but because he was idle and illiterate. Neither was the choice of Charles Grant influenced by pecuniary motives; yet had Ann, with her tastes and education, been poor, he would hardly have dared to whisper his love, till he had acquired the means of supporting her in the style which she would probably have expected from a husband in his station. But all such objections were now obviated by the fortune she would inherit; and while he felt, that had he possessed a princedom, Ann would still be the object of his affection, in preference to any woman he had ever seen, he did not hesitate to avow his partiality because the world might say he was mercenary.

Mr. Williams listened to the application of Charles, for consent to marry his niece, with an air in which anger and exultation were strangely blended. 'You are doubtless thinking that Ann has a fortune at her command,' said he, with a sneer.

'I have not asked your consent for her fortune, but for her,' dryly observed Charles.

'My consent is indeed of some consequence in this matter,' returned Mr. Williams, with affected solemnity: 'But I have my duty to perform. Read that paper, Mr. Grant.'

It was the 'last will and testament' of Mrs. Ellsworth; and Charles there learned that the consent of Mr. Williams to the marriage of Ann was necessary, otherwise her fortune was forfeited to her uncle.

'And read this *'ere* paper, too, Mr. Grant,' continued Mr. Williams.

It was a paper expressing the wishes of Mrs. Ellsworth that her daughter should marry Obed Williams.

'You see how I am situated,' resumed the crafty old man. 'My sister, knowing her daughter was gay and giddy, and that her fortune would attract the young sparks, who are watching to obtain a rich wife, insisted that I should take the girl and her property as my own, and when she was old enough to marry, give her to my son. My conscience will not permit me to violate the trust.'

'Is the young lady apprized of this?' inquired Charles.

'O, no—I hoped she would become attached to Obed, and I think she will now, if no other person attempts to engage her affections. I have told you all, sir, because I believe you are a reasonable young man, and will not think it worth while to deprive the girl of her fortune, just for a little foolish fancy. You see, under all circumstances, I cannot give you my consent.'

'Have you any objection to my character or situation ?'

'O, no—but I am determined she shall marry Obed, and I do not think it my duty to give you my consent.'

'And what if Miss Ellsworth should marry me without it ?'

'Then her property shall be my son's. It was the dying request of my sister. The estate was left her by my father, and she said it should never go out of the family. My duty, in such a case, is plain, sir.'

'You may look over the will as much as you please,' resumed Mr. Williams, sarcastically. 'You'll find no flaws, by which you can get the property, after you marry Ann, I promise you. That 'ere will was drawn by as cunning a lawyer as you are, sir.'

Charles did examine it, coolly and minutely, till satisfied there were no flaws; he laid it down, saying, 'It is not merely on account of the property that I display this interest. I consider my happiness and that of Miss Ellsworth involved. And though I will not believe she can ever prefer your son, notwithstanding he is heir to your estate, and has the reversion of hers in his grasp ; yet I own the possibility that she may think our mutual poverty should, for the present, prevent her from giving me the right to protect her, troubles me.'

'Do you then intend to marry her without my consent ?'

'If I can obtain hers, I shall not hesitate on account of the forfeiture.'

'You can do as you please, but I *raly* thought you had more sense,' said Williams, tauntingly.

'And as little feeling and honor as—but good morning, sir;' and slightly bowing, Charles departed in search of his beloved. The conversation of the lovers cannot be given at length, but the conclusion was that Ann, either convinced by the arguments or melted by the entreaties of Charles, consented to wed him immediately.

'I would not urge you thus hastily to unite your fate with mine,' said Charles, 'while I am poor, and incapable of supporting you as I could wish, had you any relative, except this avaricious uncle, with whom to reside. It is evident that he covets your estate. We will let him enjoy it undisturbed. You would not surely preserve it by marrying Obed?'

'I cannot believe my dear mother, were she living, would consent I should marry him,' said Ann, weeping—'O why did she sign that cruel paper?'

'Probably when her mind was weakened by sickness,' replied Charles. 'I am convinced your uncle used artifice to obtain it. But we will leave him to Heaven and his own conscience, and think no more of the matter. If we cannot be rich, my love, we will be happy.'

Ann was a gay girl, and fond of society, but she had good sense. She knew she had married a poor man, and though she was a little romantic, she did not allow herself to expect to find in a cottage the luxuries of a palace, or that her husband, from only the income of his profession, could furnish for her the elegances

the rich are at liberty to enjoy. She did not, therefore, anticipate the delight of residing in a fine house, and the parade of a wedding party, and morning calls, and evening entertainments—but was contented to occupy a plain apartment, plainly furnished, and pass the bridal year busily employed with her needle, or her books. It is true, she did, at times, during the long days, feel a little moped—but when the evening came, and freed Charles from his office, how joyfully she greeted his step, and exerted herself to soothe all his cares; and how delightedly she listened to his instructions and advice, while in unreserved confidence she told him all she had read, and all she had thought. Milton's heroine preferred to listen to the truths of philosophy from her husband's lip, rather than the angel's.

Charles, meanwhile, applied himself with all the energy inspired by love and ambition, to the prosecution of his business, and thought every toil and perplexity repaid by the sweet smiles that always awaited him by his own fireside. Thirty years have passed away since they were married. Thirty years make little alteration in the appearance of nature. It is on man and his works that the characters of time are impressed. And probably in no part of the world are changes so apparent as in our beloved country. The spirit of restlessness as well as improvement, pervades our citizens. This would naturally be the case with men, when an extensive country is open before them, and all are at liberty to remove withersoever

they please. The spirit of emigration is productive of many good effects, and some melancholy ones. There is a feeling of sadness in the parent's heart while reflecting that the household band, so fondly reared together, will probably, in a few years, be so far, and so widely severed. Let no man, while planning his lofty dwelling, flatter himself he is building for his own posterity—the son of his enemy may inhabit there.

The parents of Obed Williams fondly imagined the estate they had so eagerly toiled to gain and improve, would be highly valued by their son—but they had the grief and mortification of seeing the part assigned him, on his marriage, soon disposed of; and the chagrin and sorrow they endured in consequence of his undutiful and prodigal conduct, it was thought hastened their death. Obed, then, for a few years, revelled in luxury; but finally, increasing debts began to harass him, and as the small estimation in which he knew he had been held, notwithstanding he was heir to the best estate in the country, had always provoked him, he disposed of his property, at a reduced price, and departed for Ohio,—where he flattered himself he should be considered a great man. But the people in the western states have long since learned to distinguish between the ignorant adventurer who has nothing but his own egotism to recommend him, and the man of enterprise and intelligence seeking a wider sphere for the exertion of his talents—and Obed Williams gained nothing by the removal.

There is one event happeneth to all, and the changes of time are alike on the evil and the good. Thirty years have blanched the dark locks of Charles, and planted wrinkles on the fair face of Ann. The vivacity of youth and the glow of beauty must decay, even the ardor of imagination is chilled, and the light of the understanding darkened by the cold pall of years. There is but one earthly flower that blooms unfading in our earthly path—it is the true love of virtuous hearts. The lapse of thirty years has wrought no change on the affection of Charles and Ann. She listens as delightedly to his conversation as when his eloquence first won her smile ; and that smile is just as dear to him as when he first called her his bride. But their situation is changed. Thirty years of industry and economy have given them an independent fortune, and what is far better than gold, a name and a praise for every excellence that dignifies human nature. Satisfied with their portion of the world, they wished to retire from its bustle, and Charles Grant has lately purchased the farm formerly owned by Mr. Williams. It was endeared to him by many recollections. Its shades had been the haunts of his boyhood—it was there he won the heart of his beloved wife, and above all, it was near the dwelling of his aged mother. So he purchased, and is improving the farm, and the passing traveller is not now mistaken when he deems the beautiful residence the abode of content and happiness.

THE

VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

———o———

> ———————'Life, like every other blessing,
> Derives its value from its use alone;
> Nor for itself, but for a nobler end
> The Eternal gave it—and that end is virtue.
>
> S. JOHNSON.

THE peculiar characteristics of females, being less distinctly marked, are much more difficult to be delineated than those of the other sex. There are various pursuits by which men may hope to obtain happiness and distinction—for women there is but one path—her success in life depends entirely on her domestic establishment. Let the education of women differ ever so much in *detail*, its *end* is the same, to qualify them to become wives and mothers; and in every station the object of female ambition is to marry well. This similarity of purpose produces a similarity of thought, feeling, action, and consequently *character*, which no uniformity of training could otherwise bestow. And then, the business of married women, though varying in *ceremonials*, according to the circumstances or rank of the respective husbands, is essentially alike.

'To study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote ;'

and to cherish and watch over her offspring, are, in our country, the employments for life of each individual. (I have not taken into this amount those modish ladies who appear to think themselves born only to be amused, because such a class is scarcely recognised in our republican land—here happily, in public estimation, the useful yet takes precedence of the fashionable.) While such only are the offices and duties which women are expected to perform, it would be absurd to think they would exhibit that variety of talent, or those prominent and peculiar qualities of mind, that distinguish men of different professions and dissimilar occupations. What a contrast, in the principles and pursuits of men, since the time that Peter the Hermit first raised the standard of the cross, and saw nations enrol themselves beneath the sacred symbol, and this age of free inquiry, of rational improvement, of useful invention ! What sympathy would there be between the opinions and feelings of a crusader of the reign of Cœur de Lion, and an enlightened philosopher of our own nation ? —the one, in his mailed armour traversing the burning plains of Syria, considering the rescue of Jerusalem from the grasp of the infidels, as the greatest and most meritorious action mortal man could perform ; the other, contemplating, with a calm delight that scenes of carnage never afforded, the proposed route of a rail road or canal, which, completed, would

give to peaceful industry, the means of raising cities on the site of the wilderness ?

Yet woman is still the same—still seeking her earthly happiness only by subduing the heart of lordly man—still endeavouring to heighten and set off her personal attractions by dress and accomplishments, that she may thus secure the constant devotion of some gallant knight.

This distinction in the pursuits of the two sexes could never have been so firmly established, and so long and uniformly upheld, in every country and among every people, by mere human authority and custom. In designating woman as 'a helpmate' for man, the Creator marked her destiny : and to fit her for the task, mercifully infused into her soul deep attachment for home, enduring tenderness for her offspring, and to the '*one* she loves,' that constancy in affection, which rarely decays till her heart is cold in death. She cannot break these bonds if she would. It is idle to talk of the 'Rights of Woman,' if they are made to consist but in placing her in a station manifestly contrary to the intentions of Providence. It is worse than weak, it is wicked to say she is degraded by fulfilling those duties nature assigned her ; because the *mind* is not circumscribed by *time*, or confined to earth ; and in the promises of eternal glory, woman participates equally with her 'lord.' Indeed were not all boasting excluded she might claim the advantage—the Saviour of the world was peculiarly her seed, and the honor of hav-

ing the One who brought life and immortality to our fallen race *named* of her, establishes at once her claim to a full participation of mind, of soul, of that portion of our being which is destined for immortality. It is then absurd for woman to complain that her sphere on earth is less honorable than that of man, because it is different; or imagine that the privilege of commanding armies or convincing senates would add to her importance, usefulness and happiness—because it must be evident to all who consider the subject, that such was not the part assigned her by Him who directeth all things in wisdom. The great effort therefore of female education, should be to qualify woman to discharge her duties, not to exalt her till she despises them ; to make it her ambition to merit and display the character of the most amiable and intelligent of her sex, rather than aspire to emulate the capacity and conduct of men. In our country, where, under the mild light of Christianity, free institutions guarantee freedom of thought, of expression, of action, the full and free developement of mind may rationally be expected ; and here, if in any country on earth, women may hope to take their true, their most dignified station, as the helpers, the companions, of educated and independent men. And while our citizens are endeavouring so to improve their inestimable privileges, that the men of future ages may be better and happier for their labors, have women no share in the important task ? Their influence on the manners is

readily and willingly conceded by every one; might not their influence on the *mind* be made quite as irresistible, and far more beneficial, and that, too, without violating in the least, the *propriety*, which, to make their examples valuable, should ever mark their conduct? The business of *instruction* is one of vast interest, because fraught with such important consequences to Americans. It is necessary that *all* our people should be instructed, as universal education is the main pillar that must eventually support the temple of our liberty. It is therefore a duty sacredly binding on our legislators to provide for the instruction, during childhood and youth, of every member of our republic. But while there are so many pursuits, more lucrative and agreeable to active and ambitious young men, there will be a lack of *good* instructers—of those who are willing to make it their business. Let, then, the employment of *school-keeping* be principally appropriated to females. They are both by temper and habit, admirably qualified for the task—they have patience, fondness for children, and are accustomed to seclusion and inured to self-government. Is it objected that they do not possess sufficient soundness of learning—that their acquirements are superficial, showy, frivolous? The fault is in their education, not in the female mind. Only afford them opportunities of improvement and *motives* for exertion; let them be assured, that

'————to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye,'

is not all that is required to make young ladies agreeable or likely to be sought by the gentlemen—that they may converse sensibly without the charge of pedantry, and be intelligent without the appellation of a *blue* ; in short, that they are expected to be rational, and required to be useful, and they will not disappoint public expectation.

But I may not dwell on the subject ; my preface is already too long. Readers soon tire of prefaces, and skip them, and so the labor of writing them is lost. Writers should never flatter themselves everything from their pens will be seized with avidity. Yet still it is, perhaps, best they should not know how slightly many passages, they imagine most excellent, are passed over ; how carelessly opinions and sentiments, they consider of vital importance to the interests and improvement of society, are read. They would not persevere could the mortifying truth be fully unfolded, namely, that the chief importance of an author is in his own estimation. Yet my preface will have all the importance I wish, if it has any tendency to awaken the attention of parents, and those who have the superintendence of female education, to examine whether there be not some *end* and *aim* besides a mere drawing-room display, to which the exertion of female talent may, with propriety, be directed. Yet to make such a plan effectual, it must be made fashionable—the business of instruction must be divested of its associations of pretension and pedantry, and dulness and drilling. It must

be esteemed amiable, and comporting with feminine gracefulness and delicacy as well as dignity ; and moreover, it must be sufficiently lucrative to insure an honorable independence. Whenever such a 'consummation,' which I, for one, most 'devoutly wish,' shall occur, the character of the schoolmistress will become interesting and important ; the office of instructress will not be sought merely as the resource of necessity and misfortune ; but *ladies* will engage in it, more sedulous to display their acquirements and graces by the progress of their pupils, than an exhibition of *themselves.* And then the story of Elizabeth Brooks will be read with interest, and her example considered worthy of imitation. Elizabeth Brooks was a native of Walpole, N. H. Writers of fiction usually introduce the epithets 'retired' or 'romantic' before the name of the place where they locate the residence of their heroine. Such of my readers as have had the opportunity of visiting Walpole and its environs—who have gazed on the 'Falls,' while standing beneath the overhanging mountain, till fancy almost saw the mighty mass trembling as if about to precipitate itself into the gulf beneath; while the agitation and whirl of the waters, as they rush, and boil, and foam, among the broken rocks, may, by no great effort of the imagination, be ascribed to their fear of the impending crush, and their hurry to escape from the threatened ruin—and then glanced on the opposite shore, where, amidst plenty and beauty, rural content seems to have fixed her seat,

will not need be told that Walpole and its environs are romantic. 'Retired' is a more relative term—to an inhabitant of Boston, the place would be retired. When Elizabeth was born, her father was an affluent merchant in the city of Hartford—when she was seventeen, he kept a small boarding house in Walpole, lord of nothing on earth, save the affection of his wife and child. Sickness, as well as misfortune, had assailed him; he was dying of consumption, and before she was eighteen, she was fatherless. In youth we seldom yield to despondency. Life has then so many bright visions, some must gild the path appointed us. It is not strange such fancies should soothe Elizabeth, for the star of love brightened her horizon. She was very young, only fifteen, when her acquaintance with William Forbes commenced. He was then preparing for college, and sought her society because she, more than any one, seemed to appreciate his studies. Yet it was more the complacency of her disposition, than liking for his person, that first induced Elizabeth to admit his visits. He was a scholar rather than a lover, and she had much oftener to listen to scraps of Latin and Greek quotations, than compliments or soft words. But then he furnished her with books, of which she was immoderately fond, and he discussed with her the merits of her favorite heroes, and the beauties of her favorite poets; and translated learned mottoes, and explained obscure allusions, till finally, from finding his presence necessary, she began to regret his absence; his idea was

often and oftener recurring ; she thought of him, and loved to think of him—was she not then in love ? Hers was not certainly romantic love—such as is enkindled by a bright eye, graceful form, fascinating manners, &c. It was the calm, confiding esteem and affection, that will last unimpaired through all the changes of human life. Wedded love must be thus rational, thus founded on esteem, or it will never endure. The raptures of fancy will decay, if not with the first moon, with the first year.

It is usually thought those who are beloved, must be lovely—but the comeliness of Elizabeth was almost entirely owing to a fair complexion, and a kind, benignant expression of countenance, that assured the beholder of the gentleness of her heart. She was one of those girls whom the aged always praise—a sure sign of excellence—and if some of the young ladies thought her rather too fortunate in attaching a scholar and a rich man's son, yet no envy or illnature towards her was openly expressed. She was twenty-two, when William, after receiving his diploma, departed for the State of New-York, where he intended to study law, select a place of residence, and then return and claim his bride. The time of separation appeared long to them both. William openly murmured, and tears told all that Elizabeth could not speak.

'Let me find you unchanged at my return,' said William, pressing her hand.

'Time changes us all,' replied Elizabeth.

'But your heart, my love, let that still be mine, and I care not for other alterations.'

He was then probably sincere.

'Do you think the report of your nephew's intended marriage with a lady in New-York is really true?' said Miss Ashton to the Rev. J. Bennett, the uncle of William Forbes. 'Has he entirely forsaken Elizabeth?'

'I fear so, indeed,' replied the worthy clergyman, with a shake of the head, and a deep, long breath, between a sigh and groan. 'Elizabeth is one of the best girls in the world, but their courtship has been too long. I dislike such long courtships—I seldom knew one end happily. There is usually jealousy and quarrelling—and if they do finally marry, it often appears on the part of the man, more a sense of honor than affection, which leads him to fulfil his engagement.'

'Would there not be equal danger of repentance and repining, were the nuptial knot actually tied?' inquired Miss Ashton.

'No, there would not—or certainly not with persons of sense and reflection. They would then feel their interests the same, and they would feel that confidence in each other, which love only never imparted. Even the changes that time works on the fairest countenance, are scarcely perceptible to the husband who daily sees his wife exerting herself to make him and his children happy. But the lover, after an absence of several years, beholds the alterations in his intended with deep regret, if not with mortification. And the more ardent and de-

voted he has been, the more perceptible is the change. His imagination has been investing his beloved with an increase of charms, while time has been stealing 'a tooth, or auburn lock,' perhaps, and the bridegroom feels as if defrauded of the loveliness for which he had bartered his heart.'

'But you forget, sir,' said Miss Ashton, eagerly, 'that the gentlemen now allow us some merit on the score of *mind*, and Miss Brooks'———

'Is wonderfully improved, I grant ye,' interrupted Mr. Bennett—'and she is far more deserving than when William first engaged her hand; because she has evinced the goodness of her heart and temper by good works, by usefulness—that sure, and indeed to us, only test of superior virtue, and the best criterion of superior abilities. But yet, Miss Ashton, we must not expect, though the opinions of men and the condition of women have wonderfully, and happily changed, during the last half century, yet we must not expect that the fancy for female beauty, which is fostered, if not in a great measure inspired, by our literature, (recollect every heroine, from Helen downwards, is painted beautiful,) can be sufficiently *etherealized*, as my Sophia would say, to prefer, without at least an effort of reasoning, the graces of *mind* to the graces of *person*. I know from my own feelings, as well as from observation, that men are extremely apt to pay homage to beauty. It is true, young men of sense and education soon grow weary of a fool, though ever so pretty,

but not always till after marriage ;—when it is too late. Such will probably be the fate of William Forbes—but his folly and injustice deserve punishment.'

'And so Miss Brooks must all her life be confined to the drudgery of school keeping,'—said Miss Ashton, compassionately. 'I do think keeping school must be the dullest thing on earth. To be mewed up, day after day, conning A. B. C.——O, how I should detest it ! But it may be congenial employment to the mind of an old maid.'

'I am intending my daughter Sophia to commence the business soon,' observed Mr. Bennett.

'What, that joyous girl, who is all song, smiles and sportiveness ? Why, to confine her buoyant spirit in the prison of a school room, would be as incongruous as for nature to place nightingales in Lapland, or call forth butterflies in January. She never will endure it.'

'She is eager to attempt it,' replied Mr. Bennett,—'and anticipates much pleasure in the employment of school keeping.'

'Pleasure in school keeping !'—reiterated the laughing Miss Ashton. 'Whoever thought of associating pleasure with school keeping !—I know indeed ladies sometimes engage in it, but I always supposed it was from necessity, for the pecuniary compensation merely,—but that cannot be your daughter's motive.'

'Neither is it now the motive of Elizabeth Brooks. When she commenced instructing,

the necessities of her mother required great exertion. But Mrs. Brooks is no more. Elizabeth has rich relations in Connecticut, who would gladly support her, and indeed, who urge her to reside with them. She does not instruct from necessity.'

'It is very strange she should instruct from choice,' observed the young lady.

'And why so strange?' returned Mr. Bennett. 'Do you, my dear Miss Ashton, never connect pleasure with usefulness? I should have said duty, but the word has been so often and so foolishly, if not irreverently misapplied I seldom use it. In my estimation, and I have drawn my deductions, not from studies in the closet, but observations in the world, usefulness and pleasure are much oftener allied than idleness and pleasure. By idleness I do not mean doing nothing,—but being engaged in frivolous pursuits only. There is a complacency of mind that makes the heart glad and the spirit buoyant—a feeling of gratification which is happy without effort, and gay even in solitude, that people who seek only their own amusement never enjoy.'

'I am not sufficiently acquainted with Miss Brooks to allow me to judge of her feelings,' returned the lively Miss Ashton—'but the loss of a lover is usually esteemed quite a serious thing with us ladies. If she sustain her disappointment with fortitude, I shall think school keeping of some importance, and advise every young lady to acquaint herself with the business, so that an affair of the heart may not

make her quite helpless and hopeless. But your charming Sophia has nothing to fear from fickle lovers.'

'She should fear then for herself,' returned Mr. Bennett, seriously. 'She should fear to indulge that supineness which is *passive* vice, if I may be allowed the term—because to be actively useful, as far as our ability permits, is the law of our being, the debt we owe for the enjoyment of life, and whoever neglects to fulfil the one and pay the other is guilty. The world may say such people live very fashionably, and very innocently—but they do not enjoy the approbation of conscience, and they cannot expect from Him whose favor is felicity, the commendation 'well done good and faithful servant!' Yet I beg you will not think I have compelled my daughter to engage as an instructress. I have long since adopted the opinion that to have good works meritorious, they must be performed by a free agent. I endeavour to point out to my children the path of usefulness—I advise them to pursue it; but I allow them to decide for themselves. Sophia, however, for her decision of character and activity of mind, is far more indebted to the counsels and example of Miss Brooks than to me. And I am proud and glad to acknowledge this, because it is paying a deserved tribute to merit, and moreover assists to establish my favorite theory—namely, that the elevation of female character must be achieved by female talent and influence. We men may frame systems of improvement, but it is the

exertions of the ladies that must prepare the mind to receive them.'

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Sophia Bennett, who came tripping in to tell her father she had received the promised communication from Miss Brooks. 'And I was never more delighted in my life,' continued the laughing girl. 'Do, my dear father, read it—I am sure there is amusement in the description of school keeping, however dull the business may be in actual performance.'

'Miss Brooks was requested by my daughter to draw up some rules for her direction during her first essay as an instructress,' said Mr. Bennett, turning to Miss Ashton. 'Miss Brooks answered that she would willingly oblige her, but that precise rules, applicable to the exigencies of different schools, would be beyond her ability—but that she would copy some notes, taken during her first six months' experience in teaching, which might give my daughter some little idea of what would be expected from her in her new vocation.'

'O, do pray allow me to hear the notes,' said Miss Ashton.

'With pleasure,' returned Mr. Bennett. 'Here Sophia, you must read, I will explain, and Miss Ashton may criticise ; so there will be business for us all.'

'I would ask to be excused from my task,' said Miss Ashton, 'only as I find you place so high an estimate on industry, you will I suppose easier pardon severity of remark than idleness.'

'But you must recollect the writer is a female,' replied the good man—'and from the lips of her own sex, should receive courtesy if not indulgence. There is one consequence which I sometimes fear may follow the cultivation of literature, especially of authorship among women, which would tend greatly to injure their usefulness and happiness. It would be very unfortunate, should those whose thoughts and words ought to be kind, conciliating and charitable, be, by their attainments incited to a spirit of jealousy, envy and rivalry towards each other. Indeed that lady of intelligence who does not encourage female talent, must be blind to her own interest. It is not in possessing a genius superior to her sex, that makes the true, the best glory of a woman, it is in using her influence to elevate the female character. We men do not want paragons or prodigies for wives—but rational, refined, intelligent partners—the former may engage our wonder, the latter only will attract our love. And now, my daughter, as I have prosed to the extent good breeding will allow, although I have not half exhausted the subject, we will listen to the letter of Miss Brooks.'

Sophia's smile thanked her kind parent for the interest he took in her plans and pleasures, and she began.

'On examining my notes, my dear Miss Bennett, I found they would be unintelligible to you without some explanations; so by their aid I have taxed my memory to give you a regular history of my feelings, and the progress of my

mind during six of the most important months I ever passed. I may well call them so, as their effect has ever since operated on my character and happiness; and probably will, during life. It was on the first Monday in May, 18—, that I commenced my school, in a small district in the town of———. I engaged in it from necessity, and reluctantly enough to make me quite nervous. I used to be nervous in those days, or at least indulge my *sensibility*, (the refined title for *selfishness*,) till it made me very unreasonable, and very wretched ; for I had been indulged till the gratification of my own wishes and whims, appeared to me the most important thing on earth. But wealth had fled, my dear father was no more, my mother was unable to provide for her own wants, and thus I was thrown upon my own resources.

I had never been acquainted with myself, and notwithstanding I had a proud idea of my own learning and accomplishments, yet no sooner did I undertake to exercise, specifically, my talents, than I shrunk from the task, and felt dismay and discouragement. Those who have been taught to estimate their acquirements chiefly by the credit they acquire on days of examination at school, and afternoons of display before partial friends at home, have little idea of any practically useful purpose to which those accomplishments may be applied. But for me, there was no discharge. I must either use exertion, or live in dependence on my mother's relatives. I was influenced in my choice by reasons that doubtless to a philos-

opher, would appear of very trifling import, if not excessively silly ; yet they decided my destiny. I will tell you the whole frankly, nor do I now, in my days of reflection, and comparative wisdom, feel disposed to tax myself with egregious folly, because that in youth I was guided by the impulses of my heart. The passions, when virtuous in their objects of pursuit, are as sure a guide to excellence and happiness, as cool reason—indeed surer, and far more efficient ; because of the enthusiasm they kindle, and the generosity they inspire. It is a mistake to think that passion, or feeling, is of itself censurable. When the soul is most innocent, that is in youth, the passions are most ardent. Why then, you will probably inquire, is the suppression of passion always so earnestly urged on the young ? I think, my dear Sophia, there is a mistake in the terms used by those writers who most earnestly inculcate the necessity of self control. It is not the suppression of our feelings, but their right *direction* that is needed to make us perfect. The great Moralist, who 'spake as never man spake,' did not censure passion, or its expression—he only sought to direct it to worthy objects, and incite it to great sacrifices. He purified and exalted but he encouraged—love. We are not only to love our neighbour as ourselves, but we must love our enemies—a refinement, and generosity, and warmth of sentiment which can only be compatible with a pure mind and ardent heart. These remarks are not intended to palliate any weakness of

my own—because I do not think the affection I then cherished for W., was a weakness. Yet what was, at that time, the innocency of passion, would, if now indulged, be weak or criminal. But my reasons—well—New Hampshire was the residence of the friends of William—I should there, oftener than in Connecticut, hear of him and from him ; and then William had once said he thought the office of instructress, an excellent one for young ladies ; it imparted a knowledge of the human heart, he observed, which, in no other way could they so well or so safely gain ; and it also gave dignity to the manners, and a decision to the mind that were calculated to make a woman more respected and more useful. Another, and perhaps the most efficient reason was this—I had a cousin where I was invited to reside who had expressed more partiality for me than his relationship would seem to dictate—I feared a residence in his father's family would give uneasiness to William Forbes. I might, I see, have spared this detail of circumstances, and said at once, that partiality for the man I then expected to marry, was the true reason which induced me to make those exertions which have been crowned with success, and I hope not deficient in that usefulness which merits success. I have not mentioned my mother, because she would, with apparent cheerfulness, have yielded to the solicitations of her friends and lived in dependence on them ; yet I know she was afterwards far happier, in reflecting she owed her

support and comforts to my filial love and successful industry.

My schoolhouse had been recently built, and was scarcely finished, and moreover was situated in a place which any young lady, romantic or rational, might be pardoned for calling horrid. In selecting this site, taste, if such a principle was cultivated among the villagers, had never been consulted. The only requisite was, to fix precisely on the centre of the district ; and after measuring in every direction, the centre had been discovered exactly in the centre of a frog-pond. As near that pond as safety would permit, stood the schoolhouse, encircled with dwarf pines and spruce bushes ; and the prospect on every side, bounded by woods or mountains, or ledges of rock. Not a human habitation was in sight, and yet, when I entered the school room, I found nearly fifty children collected. Where the little urchins could possibly live, or how they all found their way to that wild looking place, was then to me matter of astonishment. I have since learned, how highly the privileges of a free school are prized ; and what exertions are made by parents, to insure their little ones the advantages of education. The first thing, of course, was, to be introduced to my pupils, or in other words, to learn their names. And here commenced a ludicrous difficulty. The names of these little rustics were so high sounding and romantic, and generally so inappropriate to the appearance of the children, and their repetition awakened such associa-

tions, and indeed such ludicrous comparisons in my own mind, that it was several days before I could hear, or speak them without laughing. I had all the presidents and great men of America, to say nothing of foreign heroes, before me, represented, in name at least, by sunburnt, barefooted, curly-pated boys; and all the heroines of romance and song, in chubby cheeked, freckled, romping girls—and a happy circumstance did I esteem it, if only one four-syllable name was attached to one individual. Ever since that time, I have been an admirer of short, and as they are usually called, simple, oldfashioned names. But I was, on the whole, pleased with my school. There was something very gratifying in the sincere and affectionate homage these happy and innocent little creatures rendered to me. They had been taught to respect their teacher, and think learning one of the finest things they could possess; and I found them tractable, and ambitious to excel. But the unrestrained freedom of play when out of school, and the variety and cheerfulness of nature abroad, make confinement to the school room, especially in the country, a far more irksome restraint during summer, than any other season of the year. I studied so to engross and interest their minds, that they might have no leisure for repining at the restrictions I was compelled to impose, and I introduced in consequence, some new arrangements; but I found these innovations where watched with a jealous eye by the parents. Yet no mur-

murs of discontent reached me, excepting from two families—one sent no scholar, and the other none excepting an idiot. I have usually found those who have least interest in a school the least likely to be satisfied with its management. I boarded *round*, as they termed it, that is, I boarded with every family in proportion to the number of scholars they sent—and it was amusing to see the pride of the parents and the manner in which they managed to elicit from me praises of their children. I believe I satisfied them, certainly I was myself satisfied ; for nothing they could do to make me comfortable and happy, was omitted. The best room, the best bed, the best place at table, the best fare the house afforded were considered the right of the instructress of their children—and the gratitude this treatment excited in my heart, poor and dependent as I felt myself, raised in me an ambition to deserve it, that doubtless contributed much to make me industrious, and to give me those habits of faithfulness in my employment, which have been rewarded by success and happiness. Yes, happiness, my dear Sophia ;—never allow your mind to cherish that idea that happiness is necessarily dependent on a particular event, or confined to any particular station. It is true I did not then expect, and probably should have been very wretched to have expected, school keeping would be my future business. I was young, I had a lover—I read romances—could I be otherwise than a little romantic ? I was very much so, and I confess, there where hours,

nay days, when I felt discontented with my employment and situation. I looked on the woods and rocks, and above all on the frog-pond with disgust; and anticipated the time when I should be at liberty to be happy. It seemed so unsentimental for me to be wasting my spirits and wearying myself to death, just to please a set of people whom, but for a pecuniary reward, I should never have known had existed. But these feelings seldom lasted long. My own heart told me I was acting rightly. The still small voice, whose whisper of approbation brings more 'true joy' to the bosom than the greetings of the million, confirmed me, encouraged me to persevere. And I was rewarded by the confidence and affection of both parents and children. What a pleasure is derived from knowing one's self beloved! When I saw those little girls and boys regarding me as their oracle, almost their tutelary angel, you can scarcely imagine how they interested me. Their chubby, sunburnt, freckled faces, looked positively beautiful; and I dearly loved the roguish, romping, but good natured and happy creatures. I enjoyed exquisite gratification in communicating knowledge to their artless minds, and watching their progress. The process greatly improved my own understanding. While repeating and explaining to them, I learned myself to reflect and reason; and while advising and urging on them the necessity of improvement, I became more susceptible of the value of time, and more anxious to improve. We parted with

mutual regret—even tears—and though my lot has ever since been to dwell in pleasanter places, and among more polished people, yet I never think of those children, I never meet them without gladness, they never see me without testifying joy. Would these mutual feelings always arise had we not enjoyed happiness, such as the consciousness of acting rightly and deserving it only imparts, while together ?'

'What do you think of the life of a schoolmistress ?' said Mr. Bennett.

'I am anxious to commence it,' said Sophia.

'I think it exquisite in description,' said Miss Ashton, 'especially for those ladies who have talents that they wish to employ and improve. But this you know sir, must not be expected from every young lady. Some there are of my acquaintance, who possess genius and imagination, play and sing divinely, dance charmingly and dress elegantly, but the reasoning of Socrates would never convince them they could live contentedly, indeed live at all, in the vicinity of a frog-pond !'

'Ay, there's the rub,' said Mr. Bennett. 'Accidental circumstances connected with an employment, give us an aversion to it, before we have by experience ascertained how easy it is to surmount such difficulties, and how trifling they appear when once the mind is intent on what it considers important. It is this which makes it so necessary to obtain the sanction of fashion for whatever we wish to make popular, because then the *attainment* only is regarded—

not the labor or privations by which it is won. Do you not think, Miss Ashton, those young ladies you mention, while acquiring their knowledge of music, submitted to restraints as irksome as school keeping would impose ?'

'Undoubtedly—but that was to acquire an indispensable accomplishment.'

'Yes, according to the standard of fashion—but I anticipate the time, when our ladies will not be prized solely for possessing accomplishments, but for improving them—when the waste and wild places of our country, will all be cultivated and beautified, by the industry and taste of the men, and the minds of our people refined, and intelligent, and liberal, by the united exertions of the pure, and pious, and enlightened of both sexes. In short, when it will become fashionable for young ladies to be usefully, rather than romantically active ; and then the sight of a frog-pond would no more deter them from engaging in a school, than would the joltings, privations, and fatigue they must endure, prevent them now from taking a trip to the White Hills, or a tour to Niagara.'

Ten years after Mr. Bennett had thus philosophized to these gay girls, they again met at his house. They were both happily married, both had children ; and Elizabeth Brooks, still following the vocation she had chosen, was the instructress they both preferred. She was almost adored by her pupils, and respected and beloved like a relative by their parents ; and the placidity of her countenance, and cheerfulness, even vivacity of her manners, was a proof

that her mind was contented, and her life pleasant as well as useful. She also was on a visit to the clergyman.

'I have lately received a letter from my nephew, William Forbes,' remarked Mr. Bennett. 'He is, I find, a widower.'

The married ladies glanced at Elizabeth, but her countenance was unchanged.

'He says he shall be here in the course of a few months, if he can learn whether a certain lady who first engaged his affections is at liberty, and would receive him favorably,' continued the clergyman.

The married ladies both smiled, and a slight color was perceptible on the mild, chastened features of Elizabeth.

'He says,' continued the clergyman, 'he has fortune, fame, friends, all that is necessary to make him happy, except the consciousness of rectitude, which, since violating his engagement with Elizabeth, he has never enjoyed,—and a partner to share his confidence and prosperity. He acknowledges his fault, but thinks he has already been sufficiently punished. The lady he married was beautiful, and he was dazzled by her charms, till he forgot, or rather relinquished his first love; but his wife never made him happy. He does not accuse her of imperfections, only remarks that they were unequally matched; that there never was, that there could not be, between them that communion of mind, to which he had always been accustomed in his intercourse with Miss Brooks. He was not himself aware, how

much of his happiness depended on this communion, till he had forfeited it. He entreats me to intercede for him.'

'What answer did Elizabeth give ?'

The subject was under discussion all the afternoon. The married ladies advised her to accept the offer of her penitent lover—they probably expected an invitation to the wedding. The good clergyman told her to consult her own heart, and those excellent principles that had so nobly and effectually supported her under every vicissitude. But he hinted how much pleasure it would give him to see her married to a worthy man ; indeed, he said he should like to pronounce the nuptial benediction himself.

'What answer did Elizabeth give ?'

I intend, hereafter, to sketch the character of William Forbes, and then the propriety of the answer which Elizabeth did give, will be apparent. Till then, every lady and gentleman, who does me the honor to read these 'Sketches,' is at liberty to form and express their own opinion on the subject.

THE

BELLE AND THE BLEU.

—o—

The world is too much with us.
WORDSWORTH.

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy bride;
But when compared with real passion
Poor is all that pride—
What are their showy treasures?
What are their noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art.—
The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
But never, never can come near the worthy heart.
BURNS.

J. W. THOMPSON, Esq. was a very rich man, and a very melancholy man—one of those characters, who, seemingly blessed with all that earth can give, are yet always repining and finding fault with the wind, the weather, the season; or else complaining of ill luck, or ill health—and always feeling an ill temper—but the world felt no sympathy for his sorrows. He had passed through life calculating how he might turn every incident that befell him to some pecuniary profit, and his acquaintances were now, in their turn, calculating how much he had gained, and how soon he would leave his wealth to his two daughters. Had he been a poor man and worked at day-labor to support his

children, how much more his death would have been lamented ! For he died—the rich die as certainly, though not always as peacefully as the indigent. His neighbours would have said, 'what will become of the poor girls now their kind father is gone, who worked so hard ever since his wife died, to provide for his darlings! He is dead, and well may they weep—they will never find such another tender friend.' But when the rich J. W. Thompson, Esq. died, they said no such thing.

'I do not think, Simon, the death of Squire Thompson any great loss to the world,' said Mr. Jacob Towner, to his hired man, as he paused from his labor of mowing, and rested his scythe on the ground, while the funeral procession passed. 'But yet I fear the world is a great loss to him. When a man's heart is wholly set upon the mammon of unrighteousness, he must feel very poor when forced away from his idol. But still, Simon, we will not judge him,' continued he, raising his hand and waving it with an oratorical motion as nearly in imitation of his good clergyman as he possibly could ; 'we must not judge him, Simon. Nevertheless I was thinking how foolish it is for us to be so anxious for riches, when God just as willingly receives a beggar as a prince, and never shows any favor to a man because he has left a great estate behind him. Ah ! Simon, what are all the things of this world but vanity ? Hark ! is not that the sound of thunder ? We must make haste, or we shall certainly have our hay wet again, and then it will

be entirely spoiled. Go, run, and yoke up the team as quick as possible, I will rake the hay. How sorry I shall feel to have so much lost.'

'Do you think the young ladies will have fifty thousand dollars apiece ?' inquired Mrs. Patten of an elderly gentleman, who was reported to be a particular friend of the deceased Squire Thompson, and intimately acquainted with his affairs.

'Indeed, madam,' replied he, with a half smile that seemed checked by the necessity he felt of drawing a deep sigh while the coffin was lowered into the ground—'Indeed, Madam, I can hardly say—or I ought not to say; there are fortune hunters in our country as well as in other countries ; and it is rather dangerous for young ladies to be reported rich. But this I can say, that the young ladies will have enough. Squire Thompson, though a very fretful man, was careful in business, and his affairs are all arranged. How much better it would be if men, when they know they must die, would all take care to have their papers put in order !'

'Then he did not expect to live,' observed Mrs. Patten ; 'Pray was he reconciled to death ?'

'I can't say, Madam, as I never heard him speak particularly on the subject. But then he was quite passed the enjoyments of this life, had no appetite nor relish for anything ; and indeed he appeared so miserable that I could not say I was sorry to see him die.'

'Did you observe the crape on the Miss Thompsons' dresses ?' inquired Miss Horton of

her companion, as they walked home from the funeral. 'How deep it was, and what rich looking bonnets they wore! I think *black* is a very becoming dress when the materials are rich; but poor, gray, dirty looking crape, is abominable.'

'They have a large fortune left them, and can dress just as rich as they please,' observed the other.

'And will probably marry just whom they choose,' returned Miss Horton. 'I have heard already of three young gentlemen who are resolving to address them.'

'I wish they knew it,' said the other; 'I wish they knew how much speculation there is about their wealth. I fear they will be deceived.'

'They cannot imagine all the attention paid them is for their beauty,' answered Miss Horton. 'Lucretia Thompson is absolutely ugly, and Eliza, though a little more passable, is a palefaced, baby-looking thing.'

'But then, Miss Horton, only think of having fifty thousand dollars at command! What need of personal charms, or mental accomplishments, with fifty thousand dollars?'

'And this is life'—Squire Thompson was, with reason, disliked by his neighbours; he was known to be unhappy—he was unlamented at his death; and yet, because he left a large estate, hundreds of people flocked to his funeral, his two daughters were surrounded by friends offering every service, and, even in their mourning dresses, they were the objects of envy to their own sex, and of matrimonial

speculation among the young gentlemen. 'And this is life.' Strange that gold should have such sway over the minds of men, when they must see that its possession does not confer happiness here—much less prepare us for that change which so soon and certainly arrives to the rich as well as the poor.

The daughters of the deceased, though differing in disposition, were not, either of them, by nature endowed with anything more than that common kind of capacity which fitted them for an ordinary station; but nevertheless, as heiresses, they were destined to figure in the *beau-monde*, and the ingenuity of their dependents and flatterers was soon taxed to discover in their minds the seeds of genius or fancy, talents or taste being essentially requisite for those ladies who cannot lay claim to beauty.

Lucretia Thompson (I name her first, notwithstanding she was the younger born, because she assumed those superior airs which she considered necessary to exhibit superior talents, and always would take precedence of her sister,) was a tall, dark-complexioned, bold-looking girl, with large features, and she would have had quite a sour expression of countenance, had not the consciousness that she had very handsome teeth caused her to wear an almost constant simper, which did not appear in perfect keeping with her quick eye and the frown that frequently passed over her brow when anything occurred that crossed her humor.

Eliza, though possessing a far better com-

plexion than her sister, could hardly be termed handsomer, for her hair was a dull yellow, and so coarse, stiff and wiry, that all attempts to reduce the refractory locks to an imitation of those sweet curls that always shade so gracefully the fair brow of a heroine of romance, proved of little use in the toilet of the heiress of fifty thousand dollars. Then Eliza had a low, narrow forehead, turned up nose, and a very short face, giving her countenance an air of conceit and *unintellectualness* (the word, if not in the Dictionary, ought to be) that redeemed her from all suspicion of being born a *bleu.* Yet nature usually bestows on every form some grace, and to Eliza she had given a very lovely neck—white as a lily, and with that graceful curve that poets denominate 'swanlike.' If the fine teeth of Luçretia induced her to talk and laugh unceasingly—the beautiful bosom of Eliza led her to study dress and attitude ; and thus one was soon termed a *sentimental* the other a *literary* lady.

In one short year after the death of Squire Thompson, he seemed forgotten, or only remembered as a man who had toiled to lay up a hoard of wealth which would be a fine acquisition to the young gentlemen who could obtain the orphan heiresses. These ladies drew around them a crowd of company, because they really gave elegant entertainments ; and as the gentlemen who frequented the house paid them great attention, they were reported to have many admirers. Eliza Thompson's elegant dresses and romantic air were univer-

sally admired, while Lucretia's sublimely silly speeches were certainly listened to with apparent interest, by educated and intelligent men; and when she attempted to be witty, she always excited a burst of laughter, merely by laughing herself. Ought it to excite wonder, that these young ladies fancied they possessed every requisite accomplishment for females, when they saw the gentlemen thus obsequious to attend their smiles, while the ladies copied all their fashions and strove to imitate their manners? Such are the dangers to which the unprotected rich are exposed;—such the omnipotence of gold.

The apartments in the dwelling of the Miss Thompsons were all lighted up, and arrangements had apparently been made for a large party. The two sisters, splendidly arrayed, were seated on a sofa at the upper end of their drawing room, engaged in a low but animated conversation; and a person stationed at such a distance as to preclude hearing their words, would doubtless have thought them discussing the manner in which they intended to receive their guests, or dwelling on the pleasure anticipated from the expected company. But ladies, even when arrayed in silks and decked with pearls, are not always happy; nor when about to receive with smiles a smiling throng, do they always expect gratification.

'I am sure, Lucretia, he pays more attention to Helen than her relationship to us would naturally induce,' said Miss Eliza Thompson, unclasping her bracelet in affected agitation.

'Now pray, sister, show less sensibility,' replied Lucretia. 'I have told you it was only in consequence of the conversation I held with Mr. Howard respecting the Iliad—the name of Helen in that charming poem naturally introduced our cousin's name, and he made inquiries respecting her which I could not very well evade, and so I told him the circumstances of her parents' death, and that she was now wholly dependent on us—and I assure you he complimented us very highly for our generosity in affording her protection. From what I said I presume he thought he could not more effectually recommend himself to us than by noticing the poor girl.'

'I wonder, Lucretia, you mentioned the manner of uncle Bond's death to Mr. Howard,' said Eliza, attempting to sigh. 'You know his tenderness of heart, and how such histories affect him, almost as much as they do me. I declare, I never think of uncle Bond without shuddering, and I have been half inclined to send Helen away, because her presence so frequently brings her father to my mind.'

'Is that all the reason you wish her absence?'

'O, no—I think she engrosses the pity, and so gains the notice of all our acquaintance. And she looks sorrowful all the time—just as if she was n't happy here, and didn't feel at all obliged to us; and then I see several of the young ladies copy her style of dressing her hair, as if they thought it more becoming than mine.'

'You should feel above such things,' said Miss Lucretia, tossing her head with a scornful air. 'I am sure I have more reason to dislike Helen than you have, but I will not let my mind be moved by insignificant trifles. It was only last Thursday when Mr. Beckman was here, and we were agreeably engaged in discussing the beauties of Marmion. Mr. Beckman was trying to recall a stanza in one of the songs; I could not tell him, for indeed I only skimmed the book, just to be able to converse about it; and don't you think he asked Helen if she recollected it; and she had the effrontery to repeat every word, and then he directed all his conversation to her, and she seemed to understand all he said, though much of it was about characters and sentiments that I never heard of before? I should have been provoked with Helen, only I thought myself above it.'

'It will be just so this evening,' said Eliza. 'You will find Helen will gain the attention of Howard and Beckman, and those are the only gentlemen we shall have that I care a straw for. I wish she was away.'

Helen Bond, the innocent cause of all this disturbance in the minds of these young ladies, was the only child of a deceased clergyman. He was drowned by the upsetting of a boat, in consequence of the intoxication of one of the boatmen, as he was returning from a voyage taken for the benefit of his health, and which had apparently re-established it. He was drowned in sight of his own home, of his wife

and child, who had hurried to the beach to welcome his landing. He went down with their shrieks of agony ringing in his ears ; but his was the most enviable lot. Who can tell the bitterness of that sorrow with which the new made widow and her fatherless daughter hung over the lifeless remains of him, who, under heaven, had been their stay and comforter—on whom had been all their dependence for happiness and support ! In such cases ''tis the survivor dies '

Mrs. Bond, however, survived her husband only a few months, and then poor Helen had no resource but to seek her livelihood among strangers, or accept the offer of a residence with her cousins, the Miss Thompsons. Helen Bond had been as well instructed as the present imperfect system of female education will admit. But with all her 'solid' learning and accomplishments, she still suffered from that radical defect in the fashionable education of young women, namely, that she had not been taught the application of her learning to any useful purpose. It is this defect which renders the educated, when deprived of friends and resources, less capable of providing for themselves than are the ignorant who have not been made delicate and sensitive by refinement of intellect and manners.

One feminine accomplishment, however, Helen possessed and improved advantageously —she excelled in fine needlework, and it was the knowledge of her expertness and industry in sewing, that induced her cousins to wish her

residence with them. They had need of her assistance, for they were very indolent, and they availed themselves to the utmost of her taste and skill in the designing and finishing their elaborate dresses. But still they affected to consider Helen as entirely beholden to their generosity for a home, and she daily felt all the bitterness of dependance, superadded to the necessity of earning her own bread. She wished to break the thrall, but it required an effort of mind, which a timid and delicate young lady of eighteen, who had never been familiarized to the idea that she could, should necessity and duty dictate, support herself, would hardly be supposed sufficiently energetic, to make. But when she discovered the envy and jealousy her cousins entertained towards her, and perhaps felt a little conscious when surveying herself in the glass, that she was a dangerous rival to them, especially in their designs on the heart of *one* young gentleman whom they wished to attract, she determined to leave their roof, though she went to service to earn her livelihood. Her resolution was accelerated by the occurrences of the evening on which the Miss Thompsons gave their brilliant assembly. The marked attention paid Helen by Horatio Howard exasperated the sisters, and the ironical compliments they lavished on her the next day, she considered so cruel and humiliating, that her spirit, subdued as it had been by sorrow and suffering, rose at once to the aid of her reason, till she no longer hesitated to follow its dictates. She

applied to a friend of her late father, told him, in part, her trials, and besought him to find some business in which she might with propriety engage. With the most delicate kindness he offered her a home in his own family; but though her rejection of his generous offer was, for some time, impeded by her tears of gratitude, it was nevertheless decided.

'I cannot,' said she, 'consent to live any longer in the ease of opulence, when at the best I can only enjoy it by the benevolence of friends. If I were deprived of health, or incapable of exertion, the case would be otherwise; I would then humbly accept your generous offer of a maintenance; but I am determined never to attempt to mingle again in splendid circles, while I am dependant on charity for a support. There is, sir, to my feelings, an impropriety almost an indelicacy, in the situation of living thus without any apparent aim or present usefulness; yet I own I might not have been sensible of this, had not the unkind observations of my cousins taught me to reflect. I have learned from them that the young lady who does so live, is always supposed by the world to be anxiously watching for an opportunity of establishing herself by marrying, and that it is generally thought by the gentlemen she will accept the first good offer. They must then think her vain and selfish, if not artful. O! I cannot endure such surmises and observations'—continued she, bursting into a flood of tears—'and if you

wish to make me contented and happy, pray tell me something I can do for myself.'

Her father's friend in a short time procured for her a situation as Instructress in an Academy at some distance from the metropolis; and her letters soon breathed such a spirit of satisfaction, that he would have felt amply recompensed for his trouble, in the idea that he had contributed to her happiness, without the acknowledgements she so frequently and feelingly made.

'I would not,' she wrote, 'after passing a day of activity in my school, exchange the approbation of my own heart, while it whispers I have been usefully, rationally and innocently employed, for the opportunity of attending every party my fashionable cousins will give through the season.'

'And how did her rich and fashionable cousins enjoy themselves? Did they succeed in securing their favorite beaux, when the field was left them without a rival?' every young lady is ready to inquire.

They did not, either of them, secure Horatio Howard. Yet he was very ambitious, as young lawyers, who feel a consciousness of their own abilities, are apt to be; and he knew enough of the world to be sensible that the eclat and advantage of commencing business with a capital of $50,000 would be a mighty convenient thing. And he began his visits to the Miss Thompsons with something very much like a resolution of making love to one of them. Lucretia was the first object of his

scrutiny—it could be called nothing else—but with her he was soon disgusted.

To a man of real refinement, good sense, taste and intelligence, the character of a *would-be-literary* lady is, I believe, most intolerable. The *affectation* of those whims and eccentricities, said to distinguish genius, is of all affectations, most preposterous, and always indicative of a silly mind, or weak judgment—in a man it is ridiculous, in a woman disgusting. Yet this affectation was all the claim Lucretia had to genius. She pretended to be absent-minded, ignorant of common affairs, and above all, to despise the dull routine of domestic duties her sex enjoined upon her. Then she talked loud and as learnedly as Mrs. Malaprop, and delighted in criticism and controversy, *argument* being, as she considered, her peculiar *forte*. This propensity was much strengthened by the manner in which she was treated by the gentlemen—the civility due a lady, especially a rich lady, prompted them to allow the assertions of Lucretia all the credit of facts, and so she usually gained the argument. But they indemnified themselves for these concessions, as they always do, by representing the object of their complaisance too insignificant for serious opposition. Yet they dreaded the society of Lucretia, and while ridiculing her pedantry, generally hated her person. At least so did Horatio Howard. But still he felt loath to relinquish the $50,000, and so turned his attention on the *belle*, and Miss Eliza Thompson was, for some time, flattered with the idea that

she should win him. But if he was disgusted with the affectation of literature in the *bleu*, he was sickened by the affectation of sentiment and sensibility in the *belle*; and he could not but acknowledge that though learning might make a woman excessively disagreeable, yet she might be excessively disagreeable without it. But yet he was constant in his visits, while Helen Bond resided with her cousins, and listened without much apparent weariness to the 'long talks' of Lucretia and the common place nothings of Eliza; and the world had decided that he would certainly marry one of the sisters. Perhaps he rather thought such would be the conclusion of the matter. However he called on the young ladies a few days after the departure of Helen Bond, and they both remarked he was in very bad humor, seemed impatient, almost irritable, while they were exerting themselves to entertain him; the one criticising the sermon she had heard the last sabbath—and the other ridiculing the odious bonnets she had seen at church—till finally, Howard started abruptly from his seat, said something of business to be attended to, and wished them both good morning. He was seen walking hastily towards his office, his hat set very perpendicular on his head, and his lips firmly compressed; and to judge from his conduct, afterwards, he was then breathing a vow never to risk his domestic happiness by a marriage in which gold was the only object of pursuit. From that time he devoted himself entirely to the business of his profession; invitations were rejected and

parties neglected, till finally, though he obtained high reputation at the bar, he entirely lost credit with the ladies, and his name was omitted on their list of beaux, being called a confirmed bachelor.

But there is no danger that young ladies with $50,000 will not find husbands, though like Lucretia, they make a resolution never to wed a man that has not been liberally educated. A thoroughly selfish mind, even when polished by a liberal education, will retain its selfishness. Such a mind had John Beckman, and though he disliked Lucretia Thompson he married her. There was probably more affection on her part, yet she declared that it was only because Mr. Beckman knew so well how to appreciate her talents that she was induced to accept him. But his estimation of her talents, after the 'vow was said,' she found altered materially; he no longer consulted her opinion, before expressing his own, nor yielded her every contested point, nor expressed any wishes that his taste might be always in accordance with hers. Indeed their opinions or taste, were seldom in accordance after the first three months of their wedded life had passed. In vain she tried arguments, reproaches and railings, to convince him she was ill-treated. He would not be convinced.

'Mr. Beckman,' said she, her eyes flashing fire, and her whole countenance glowing with rage, 'had I known you for such an obstinate mule, one that will not listen to an argument, I never would have married you.'

'Madam,' he replied, with the most perfect coolness, 'I am not disappointed in you—I always knew you for a fool.'

Eliza Thompson married a husband more congenial in disposition to herself; a pert, conceited fop, all fashion and affectation. Her money supported them in style just ten years, and they lived by expedients three more of showy poverty, and then all the glitter of life, and consequently to them, all its joys were over. They now inhabit a miserable garrét, up three pair of stairs, dependant mostly on the charity of their relations. The bounty of Mrs. Beckman is, however, grudgingly bestowed on her sister, and always accompanied by a chapter of reproaches, under the title of advice. The answer of Eliza is generally to the purport, that she has a kind husband, and therefore is as happy without fortune as Lucretia is with.

Mr. Jacob Towner is careful to add a little to his stores every year, but yet constantly harangues his family on the vanity of setting the affections on the things of this world, observing that rich men's children are frequently paupers, and illustrating his position by citing the case of Eliza Thompson; always ending his remarks with the hope that some of her $50,000 found its way back into the pockets of those poor men from whom it was wrung by her father. Mrs. Patten, likewise, often quotes the name of Eliza Thompson, when she would warn her daughters against extravagance in dress, or idleness, which she thinks was the whole cause of the misfortunes of the

heiress; and Miss Horton congratulates herself she was never induced to marry, saying, 'that the fate of the rich Miss Thompsons was a warning to her; if those ladies could only obtain for husbands the one a sullen miser, and the other a silly spendthrift, she is sure the single state must be the one of "blessedness."'

Helen Bond—what young lady does not wish to learn the fate of that afflicted, but high-souled girl? Horatio Howard—what young gentleman, especially if he prefer that 'clear honor' which is 'purchased by the merit of the wearer,' to the trappings of wealth, obtained by the perjury of the heart, does not feel curious to know the issue of the fortunes of Horatio Howard? Talents and merit, if supported by industry and prudence, have, in our free country, nothing to fear. Horatio Howard gained the station of eminence he so justly deserved; and to the friend who not long since visited him, he said, as they were returning from a walk in the gardens around his beautiful summer residence —'Yes, I have been, as you remark, highly prospered, but the best gift Heaven ever bestowed on me was, my—wife. It may sound foolish for me to speak her eulogium—to a stranger, I certainly should not thus unlock the "secret casket of my soul;" but you, sir, was acquainted with Helen Bond, and with my partiality for her. But dearly as I loved her then, she is now far dearer, because I now know her worth and can repose my whole heart in confidence upon her discretion as well as her affection. There is for me no place like *home*.'

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

'Wherever there has existed wise institutions for the security of liberty the progress of knowledge has immediately become visible. There is then a bright inducement in every career which an ardent mind springs forward to attain.'

MADAME DE STAEL.

NOT *intellectually* poor, but few however would be guilty of such a mistake. Most men, and indeed women too, consider poverty merely as the lack of worldly goods, chattels and possessions ; *poor* therefore would never, by such, be applied to *mind*.

But I like to define my meaning so clearly that there shall not be the possibility of mistake; and accordingly I feel bound to declare that George Torrey had, from infancy, exhibited an uncommon aptitude for learning, and that kind of inquisitiveness concerning the nature and design of everything he saw, that marks the reasoning child. These qualities always argue a tendency of mind that requires only right cultivation to insure eminence, or at least, scholarship, to their possessor. 'Knowledge may be acquired by study, but genius is the gift of God,' is, I believe, a quotation ; and had the writer of the apothegm known George Tor-

rey, he might have mentioned him as an illustration of his proverb, since it seemed impossible his inclination for study should have been fostered either by example or precept. I shall relate the childish history of my hero minutely, that those who feel interested in the subject may have an opportunity of tracing the operations of his young mind, and then they can better decide on the propriety of styling him, as he often was, the 'scholar of nature.' The father of George died before he was born, and his mother, when he was eighteen months old; and then the boy would have been on the pauper list, but for the benevolence of an aunt, an old maid, but who was nevertheless such a good, kind hearted creature, that it was always a matter of astonishment to the gossips why aunt Jemima was never married.

When aunt Jemima thus voluntarily burdened herself with the charge of an infant, she was rising of forty years of age, very poor, obtaining her livelihood solely by spinning. She was, however, as expert in the business of the distaff, as ever were the ladies of Rome; but as she never attempted to dignify her employment by any classical allusions, it is probable she had never heard the name of 'Lucretia.' Yet she had pride, and it would be no disparagement to the Roman ladies to say aunt Jemima's was Roman pride; certainly it was laudable ambition, for it stimulated her to honest exertions for her own support and the maintenance of her little nephew, without appealing to the cold charity of her prosperous neighbours,

or the colder charity of the law. She kept George with her till he was eight, and then a farmer offering to take him and learn him the 'mystery of agriculture,' she deemed it her duty to place the boy with Mr. White. But the separation cost her many tears, and she often declared that 'if she had not thought it best for the child to go, she would have worked her hands off before she would have parted with the dear little creature.'

George had never been at school a single day while with his aunt; she thought she could not provide books for him, and moreover, she lived two miles from the school-house, and was afraid to trust her darling to go so far alone.

But when she read in her Bible, which was regularly every morning, little George was permitted to stand close by her chair, and encouraged to find and tell the large letters. When he had thus learned them, his curiosity seemed increased; and his aunt willingly answered his inquiries, because she really loved him, and dearly loved to talk, and so he learned the small letters, and then it was not long before he could read a verse intelligibly. By the time he was four years of age he had read through the 'Gospel according to St. John.'

Though aunt Jemima thus fostered the 'young idea,' she was herself as destitute of those acquirements that confer on a woman the character of a *bas blue*, as any of our fastidiously fashionable young beaux could desire. The most sensitive of the tribe of dandies might have conversed with aunt Jemima without the

least dread of being shocked by a Latin quotation, or *bored* by a learned phrase, or a reference to books of which he never before heard the titles ; neither would he have run any hazard of being urged to write in an 'album,' or tell his opinion of the 'last new novel,' or admire the last 'charming poem.' Aunt Jemima knew no more of novels or albums, than she did of Greek or Arabic ; indeed it is not probable she had ever read a whole volume of any kind, (the Bible excepted) during her life. Her library, besides the 'Scriptures,' consisted of but two books, both of which she inherited from her grandmother. One was a sermon, preached somewhere in Connecticut, at the funeral of an Indian who was hanged for murder. This sermon, aunt Jemima said, 'though she never had had time to read it all, she thought very edifying.' Indeed she prized it so highly that she did not like to trust it in the grasp of a careless child ; but the other book, labelled 'Wonderful accidents and entertaining Stories,' she permitted George to use as he pleased. The volume had once contained some interesting articles, but time, smoke, and the hands of 'unwashed artificers' had made its pages nearly as dingy and illegible as a Herculaneum manuscript. The story of 'Alnaschar the Persian Glassman,' being in the middle of the book, was however tolerably entire, but it was much abridged, ending with the breaking of the glass. The plate representing the overturn of the basket pleased little George, and he soon learned to read the fable ; he read and re-read

it till he could repeat every word, and then he reasoned with aunt Jemima on the subject till he made her quite pettish at answering his inquiries about so silly a story ; and then he considered the matter himself in silence, till he learned to understand the meaning and the moral more judiciously than would many a grown man. Perhaps that story determined the bias of his mind, for he was, even in early youth, noted for the directness with which he sought and comprehended the effect of any romantic project, always seeming to distrust everything illusory, and to feel that *exertions*, not idle wishes or visions, were necessary to success.

There was also another circumstance that contributed to fix an impression on the mind of George that perseverance would be rewarded, and that he might, if he took proper methods, hope to obtain some consequence in the world. Though aunt Jemima paid little attention to the story of 'Alnaschar,' yet she was proud of the proficiency her favorite made in reading the Scriptures. Whenever the clergyman of the parish called to see her, which duty he usually performed regularly every year, she always dilated on the progress her nephew made in learning, telling how many chapters he would read in the Bible of a Sunday, &c. (she never mentioned the story book) usually concluding with the observation, 'that for her part it seemed to her that the boy was born to be a minister.'

To please her the good man once requested

to hear the child read, and was himself very much surprised at his performance, because he read so understandingly. He called the boy to him, and laying his hand on the curly hair of the poor, destitute orphan, gravely said, 'My little fellow you have no father on earth, but your Father who is in heaven still watches over you. He will take care of you if you are good, and you must look to him, and love him, and serve him. You can learn, I see, and you may, if you try, be a scholar, and perhaps a great man. You must always depend on God, but remember and do all you can for yourself.'

That lesson was never effaced from the memory of George Torrey. He had never before received notice or encouragement from any mortal except his old aunt, and the soothing expressions of the minister fell on his ear like a sacred promise from some exalted being.

The farmer to whom George was bound was a man of some property, and reputed honest and industrious ; but he had no education. Indeed both he and his wife, (would there were none other such couples to be found in our country,) were profoundly ignorant of everything pertaining to literature, excepting that they could read, and write their names ; and had not the boy enjoyed the advantage of attending the district school, he would in no wise have been mentally benefited by his change of abode. But it was stipulated in his 'Indenture,' that he should be 'sent to school two months every winter till he could read, write,

and cipher through the rule of Three.' Such is the vigilance with which our laws watch over the interests of the poor and destitute; none here are deprived of the benefit of instruction, none need be ignorant.

The first winter that George Torrey attended school, his proficiency astonished his instructer, and made Mr. White declare 'he did'nt believe the lad would ever be good for anything at farming.' But a judicious person who had been acquainted with the operations of his young mind, and the peculiar train of ideas he had imbibed, might have calculated the result. Though aunt Jemima did not expect it, yet she was highly delighted, and took much credit to herself for the manner in which she had instructed the child.

Ten years passed, and George Torrey was in stature a man; in understanding and learning, he was far superior to the men among whom he resided; but his modesty and the retiring diffidence that usually accompanies genius when self-taught, prevented him from assuming those airs of superiority that frequently bring envy and ill-will to the possessor of extraordinary abilities. The business in which he was engaged could not be supposed congenial to his feelings, yet he labored faithfully for Mr. White; and that man, destitute as he was of taste and literature, paid great respect to the talents of his indented boy, employing him to keep his accounts, consulting him in all his bargains, and frequently allowing him leisure for reading which seemed incom-

patible with his own interest, and which would not have been expected from a person of his habits. But in a country where there is no privileged class, genius and industry may attain the highest honors ; and thus a value is stamped upon talents, which carries a conviction of their worth to the minds of those who make no pretension of possessing them.

The winter succeeding the eighteenth birthday of George was an important one to him, as it was then he first formed a fixed resolve to obtain an education. At that time, the clergyman, who had listened to the Bible lesson of George, heard his attainments spoken of as extraordinary for his opportunities ; and on inquiry being satisfied of the truth of popular report, he proposed the youth as a teacher, in his, the clergyman's district, for the winter school. The worthy parson felt glad to assist George, and he felt a little proud too, that the prediction he had uttered concerning him, seemed likely to be fulfilled.

Mr. White was persuaded to allow George to go, yet he said he 'needed him at home, but as the young fellow seemed so set upon the business, he could not disappoint him. Learning he knew was a fine thing, though he never could get it, for he never loved his book ; but George loved to study better than he did to eat —he had known him leave his dinner many a time to read a newspaper, or anything that had letters on it—and so,' he continued, 'it is for his good I consent to let him go.'

Mr. White thought of his own interest, not-

withstanding these professions ; George had offered, if he might be allowed to keep the school, to give every cent of his wages to his *legal* master—and it would be more than he could earn by labor. The youth expected only more leisure, and books, and better society—that was all he then coveted, to make him blessed. He boarded with the clergyman, Mr. Dorr, who was not long in discovering his talents and thirst for learning. Mr. Dorr, was one of those really benevolent men, who delight in doing good, and diffusing happiness ;—yet he was not a visionary. His sound judgment and acquaintance with the world, served to correct that enthusiasm, which the warmth of feeling, necessary to make a philanthropist, often raises to an effervescence of zeal which destroys, or renders ridiculous, the cause or object it is attempting to serve.

Mr. Dorr weighed deliberately the present prospects, and what might be the future expectations of the poor scholar. He conversed with George freely, and faithfully, on the subject ; represented to him the struggles he must make, the privations he must endure, the mortifications to which he would be exposed, if he left the vale of humble life, where he was born, and had been raised, and aspired to rank with the rich, and mingle with the gifted.

'I can do it all, I can bear it all,' eagerly replied George Torrey, 'if I may but escape poverty of mind—this sense of my own ignorance that oppresses me, whenever I approach or attempt to converse with an intelligent per-

son; I have,' continued he, rising and walking the room with quickness, 'I have frequently laid down the book I was reading, and wept to think I should never be qualified to write one.'

'Onward, then, must be your motto,' said Mr. Dorr. 'Onward; the path will sometimes be rugged, but a prize cannot be won without labor. Industry is, in our land, the grand lever that exalts to eminence. I will cheerfully give you all the aid I can. If you succeed, your own pleasure and the praises of the world will be enhanced by reflecting on the obstacles you have surmounted; should you fail, you can comfort yourself, that your object was praiseworthy. It is motives, not triumphs, that make the merit of our character.'

George Torrey immediately commenced the study of the Latin; and when his school was finished, had read six books in Virgil.

'You must now return to your labor, to the plough,' said Mr. Dorr, to George, as he extended his hand to him. 'I am not able to assist you in purchasing your time, neither do I think it best to attempt it. Young men are prone to be restless and impatient of restraint, and genius is peculiarly restive under fetters; but lessons of self-denial are rarely injurious to a mind like yours. The dull require the spur, the ardent need the rein. I advise you to serve out your time as the law directs—but there will be intervals when you may, without wronging your master by eyeservice, pursue your studies. Improve such moments, and

come to me, as freely as a son to a father, for instruction whenever you wish.'

There is nothing on earth so valued by the young, ingenuous mind as kindness, as those expressions that seem dictated by a sympathy for our feelings and situation. The eyes of George were full of tears, and his heart throbbed with emotions of gratitude, as he turned from the door of the man whom he considered his friend. He felt for him a love, a veneration, which no pecuniary gift could have excited ; and the first effort he ever made to scribble poetry, was to celebrate the virtues of his benefactor, which he did in a long ode.

Mr. White made George a present of five dollars out of the money he had earned, and the youth was quite thankful, because he was enabled to purchase some books he sadly needed ; but he never bestowed on Mr. White so much as a distich in praise of the deed.

The success of George is doubtless anticipated ; and to detail all the particulars, the carefulness with which he improved every moment, the shifts he made to obtain books, the distances he would walk to his recitations, and the joy he felt when the law pronounced him *free*, and Mr. Dorr pronounced him fitted for college, would make my story too long. Any young man, let his station be ever so lowly, who feels the same ardor in the pursuit of knowledge that kindled the mind of my hero, may satisfy himself, if he will only make the experiment, that success is possible. When a name and a praise may here be obtained by

talents and industry, who that feels the 'God within him' will be contented in ignorance and obscurity?

But though George Torrey was fitted to enter college, he had not the means of supporting himself there a single day. All that his master was bound to give him, when he was twenty-one, was two suits of clothes and a Bible. Mr. Dorr again volunteered to assist him. 'I will,' said the good man, 'advance you a sum sufficient to defray the expense of your first term, and wait these ten years, if necessary, for payment. But that is all the pecuniary aid I can promise you—you must thenceforth provide for yourself. I am acquainted with the President, and one of the tutors is my intimate friend. I will write to them, and make such representations as will, I think, induce them to deal favorably by you, and grant you periods of absence, which you must employ in keeping school. If you are industrious—no, that is not enough, you must be *laborious*, you can pursue your studies and retain your station in your class, though absent six months in the year. Depend on yourself. Never solicit charity if you can possibly avoid it though when kindly offered, I would not advise you to reject it. But the spirit of our government, of our people, is independence; and the mind of an American, that will cringe and fawn to obtain patronage, or indeed that will eagerly accept pecuniary aid, I always mark as grovelling, as deficient in that delicacy of pride, that nice sense of honor which always

accompanies true genius. Never, my young friend, forfeit your own self-respect ; for your heart will not be satisfied with the applause of the world, unless you feel it is deserved.'

Fortified by such advice, and furnished with a little cash, George departed ; and perhaps when it is considered that his most ardent wishes seemed likely to be fulfilled, it may be imagined he went joyfully. But it was not so. When a person has been accustomed to a large society and frequent changes of his acquaintance, his feelings become, in a manner, *generalized*, and he contemplates, without much emotion, a separation from his old friends or an introduction to new. But the warm-hearted youth who has, whether from diffidence or necessity, confined his thoughts and affections to one set of objects, feels, on quitting them, as though the world were a desert ; as if all, beyond the little paradise of his love, were a wilderness ; and he should meet, instead of the flowers, which, humble as they were, had still blessed his path, beasts of prey at every step.

Much of this melancholy dread of the world mingled with the triumph of being enabled to pursue his studies, in the heart of George Torrey, when he bade farewell to the man whom he esteemed above every other person on earth, and loved the best—aunt Jemima excepted. None of his ambitious hopes had effaced from his memory the kindness and affection of her whom he considered his mother, and those hours that young men usually devote to the society of young ladies, or clubs of their own

sex, he had passed in the lonely and lowly apartment of his poor old aunt, telling her his progress and his plans, or perhaps reciting some of his lessons which, though said in whatever language they might be, were still 'Greek to her,' she yet liked to hear, 'because,' she observed, 'he could say his lesson so fast.' And she was constantly boasting to every person she could make listen to her, of the marvellous acquirements of her nephew, declaring she 'did not believe there would be a scholar in college who could read faster.'

Neither was her admiration of learning an inactive principle ; all the assistance she could render her own boy, as she called George, was eagerly done. This however only amounted to the giving him a few articles of clothing, (her own manufacturing of course, and in her opinion much the better for that,) and a vast deal of good advice ; in particular, she charged him not to waste any time in vain company, for she knew the evil of it, having been, when very young, too fond of dancing ;—and then he must always rise early, she found it the best for her own health ; and above all, not sit up too late at night, it was very bad for the eyes. 'I find,' continued she, with a half sigh, 'I have set up too late myself ; not studying to be sure, but working for you, George, and my eyes begin to fail a little already.'

She was past sixty ; but when did a single woman ever willingly think herself old ? Though the sensitiveness which is sometimes betrayed on this delicate subject is certainly a

weakness, yet if we examine the principle which causes that susceptibility, we shall, at least, acknowledge it an amiable weakness. There have been,—the sentiment is fast losing advocates,—but there have been opinions industriously propagated, that those ladies who lived to a certain age without worshipping in the temple of Hymen, were not always as women should be—'soft, mild, pitiful and flexible.' In short, old maids have been considered unlovely and unloving, and what true woman but recoils with instinctive horror from such a conclusion ? and deems the denial of her age venial when she would otherwise be subjected to the imputation of being fastidious, malicious, envious, ill-natured ? It is an intuitive sense of the worth and beauty of goodness, and an abhorrence of the qualities which unfeeling satire or stupid misapprehension have stamped upon the *name* of *old maid*, that make the term one of reproach and dread.

These remarks, considering the relation in which aunt Jemima stood to the poor scholar, can hardly be called a digression. Had he known his character was to have been sketched, he would have insisted his kind relative should have occupied at least half the space allotted for his portrait. He loved her sincerely, and always, during his life, vindicated the neglected, yet useful order of *spinsters*, from the unmerited calumnies with which they are too often assailed.

A few weeks after George had departed, Mr. Dorr received from his friend, the tutor,

a letter, which will better delineate the appearance of the youth and the impression he made on the minds of his new associates, than any description I could myself give. I have therefore obtained leave to transcribe what related to him. It is somewhat long, but will not, I hope, be found uninteresting.

'Your young friend is quite an original; and were there not one here to 'divide the crown' with him, we should consider him a prodigy. As it is, he excites much interest with us tutors, and some envy, I fear, among the students. But our opinions appear to have little effect upon him; he goes forward, without asking admiration or heeding ridicule, seemingly determined to master every science, and feeling the acquisition of knowledge a sufficient reward for all his pains. This I think to be the effect of the solitary manner in which he has hitherto pursued his studies. His mind has thus acquired an aim, and the habit of depending on itself, on its own resources and reflections for those sensations of pleasure, that it is usually thought can never be enjoyed except in communication and participation, that is, in social intercourse. His reserve, which the young wits in the class are, I find, quite disposed to ridicule, is, in my opinion, as much the effect of his mental independence, as of that diffidence which you say he always exhibited. His fine talents are disciplined, not discouraged by adversity, and his judgment so cool and regulated, that did not an occasional flash of spirit betray that warmth of temperament which circumstances

have made it necessary for him to suppress, I should think him born a Quaker. But he is now an excellent specimen of the Puritan character, in which shrewdness and simplicity, ambition and humility, patience and activity, fervor in spirit and prudence in action, were so blended or so admirably balanced, that the minds thus actuated possessed a decision which rendered them invincible. It is this regulation of the passions which constitutes that self-control so necessary to freemen, to those who govern themselves ; yet it is only a strong mind that is ever endowed, in an eminent degree, with this decision ; and it is only a cultivated mind that makes it appear amiable.

'But it sits amiably on George Torrey, because he has so much modesty that you would not, without close investigation, imagine him such a determined character ; and thus his extraordinary progress is attributed more to his superior industry (which excites, you know, but little envy) than to his superior genius.

'It is gladdening to see how talents will surmount difficulties, but it rejoices me more to behold their triumph over temptations. The youth whom I mentioned as likely to prove a formidable rival to George in the classical race, is a fine example of this triumph. He is from Virginia ; his father, as I understand, is a very rich man, one of the proud aristocracy of that proud State. Robert Simonds has, therefore, been from infancy accustomed to every indulgence and elegance that wealth can purchase, and all that adulation that follows prosperity

and high rank. But this flattery has not enervated his mind; it has only modified his manners. He has all that boldness of imagination, that brilliancy of genius, that is elicited by culture and commendation. I do not think he has more confidence in his own powers, more of what we will call pride, than George Torrey has; and yet his display of himself is so very different, that a stranger would call one haughty, the other humble. The original constitution of the minds of these young men was doubtless very similar; had the children been changed in their cradles, as fairy stories have whilom related possible, they would probably with their names have completely changed characters. There is, however, always a sympathy between such spirits, unless jealousy of each other's attainments should keep them aloof,—but this jealousy Robert is too noble to indulge towards one, who, like George Torrey, (I have related to Robert the whole history of his rival,) is struggling for an education as the means of support; and on the other hand, the principles of George are too well regulated to permit him to harbor jealousy or envy against any person. So these youths are already warm friends, and I encourage the intimacy, because I think they will reap a mutual advantage from the intercourse. I admire to see them sitting side by side, at their recitations, or walking arm in arm to their recreations,—there has been such a contrast in their brief histories, and yet there is such a similarity in their feelings, that it affords much food for my philosophy, to trace the caus-

es which have thus brought the mind of one nursed in the lap of luxury, and that of a poor parish child on a perfect level. These causes must be sought in our free institutions, in that perfect equality of birth which our laws declare to be fixed in the nature of things, and therefore unchangeable. While our constitution remains inviolate in this article, neither the corruptions of luxury, nor the debasements of poverty, will ever degrade the minds of our countrymen to an extent that shall have much perceptible effect on public morals, or render precarious the preservation of our freedom ; because there will be a redeeming influence in the talents and virtue, that our impartial institutions will call forth from both extremes of our population—the rich and the poor. Equality of birth, and the necessity of universal education, are principles never before recognised or acted upon by any government ; till these are relinquished, our republic is safe. They may tell of the corruption of statesmen and the violence of party, but the majority will, after all, go right ; and though vice and ignorance may sometimes be exalted, yet open admiration and unhesitating suffrage will not be given except to intelligence and virtue. These thoughts have been forced upon me while reflecting upon the favorable influence which the principle of equality has had on my two favorite pupils.

'It has stimulated them both to exertion, and will probably be the means of making them ornaments to their country. It taught Robert Simonds that his father's rank and wealth could

never be his passport to high consideration,—he must himself deserve the fame he coveted. It encouraged the destitute orphan, while toiling for his bread, to cultivate those talents he felt he possessed, by showing that the prize was within his reach. It has thus directed and impelled two minds of uncommon powers to the attainment of knowledge and the love of excellence, that appear likely to qualify them for extensive usefulness ; and thus, if we do not subscribe to the opinion that ignorance is bliss, we must believe the sum of human happiness is proportionably increased.

'I am told that there are some, even in our republican land, who attach great importance to a pedigree, and imagine a kind of refinement of blood is imparted to the individual whose ancestors have, for two, or three generations, laid by their working dresses. I should like to have such title-loving people look upon my specimen of nobility and of peasantry. They would feel proud of both. Robert Simonds commands attention, and George Torrey engages it. No person can behold either with indifference. They positively are the finest looking young men I ever saw. I often examine their features to decide which of the two is the handsomest, but I never yet could. Still there is no resemblance between them, except that their height is the same. The figure of George, though perfectly proportioned, shows the strength of bones and sinews that have been 'strung by toil.' Robert is more slender in form, and the richness and nicety of his ap-

parel, combine to give him an air of effeminacy, especially if you regard his hand, which a lady might envy ; it is so small, taper-fingered and delicate. George, on the contrary, is always plainly arrayed, and his hand, you know, is enlarged by exercise, and hardened by the plough. But the moment you look in his face, you forget that labor has any effect but to beautify. His active employment has strengthened his constitution, and imparted such a fine, healthy glow to his complexion, that it really makes one feel younger and happier to gaze upon him ; even his midnight vigils cannot destroy his bloom. But Robert will do to enact the 'pale student,' except when his spirit is kindled, and then the blood rushes to his face till his cheeks are died like scarlet. Whenever I see Robert alone, I always think *black* is much the most beautiful color for the eye,—that such have the most expression—the most soul. But the moment George enters, his bright blue eyes, flashing with the consciousness of ideas, or animated with eagerness to gain them, I alter my opinion,—or at least, I think *the color* of the eye is of no consequence. In short I am, as you have doubtless discovered, enthusiastic in my admiration and my expectations from both these young men.'

It is not my purpose to describe minutely the progress of George Torrey, and the exertions he used while obtaining his education. The four years passed,—he had struggled with many discouragements, and spent many melancholy hours, but, aided by the counsels

of his old friend Mr. Dorr, and, whenever he would accept it, by more tangible tokens of regard from his young friend Robert Simonds, and always exerting his own abilities to the utmost to help himself, George had succeeded. The 'poor scholar,' had won the highest honors of the college. The 'Valedictory' was the part assigned him in the exercises of the day; he would willingly have relinquished it in favor of his friend; indeed, he declared that of right Robert Simonds should have had it; but that generous young man replied;—'I do not pretend, George, to disclaim all ambition to have that appointment; it would have gratified my vanity, but it is not essential to my interest. If I have, as you kindly intimate, the learning that would entitle me to it, all I need is obtained; but to you, my friend, it may be of more benefit. *Honor* may be *profit*,' continued he smiling, 'and though your independence of spirit has given me trouble enough, yet I admire it, and hope that the time is not far distant when you will bask in the smiles of fortune.'

'Yes, but then I must lose those of my friend,' replied George. 'O, this is a sad world I think, since the saddest of all poets so often expresses my feelings,

'Our very wishes, give us not our wish!'

That is now precisely applicable to my mind; I have often thought, that could I reach the station in my class, which I may at this moment call mine, I should be perfectly blessed. But

after this pageant of vain glory, this commencement is over, then will come the real sorrow, the parting with you.'

'Why need we part ?' asked Robert. 'Why will you not conclude to accompany me to the South ; my father—ah, I see the haughty curl on your lip, giving its veto against dependence. You must earn your own livelihood. You may do that in Virginia as conveniently as here. Nothing will be easier than to find employment as an instructer. I will write and recommend you to some of the first families; after they are acquainted with you, no recommendation will be necessary. My parents will make the companion of their son as welcome as a relative. We have warm hearts for our friends, George, and some lovely girls too, that will, I hope, make your heart warm.

> "Were you with these, my friend, you'd soon forget
> The pale, unripened beauties of the North." '

'I always understood that bloom and brilliancy of complexion, were on the side of our northern beauties,' said George.

'But you will find, according to the quotation I have just made, and indeed from the whole speech of the old Numidian Chief, that such a conclusion must be erroneous. You are an excellent critic on facts, and if you think Addison committed a blunder in placing his "glowing dames" beneath a vertical sun, you ought to expose him. This you may have an opportunity of doing if you will only go with me.

Virginia is sufficiently far to the southward to commence your observations. Will you go ?'

'In the course of a year, perhaps ;—if you still desire it,' replied George.

Robert did continue to desire it, and in less than a twelvemonth, George Torrey found himself domesticated in the family of Judge Simonds, one of the most distinguished men of Virginia. George had anticipated much pleasure as well as improvement from the conversation of the old Judge, whom his son had represented as very eloquent, and intelligent, and communicative. His mother too, in the opinion of Robert, was the very best woman in the world. He had said but little of his sister—very little,—never had shown George any of her letters, nor endeavoured to excite his curiosity about her. George knew, to be sure, that Robter had a sister Delia, and he thought she had a very pretty name for a pastoral poem, and that was all he had thought of her till he was introduced to her. But he soon had many other thoughts. If there is a young man who has loved, tenderly and truly, and loved too, one who he fancied would think herself above his sphere—loved in doubt and almost in despair, he will very easily divine the meditations of my hero. He will know why George trembled to meet Delia, and sighed to leave her ; why his pulse quickened at her name, and why his heart and his brain throbbed when any other man approached her. Why he watched for her smile as though it were a law to guide him ; and why

every word she spoke he considered important, and worth treasuring.

And if there be a beautiful young lady, who has seen she was beloved by a man of worth, of mind, intelligence and refinement,—one whom she was satisfied would ever be to her that kind, constant, judicious friend, which woman so much needs to guide and support her through 'this world's rough wilderness;' if she has felt gratitude for her lover's preference of her, and esteem for his character, increasing with every interview; if she has blushed to name him, trembled lest her partiality should be suspected,—watched for his coming, and yet faltered while attempting to welcome him, she may be sure her sensations have been very similar to those felt by Delia Simonds, after a few months acquaintance with George Torrey.

Why cannot reason and education free the mind from the dominion of prejudice? Robert Simonds knew the worth and talents of George Torrey, and he loved him like a brother. To have him marry Delia, had long been his favorite wish. He saw their mutual affection, therefore, with joy, and his favorable representations had induced Judge Simonds to treat the young New-Englander with a partiality that was, at least, flattering.

George had been permitted to hope, and but one circumstance prevented Robert from acknowledging, with pride, the favored of his sister. Some of the young Southern gentlemen had doubted the courage of the Yankee, doubted whether he would have the spirit to resent

an insult like a gentleman, to accept a challenge if sent him, and these doubts had reached the ears of Robert. He did not mention them to George ; he knew his principles on the subject, and he perfectly agreed with him that to fight a duel, when not to fight was considered a disgrace, was no test of courage, but rather a proof of moral cowardice. But reasoning and feeling are very different things. Robert did feel sensitive on this point ; he did wish to have the fame of George established, have him deemed a man of honor,—(That honor which may be claimed by the veriest villain on earth, if he only is a good shot and has killed his adversary.)

There was in the neighbourhood a gentleman, so styled, who had offered himself to Delia Simonds, and been rejected. This circumstance created no surprise with those who were acquainted with the parties, for Arnold Dixon was very ugly in person, and disagreeable in manners, such a being as no lady could love, and Miss Simonds would never marry for riches. But riches, especially if joined with a certain assurance, will often keep a man in a station to which neither his mind or morals entitle him.

Arnold Dixon was thus by sufferance allowed to mingle in good society ; yet he knew he was disliked, indeed, detested by the ladies, and he grew cross, and envious of every gentleman younger, or handsomer than himself. George Torrey especially he hated, and it was from him that the insinuations against the character of the Yankee mostly originated.

Robert Simonds despised Dixon, and intended to have no communication with him; but they happened to meet one day at a dinner party, and Dixon, when warmed with wine, threw out reflections against the northern people, mingled with such innuendoes against George Torrey, that Robert's blood was up in a moment, and he repelled the charges with such terms of scorn, as provoked his adversary to fresh accusations, till finally the company interposed, and insisted that the affair should be postponed to a more fitting time and place.

Burning with indignation against Dixon, and yet angry with himself for suffering the low malice of such a man to disturb him, Robert Simonds retired from the party. He knew that, according to the code of honor, some expressions Dixon had used, must be considered too offensive to be borne by an honorable man; that a challenge was expected to ensue; and since the affair must proceed, he thought he would turn it to the best account possible. He argued that if George Torrey would consent to be his second, it would in a great measure establish his reputation, because he would be found to act with decision and spirit, as he always did in the prosecution of any plan he thought sanctioned by principle. In short, he knew George was possessed of that daring, determined courage, that would, at the call of his country, or in defence of freedom, have prompted him to solicit the post of danger, to stand in the 'imminent, deadly breach,' or lead

the forlorn hope. But he knew, also, that George regarded duelling and its laws with abhorrence and contempt ; that he thought it degrading to a civilized man, and horrible for a Christian, to engage or be concerned in an affair of—murder.

'And yet,' said Robert to himself, 'he cannot, under all the circumstances, refuse to be my second in this affair, and that will satisfy the world of his courage. O, if his firmness of mind was only known, his courage would never be doubted.'

'You intend to challenge Dixon ?' said George Torrey, after he had listened to his friend's story.

'I do—I must. You smile, and I know your opinion, and I know it is right,—but we must, while we live in the world, be guided by the customs of society. Who can endure the "dread laugh" of derision, that among us follows the man, who is pointed at as a coward ? I cannot, I will not, let the consequences be what they may, I shall challenge Dixon. I know he is a mean villain,—I despise him ; and yet I shall give him a chance to acquire honor to himself by killing me. I shall do this in obedience to custom,—to a custom that I condemn, and wish was annihilated,—But I shall follow it notwithstanding. Will you, George, be my second ?'

The discussion that followed cannot be given at length, but the conclusion was, that George Torrey, finding he could not reason his friend out of the belief that there existed

no necessity for the duel, determined to take the quarrel and the danger on himself.

'If,' said George, 'this affair cannot be overlooked without incurring disgrace, I will send the challenge. The matter properly belongs to me. It was my section of the country that was vilified; it was me he intended to insult. You generously defended me at the table when I was absent; but that is no reason why you should fight for me when I am present. I repeat it,—if there must be a challenge I will send it, and you may act as my second.'

This arrangement was finally adopted. Robert felt some compunctious visitings of conscience while the challenge was penning; but he was so anxious to have his friend, his future brother, considered a man of honor, that he felt glad the affair was to be so decided. He knew George was an excellent marksman, and cool in spirit, and had the perfect command of his muscles. Dixon too, was expert at shooting, but he was often intoxicated either with passion or liquor, and—who can answer for the thoughts of his heart when under the dominion of violent prejudice? thousands have been as culpable as was Robert Simonds, when he eagerly anticipated seeing Arnold Dixon weltering in his blood, slain by the hand of George Torrey.

What did George Torrey anticipate? He did not dare reflect on all the consequences that might be the result of this rash affair. He thought it his duty to send the challenge and meet the foe, rather than permit Robert to

fight. But he hoped the matter would be accommodated; that Dixon would decline, as he might, without the imputation of cowardice, by alleging that he had not intended to insult the party who challenged. And then George flattered himself a little discussion would satisfy all parties.

But George was disappointed; for Dixon not only accepted his invitation to 'meet him, &c. on the ensuing morning,' but he exultingly added, that he wished to have the affair decided immediately; that he had a friend with him, and they would be on the spot in half an hour, where 'all preliminaries, &c. might be easily settled.'

'He is drunk,' said Robert, his eyes flashing with joy; 'your victory is secure.'

'My escape may be more probable,' replied George. 'I will meet him, and stand his shot as your code of honor directs; but I will not return his fire. I risk my own life to satisfy what I consider a wicked prejudice; but I will not risk having the blood of a human being upon my conscience.'

The two friends proceeded, arm in arm, towards the place of appointment. They walked in silence, both wrapped in different, but painful reflections. They had nearly reached the spot, when George, pressing the arm of his friend, said in a low, but distinct tone—'Robert, if I fall, say to Delia—'

'You will not fall, you shall not,' interrupted the other, impetuously. 'George, I fear I have done wrong in this business—I have been

too sensitive, too hasty. If you are injured, I shall never forgive myself. But you shall stand only one shot ; if, when Dixon finds you are determined not to return his fire, he does not then feel satisfied, I will fight him, and I will return his fire. Do not give me any farewell messages, I cannot hear such melancholy things.'

They reached the spot ; an accommodation was proposed to Dixon, if he would disclaim the intention of insulting George ; but this he would not do, and he ended with some sneering remarks about the Yankees that made Robert's blood boil, but which, had it not been for the feelings of his friend, George would no more have heeded than the idle wind.

The ground was measured, and they took their stations.

'You can kill him George,' whispered Robert Simonds.

'I shall not attempt it,' replied George. 'I am not seeking revenge.'

'But you ought to endeavour to preserve your own life.'

'Then I ought not to have come here. But this is idle now. Give the word.'

The word was given—Dixon fired—and George Torrey fell. Robert sprung to him, raised him—a stream of blood gushed from his right side. 'It is all over,' said George faintly, as he recovered a little from the first shock. 'I am dying. I must leave the world just as it begins to smile upon me. I must leave Delia and you. O ! I have lately dreamed of great

things—I have thought that, blessed with Delia's love and your friendship, I should use such exertions—I should be so indefatigable, that success would be mine. But it is all over—I must die before I have done anything—I must die and be forgotten—Die as the fool dieth.'

'O! George, George,' said Robert, with tears flowing fast down his cheeks—'What shall I do? How shall I comfort Delia? Why did I allow you to send the challenge?'

George attempted to reply, but the effort overcame him, and they thought him dying. But he revived again, and was conveyed to the house of Judge Simonds. He lingered twelve hours, and during most of the time, was able to converse.

George Torrey was laid in the family vault of Judge Simonds, and before the year had expired, Delia slept beside her lover. Robert Simonds, agitated with grief for the loss of his friend, and indignation against Dixon, could hardly be said to be in possession of his reason, when, three days after the burial of George, he challenged his murderer to meet him. Dixon was so elated with his success over poor George, that he exultingly accepted the challenge of Robert. They met; and at the first discharge, Dixon was shot through the heart.

Robert Simonds still lives, but he is a melancholy, misanthropic being. Alone in the world, and continually brooding over the memory of those dear friends he accuses himself of destroying.

THE SPRINGS.

'———She had marked
The silent youth, and with a beauty's eye
Knew well she was beloved ; and though her light
And bounding spirit still was wild and gay,
And sporting in the revel, yet her hours
Of solitude were visited by him
Who looked with such deep passion.'

PERCIVAL.

It was in July, 1818, that Emily Woodworth made her *debut* at Saratoga. She came accompanied by her guardian, Mr. Chapman, and his wife. Mrs. Chapman was a dyspeptic, nervous and very particular lady. In her youth she had been a celebrated beauty, and still felt all that thirst for personal admiration which had once been so lavishly bestowed upon her charms. But alas ! for the woman who has passed her tenth lustre and yet has no claim to the attentions of society, save what personal beauty imparts. Such women have always a horror of being thought at all acquainted with Time—that unfashionable old gentleman is entirely excluded from their conversation, and any allusion to him, they deem, in their presence, impertinent. It was always with a look which seemed intended to petrify the speaker, that

Mrs. Chapman heard her increasing infirmities attributed to increasing years ; she wished to be thought young, and yet she had neither health nor inclination for the gayeties of youth ; and so she eagerly condemned all pleasures in which she could not participate, as vain, frivolous or unfashionable. In short she was always of the opinion that those amusements, which were inconvenient or unsuitable for her, were either very vulgar or very sinful.

Mr. Chapman was an industrious mechanic, a carpenter by trade ; but he had an inventive genius, and a persevering temper ; and had generally succeeded in his plans and projects, till finally he had become not only the architect, but proprietor of several mills and one large cotton manufactory ; and partly by labor, partly by lucky speculation, had accumulated a large fortune. He was a thorough Yankee, shrewd, sensible and somewhat sarcastic ; at least his ready repartees, and the knowledge of characters and circumstances they frequently implied, made his wit often feared by those who felt conscious of follies or faults they did not wish exposed. Yet he was a good natured man, as the uniform forbearance, and even pity with which he listened to the peevishness and complaints of his wife, and his constant kindness in his own family, and the cordial civility with which he treated his friends, except when an occasion for a good joke occurred, sufficiently testified.

Emily Woodworth—but I will not introduce her formally, by telling her height, or describ-

ing her features, or noting the color of her complexion, eyes, lips and hair. Take a pen, fair reader, look in the mirror, and then try the sketch yourself. But be sure and make Emily as handsome as your *beau ideal* of female loveliness, or I shall in future draw my own heroines. And yet it is a task in which few succeed. The artist, proud of being complimented with possessing the skill of a Vandike in delineating the countenances of men, will find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to paint the likeness of a beautiful woman. To be successful he must embody sense, spirit and modesty in that just proportion which shall give the idea of dignity as well as delicacy to features where passion has left no record ; and he must impart meaning and expression to the 'smoothness and sheen' of a face where neither the ambition of pride or energy of thought have stamped any predominating faculty of soul. This task can only be accomplished by one skilled in reading the heart as well as drawing the head. There are but few descriptions of women, even in our best poets and novelists, that do justice to the female character. The mistake is that mere physical beauty, harmony of features and a fair complexion, are generally represented as entitling their possessor to the appellation of amiable, interesting, elegant, &c.—it is the countenance which is supposed to give a tone to the mind, not that the *mind* inspires the *countenance.* Such a mistake would never be made by an artist who was painting men. And while

such a mistake is cherished, the portraits of women will never be well executed. They will never bear the impress of *mind.*

Milton was a little skeptical on the score of female understanding, and hardly willing to allow the sex that equality of reason which is now pretty generally and generously too, acknowledged by all *civilized* men; but he may be pardoned, considering he lived in an age so ignorant that even his own peerless genius, was neglected or contemned, (might it not be a retribution for the injustice he did the ladies.) But notwithstanding the prejudice which the bard of Paradise sometimes displayed, he has left us the most charming description, of the effect which a lovely, virtuous and intelligent woman has over the minds of men, that is to be found in the English language.

> '——Yet when I approach
> Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
> And in herself complete, so well to know
> Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
> Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
> All higher knowledge in her presence falls.
> Degraded wisdom in discourse with her
> Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
> Authority and *reason* on her wait,
> As one intended first, not after made
> Occasionally; and to consummate all,
> *Greatness* of *mind*, and *nobleness* their seat
> Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
> About her, as a guard angelic placed.'

What a lovely picture! and *true*—but when was the conception of the poet ever embodied by the painter? And there is also another sweet description, in Shakspeare, of a woman, that I have often wished to see transferred to canvass—

> '——A maiden never bold,
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blushed at herself.'

Who does not recognise in that sketch of Desdemona, the being of *soul*—the beautiful, modest, intelligent and heroic girl—who preferred her lover only for his estimable qualities of character—

> 'I saw Othello's visage in his mind.'

Emily Woodworth did not exactly resemble either of these portraits. She had not the majestic loveliness of Milton's Eve, nor all that tender yet ardent enthusiasm which we may imagine characterized the victim bride of the Moor. She had more vivacity than either. But there was usually a covert humor in her glance which checked the freedom her gayety would otherwise have inspired. A lover would have been sadly perplexed to decide whether the sweet smile that so often dimpled her cheek was *for* him or *at* him. In short I can think of no heroine that Emily so much resembled as Ellen Douglas ; especially in that scene where Fitz James so gallantly volunteered to row her fairy bark, when

> 'The maid with smile, suppressed and sly,
> The task unwonted saw him try.'

But Emily Woodworth had a guardian—Was she rich ? No matter. The gentleman who is prompted to make the inquiry would never have deserved her, and certainly never have obtained her.

'We will take lodgings half a mile, at least, from the Springs,' said Mrs. Chapman to her

husband, as their carriage passed in sight of the crowd assembled around the Congress fountain. 'I am sure,' she continued as her eye rested on the castle like fabric of Congress Hall, at that time the largest and far the most splendid building in the village, 'I am sure, the noise and bustle of that house must be quite shocking to persons who have been accustomed to the regular, religious and literary society of Connecticut.'

'I was intending to board at Union Hall,' replied Mr. Chapman. 'We must not expect it will seem exactly as quiet and regular as our own home, but it will be more convenient for us than remote lodgings. You, Mrs. Chapman, intend to drink the waters; I came to see the folks, and Emily the fashions, and I think that Union house there, will be just the thing for our accommodation. Congress Hall I should like, only it looks as if it would draw a little too largely on my purse.'

'Do you know what kind of company they have at the Union Hall?' inquired Mrs. Chapman, in a querulous tone. 'I should like to be with civil, well-bred people, not among the thoughtless and fantastic, who have balls every other evening. I wish we could go where our own friends and acquaintances resort. The Reverend Mr. Briley and his lady you know started a few days before us; and then Colonel Eastman and his two daughters are here, and Squire Ray and his wife, and the widow Post.'—

'Yes, yes—there's fools enough from Con-

necticut here as well as we,' interrupted Mr. Chapman hastily—and then after a short pause, during which his good natured countenance exhibited a little embarrassment or vexation, such as we may suppose would naturally arise in the mind of a thorough man of business who felt himself, for the first time in his life, in pursuit of that pleasure which has neither definite name nor aim, but must be found jostling among a crowd of strangers in a strange place, he added,—'I think, Mrs. Chapman, we have a pretty good chance of seeing Yankees at home; certainly we see our friends often enough there. Now I should like to be acquainted with some of the southern people, and I have been told that Union Hall was frequented mostly by gentlemen from that part of the country. Perhaps I may learn something about the management of cotton that will be of advantage to me in the way of my business; and so, if you please, we will alight here and stay a few days at least,'—and he stepped from his carriage, while a waiter instantly attended to ask his commands. Mrs. Chapman was really fatigued, they had driven a long stage that morning, it was almost twelve, and so she tacitly assented to her husband's proposition.

They were soon installed in a pleasant apartment, the windows commanding a view of Congress Hall, with its stately pillars and airy portico, beneath which ladies were promenading, and gentlemen sauntering, both often pausing in their walk, as if charmed by the

sweet music that came at intervals from the apartment of some piano-loving votary within.

Those who have visited Saratoga, and who has not ? know that the scenery around the village makes no part of the attractions to that celebrated place. It is the Springs, and the crowd that sip the mineral waters that are the objects of curiosity. Mrs. Chapman was not much mistaken when, a few days after her arrival, she declared it was by nature the most disagreeable spot she ever saw. The street, she remarked, was always dirt or dust, (this was ten years since, perhaps she would now report differently,) and if one wished to walk out, there was nothing to be seen in any direction but a low sunken marsh that appeared as if it had never been drained since the deluge And then for the ornament of the grounds, there was only stunted firs and other evergreens all looking as withered, crooked or sickly, as if they were languishing under the curse of some sibyl.

The contrast was indeed very striking between Saratoga, and the pleasant walks on the banks of the Connecticut. There the turf is so smooth and green, and the flowers woo you at every step, and the broad beautiful trees throw their graceful branches abroad as if rejoicing, like a beauty surveying her image in a mirror, to see their shadow on the green sward beneath. And then there is the river, diffusing over the wide meadows on its banks, a fertility unsurpassed in our land ; and the fresh invigorating breezes from the pure waters and green hills,

which, if they cannot restore the invalid to health, prevent the healthy from becoming invalid. Who that has a taste for the beauties of a rich landscape, and a heart attuned to the music breathing from the lovely things of nature, but would prefer a ramble on the banks of the Connecticut to a promenade beneath the portico of Congress Hall, where fashion and frivolity gather their votaries, and more come to have their dresses admired than to have their diseases healed ?

It must however be acknowledged, that much of Mrs. Chapman's disgust and disappointment arose from the circumstance of finding herself but an unit among the collection of human beings assembled around the Springs. She would have indignantly repelled the idea that *selfishness* was always her predominating feeling, yet she never witnessed an exhibition of any kind, or listened to a conversation, without an immediate reference, in her own mind, to the effect they had, or might have on herself—her convenience, happiness or importance.

She had, at an expense that her husband, indulgent as he was, called highly extravagant, prepared for her own appearance at the springs in a manner which she expected would secure her instant notice. But, alas! she saw bonnets there vastly richer than hers, and shawls that made her sick with envy, and gowns with laces, flounces and trimmings, which she decided were absolutely wicked—only because they exceeded the standard of her own apparel.

'It is an odious place here,' said Mrs. Chapman to her husband, as he entered the room where she and Emily were sitting, and inquired if they were ready to accompany him to drink the waters. 'These southern ladies are so stiff and formal, and as silent as though they had always been accustomed to have their talking as well as work done by the poor slaves. I shall not join them in the drawing room again, nor shall I go to the Springs this morning. There is nothing worth seeing, and I can have the water brought here to my chamber.'

'But you know, wife, that we came to see the ways of the world, and at any rate I mean to look about me while I stay. We might just as well keep at home as confine ourselves to our own apartments while here.'

'Do you like the society of these Southerners?' demanded Mrs. Chapman.

'Why, yes, pretty well, only I see the cotton growers give themselves some important airs; but that is because they do not yet understand about cotton manufacturing. I have endeavoured to introduce the subject as often as possible, for I hope the mutual benefit we derive from each other will be the means of establishing a confidence between us. However, I confess they are rather reserved.'

'Reserved, do you call it,' returned Mrs. Chapman, her countenance glowing with indignation. 'I do not pretend to know the character of the men, but the women are absolutely scornful. It was only yesterday I made some inquiries of a lady respecting her

headdress, and she answered me very rudely. But I hope I mortified her, for I soon after remarked, when her slave came to wait upon her, that I would not, for the universe, have a negro wench tagging after me.'

'What do you think of your southern sisters, Emily ?' inquired Mr. Chapman, turning to his ward.

'I think, sir,' answered the smiling girl, 'that they exhibit about the same qualities of the heart and mind our northern ladies would if placed in a similar situation. The difference of customs, and customs must vary with climate, and education, has made us to differ. They complain of their *servants*, and we of our *help*. They talk of selling the *blacks* because of bad behavior, and we of turning away our *whites* for similar faults. It is true in a circle of Yankee women, there would be more attempts at literary conversation, more books mentioned and quotations—misapplied; but then these ladies here have a kind of quietness in their manner, a natural dignity that makes the knowledge they do possess, appear very graceful ; and in canvassing fashions, they certainly have the advantage of us. They do not seem to feel it necessary to make the expense of a thing an object of much conversation. Their remarks are, therefore, more general, and consequently do not appear so trifling as when every yard of ribbon or lace on a dress is measured, and the exact cost computed, as is frequently the case among us in discussions on the reigning modes. Do not think I advocate

thoughtless extravagance ; I only believe we may practice economy at home, without continually puffing ourselves for our management when abroad.'

'Then you do not feel disgusted with the society here, nor intend to keep your chamber,' said Mr. Chapman.

'O, no, sir, no,' replied Emily, eagerly. 'I have been highly amused with the new scene ; and I hope to reap some benefit, some improvement from the observations I cannot avoid making. I certainly feel much more interested for these southern ladies, more as if we are indeed of one country, than I should have done had we never met.'

'That,' replied Mr. Chapman, with such earnestness, such unaffected sincerity of manner, as almost made his plain, practical remarks appear like eloquence ; 'That will, I trust, be usually the consequence when Americans have an opportunity of mingling together. And if these mineral waters are of little benefit in the restoration of health—I, for one, think their medicinal virtues are vastly overrated ; yet they are of importance in promoting an intercourse, and thus strengthening the harmony between the different sections of our vast country. People from every quarter, will here meet and mingle, and become acquainted ; prejudices will be, in part, overcome, and attachments formed, till we shall feel we have friends, and therefore a personal interest in the prosperity of every state in our Union.'

'You and Emily may like the place and the

people too, if you choose, but I detest both ;' said Mrs. Chapman.

'Why should you, my dear, form an opinion so different from Emily on this subject ?' asked her husband.

'The ladies are all partial to Emily,' replied the wife, peevishly. 'They converse with her freely, but they avoid me.'

'You probably treat them coldly, and take no pains to remove the prejudices they may have formed against the Yankee women.'

'I care nothing for their prejudices, Mr. Chapman. I shall take no pains to gain the favor of those who are guilty of the monstrous wickedness of holding their fellow creatures in slavery. It is a sin in which I would not partake for all the wealth of the Indies !'

'The slave system is wrong, I feel as well as you, and an unfortunate thing for the peace and prosperity of our country,' said Mr. Chapman, seriously. 'Yet we must not imagine, that because in New England we have no slaves, we are guilty of no sins. But where are those lines you showed me the other day, Emily ? in Burns, I think.'

Emily reached the book, and Mr. Chapman read, in a very exalted tone, to his wife :—

> 'O ! wad some Power the giftie gie us,
> To see *oursels* as other see us,
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us
> An' foolish notion ;
> What airs in gait and dress could lea' us,
> And e'en devotion.'

There, that verse contains, in my opinion, a more excellent lesson on the necessity of self-

examination and humility than many a labored sermon. And now, Mrs. Chapman, if you are not intending to go out this morning, Emily and I will walk to the Springs.'

Any person of reflection, who watches the movements of an assembly of Americans, collected even on their great festivals of rejoicing, will be convinced that the pursuit of mere amusements is incompatible with the feelings and habits of the people. They never appear to lay aside their cares, or give themselves up to the enjoyment of the present pleasure. They are not absorbed by the scene, show, or pastime; they are remarking, reasoning, scheming. There is a restlessness in their movements, (a Yankee rarely sits still in his chair,) an eagerness in their inquiries after news, a kind of impatience as if they felt in a hurry even when they know they have nothing to do. They are like travellers who are looking forward with earnestness to the next stage in their journey, and feel quite unprepared to rest or enjoy themselves by the way.

But to see this locomotive trait, in the American character, in full activity, go to Saratoga.

Those ladies and gentlemen who assemble there to pass a few weeks in uninterrupted pleasure, display but little of that contented satisfaction which betokens happiness. They manifest more uneasiness than do the valetudinarians, because the latter think there is a necessity, a *reason* for their continuance at the Springs. But the healthy ones are in a con-

stant state of excitement to find pleasure which prevents them from ever enjoying it. They are therefore restless, and wishing for a change of weather or a change of company, or to visit other places, or have the season over that they may return home.

'I don't think, Emily,' said Mr. Chapman, as they crossed the street, and jostled their way amid the throng that were hastening to the fountain, 'though I will not find fault with every thing I see, as my wife does, yet I don't think those gentlemen and ladies there are so happy as the persons I left at work in my factory. They do not look half as cheerful and gay. Indeed, the observations I have made, have convinced me that employment, some kind of business, is absolutely necessary to make men, or at least our citizens, happy and respectable. This trifling away of time when there is so much to be done, so many improvements necessary in our country, is inconsistent with that principle of being useful, which every republican ought to cherish. Now I never pass through a place without looking out the good building spots, nor do I see a stream of water without thinking whether it has a good site for a mill, or factory, or something of the sort. But here, bless me, 'tis all hurry scurry round to gaze at the wonders, without, I fear, thinking at all. Away they go to lake George, and Ticonderoga, and perhaps to Niagara, and then to their billiard tables, balls and parties; and after all, they look fatigued and miserably disappointed. I meet with but few that pre-

tend to take much satisfaction in this kind of life, they only say it is necessary as a relaxation —but I guess they will, the most of them, be glad when they are safe at home again. I certainly shall for one. Have you, Emily, seen an object here that will make you regret leaving Saratoga ?'

The question was asked at a most unlucky moment, for Emily, on looking up to answer her guardian, beheld, standing almost directly before her, his dark, penetrating eyes fastened on her face with an expression of admiration that seemed to send his soul in the glance, a young man whom she had for several preceding days perceived paying her the homage of unceasing, yet respectful, attention, whenever she dared note him at all.

Emily Woodworth had never loved, never seen the man she thought she could love, and she did not think of loving the stranger ;—she only thought that he resembled her brother who had died at college—that dear and only brother for whom she had shed so many tears—and she wished the stranger was her brother. There was no harm in such a wish, though it was a little romantic. But now his presence joined with her guardian's abrupt question to embarrass her excessively. She drew her veil as closely over her face as ever did a Turkish lady, and declining to taste the waters, stood with her eyes fixed on the fountain, and watched, with an apparently absorbing interest, the little boys that then officiated to draw up the bubbling and airy liquid which was eagerly

drank by the fashionable—for fashion's sake. She did not turn her head, though she knew the young stranger was beside her and expected he was watching for an opportunity to gain her attention.

To a novelist the introduction of these young people would be an easy matter. Emily would only have to drop her handkerchief, which the stranger might pick up and present with a graceful bow, that she must repay with a sweet smile, and then some tender exclamation, or abrupt compliment from him, and their destiny to 'live and love forever,' would be at once palpable to every reader.

But in this matter of fact sketch, no such lucky accident occurred, and so I shall have to write another page to tell the story. Emily did not drop her handkerchief, or meet with an incident of any kind that required the interference of a stranger; but clasping her guardian's arm with more than her usual care, she walked home without betraying any anxiety to know whether she was followed or observed.

'You look pale and fatigued, Emily,' said Mrs. Chapman, as the former threw aside her bonnet. 'Do my love sit down here by the window.'

Emily took the seat, but a deep flush instantly passed over her cheek as her eye caught some object in the street before her, and she retired to her own apartment saying she was quite well, while Mr. Chapman observed he never saw her look better. On descending to dinner, which Mrs. Chapman de-

clined joining, Emily again saw standing in a position that commanded a view of the door at which the ladies entered, the same young, dark-eyed stranger. He did not, however, offer to approach her ; and whether he dined there or not, it was impossible for her to say—she never once looked towards the place he must have occupied.

She was apparently engrossed in listening to the conversation of two gentlemen who sat opposite to her. Their whole discourse might be comprised in this sentiment,—'that *rice* was excellent food—that *rice* was healthy food—that *rice* ought to be a constant dish at every man's table,' and 'that it was wonderful the northern people did not make more account of *rice*.'

'I have made a very valuable acquaintance, I guess,' said Mr. Chapman, as he entered, at a late hour, his wife's apartment. 'Judge Daggett, with whose character you know I am acquainted, asked leave to introduce a gentleman who, he said, wished to be acquainted with me. It was Mr. Henry Sinclair, from North Carolina ; he is rather young, but the most sensible and intelligent man I have met at Saratoga. I have been conversing with him all the afternoon, and he has told me the whole method of cultivating cotton, and many other things that the planters have not been very free to talk about. I find too, that he thinks very highly of our northern country, and would like to see Connecticut. Indeed, he says he intends visiting that State before re-

turning home; and so I have invited him to come to our village and see my cotton factory. I should like, Mrs. Chapman, to introduce him to you and Emily while we are here, and that may induce him more willingly to call on us should he go to Connecticut.'

Mrs. Chapman eagerly assented. She fancied she should appear to excellent advantage when there was not a crowd of ladies around; nd she never once dreamed that the gay, and, s she thought her, the childish Emily, would ttract the notice of a man who conversed so sensibly and seriously with her husband about plantations and manufactories, &c.

During Mr. Chapman's absence in quest of his new friend, Emily Woodworth changed her seat more than once—even Mrs. Chapman, occupied as she was with the idea of her own importance, observed that something agitated the girl, and carelessly inquired what disturbed her. But Emily, with her usual arch smile, assured her she was not disturbed—and it is not known to this day whether a suspicion, that the dark-eyed cavalier was the person her guardian would introduce, ever entered her mind.

Mrs. Chapman was much pleased with Mr. Sinclair, and remarked several times after he had gone, that he was the handsomest and most accomplished southern man she had seen. 'I think him,' said she, 'a perfect gentleman, and really hope he will come to our village and visit us.'

'I presume he will come to our village,' said Mr. Chapman, looking at Emily with a most provoking glance of intelligence; 'but whether, Mrs. Chapman, he will visit you and I, is, I think, very doubtful.'

'Pray, who will he visit then? He said he had no acquaintances there,' exclaimed Mrs. Chapman. 'Perhaps Emily can guess,' said Mr. Chapman. But Emily left the room immediately without attempting to guess.

Henry Sinclair made, as he said, the tour of Connecticut. Certainly he tarried in that state several weeks, and was so delighted with the climate, scenery, society, &c. that he returned the next year, and the next—and then persuaded Emily to accompany him to North Carolina, where he introduced her to his friends as Mrs. Sinclair.

The domestic happiness of this amiable couple is often mentioned by Mr. Chapman, and he declares that, in his opinion, the best method of promoting harmony between the different sections of our Union would be to promote intermarriages among the inhabitants. 'There is,' he remarks in his humorous manner, 'there is, I find, more affinity between the youths and maidens of the North and South, than between cotton growers and cotton manufacturers.'

PREJUDICES.

———o———

> 'What hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye
> And hueless cheek, and thine unquiet motions,
> Anger, and grief, and conscience seem at war
> To waste thee?' BYRON.

On one of those small level spots, that may be found as you toil up the steep road which, running from Brattleboro' to Bennington, crosses the Green Mountain, there stood, in 1820, a little lone tenement inhabited by a woman whose name was Ranson.

Mrs. Ranson had endured strange vicissitudes of fortune, and it was reported her troubles had entirely changed her character—certain it was that she had for several years pursued a course of conduct so extraordinary as to excite either the wonder, pity, or censure of all her acquaintance. Many declared her singularities were affected to gain notoriety—these were women—others thought her deranged—these were mostly men—and a few benevolent people of both sexes urged the sorrows of a broken and contrite spirit had induced her to relinquish the flattering but false world,

and seek a refuge from its vexations in her solitary abode on the Hills.

I can only give an abstract of Mrs. Ranson's story ; those who regret its brevity, (if such old fashioned readers exist in this age of literary 'shreds and patches,') may easily, by the aid of a little imagination, invest these simple facts with all the complex circumstances, enchanting descriptions and interesting colloquies, of a long romance. I am half inclined to attempt the exploit myself. This short hand mode of authorship is but a poor way of managing, if one wishes to secure either profit or fame. To manufacture a two volumed novel, hardly requires more exertion of *mind*, than to write a good sketch.

Isabelle Carrick was a native of the West Indies. Her mother died a few days after the girl's birth, and her father when she was twelve years old ; but in the interim he had married a second wife, who bore him a boy. With that ill-judging partiality which may be termed injustice of the most cruel kind, because it completely baffles the law and often shrouds itself under pretexts that prevent the sufferer from receiving even sympathy, Mr. Carrick gave his whole property, which was very large, to his son ; only stipulating that Isabelle should be educated and supported by her brother till her marriage, and should she ever become a widow, she was entitled to an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

When the contents of the will became known, the maternal relations of Isabelle were highly

incensed, and they demanded she should be given up to them. Her stepmother, who, it was believed, had influenced her husband's will, very readily consented to relinquish all right over the portionless orphan ; by that means she was freed from the necessity of educating her. Isabelle, accordingly, passed into the family of her uncle Tolbert. Some disturbances soon after occurring among the slave population, rendered Mr. Tolbert's situation at Jamaica unpleasant, and he determined to leave the Island. His wife was an American, and that was probably the reason that induced him to remove to New York rather than return to England. Isabelle, now at the interesting age of sixteen, was such a beautiful girl that her uncle had no doubt of establishing her advantageously in a country where marriage was an affair of the heart and not merely a calculation of pecuniary advantages, even though it were known she was portionless. Yet Mr. Tolbert did not intend thus to test the sincerity of those who professed to admire his niece. He had no children ; he had adopted the orphan and declared her his heir, and it is no wonder she was soon the star of the city. Many connoisseurs in female charms pronounced Isabelle Carrick to be perfect in loveliness. There is no standard, there can be none of personal beauty ; the feelings of the heart have more influence than rules of taste in our estimation of the human face ; yet there are countenances so peculiarly fascinating, that criticism and comparison are out of the question. If the behold-

er has a soul susceptible of those divine impressions of the beautiful which are among the distinguishing characteristics that prove man superior to his 'brothers of the clod,' he acknowledges at once the interest of such a countenance. No human eye ever regarded a rose, rainbow or star, and turned away disgusted; and seldom do we find a person that can gaze on either with perfect indifference. Such apathy would argue a man's mind more disagreeable, if not as dangerous, as to have 'no music in his soul'—which, according to Shakspeare, is one of the seven deadly sins.

But Isabelle Carrick was never regarded with indifference. The men praised and admired; the women praised too, as loudly as the men, but I fear there was a little envy, or at least, a little repining mingled in their feelings of admiration. What makes this suspicion probable, I have been told that they always concluded their eulogy on her beauty by saying it was perfect, considered as a specimen of the West Indian style—the men never made a qualification in their panegyrics.

'I think,' said Miss Dutton, 'that Isabelle's cheek wants bloom. She has a fine, delicate complexion, and it contrasts sweetly with her profusion of curls,

> "Whose glossy black to shame might bring
> The plumage of the raven's wing."

Now tinge her cheek with a little "celestial rosy red," and she would be in appearance, what you gentlemen esteem her, an angel.'

'But you probably recollect,' replied Edwin Cone, 'that the "rosy red" to which you allude, was imparted by a blush, and Isabelle's cheek wears that tinge at the least compliment or emotion—a tinge that may be considered "celestial," as it proceeds from delicacy of mind, from sentiment, and is not dependent on jocund health, and never needs the repairs of art.'

'But then her eyes, Edwin.—Do you really admire such black eyes? They seem too spirited to please me. I know the Mahometans celebrate their dark eyed Houris, but I believe Christians usually connect the beautiful sky-color with the idea of angels' eyes.'

Edwin Cone was very polite. He saw the blue eyes of the fair speaker beam with the expectation of a compliment. Could a gallant man refuse it? With a bow and smile he declared it would be profane to compare angels' eyes to aught save stars, and those were always set in *blue;* and that the most charming description of woman's orb of vision he ever saw, was—

> '————————She had an eye,
> As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
> Of purest white.'—

The very next day, Isabelle Carrick learned that Edwin Cone disliked black eyes. But happily her heart was not at all interested in his decision. Had John Ranson made such a declaration, she would probably have felt very wretched.

There is no subject on which the old and young differ in opinion so materially as on the

qualities most likely to ensure happiness in the married state. The aged are swayed by interest, the youthful guided by feeling. Perhaps it would be difficult to decide which party are oftenest disappointed. Those matches are undoubtedly the happiest, which have been contracted equally from affection and prudence; —but heroines are not very apt to consider prudence necessary. At least, when Isabelle Carrick married John Ranson, in opposition to the wishes of her uncle, she did not consult her *interest*—and that is to be imprudent—is it not? An answer to that question, properly discussed, in all its bearings, would fill a volume. I wish some rationally moral philosopher, who has made that wayward thing, the human heart, his particular study, would write a treatise on the subject.

Mr. Tolbert held true English aristocratic ideas of love and marriage. 'The faith of true lovers,' he observed, 'was of no consequence, except "to adorn a tale." It was amusing to read of love in a novel, but to believe in its reality, or that a particular fancy for the person was necessary to make men and women happy in marriage, was as absurd as to credit the stories of dragons and demons, knights and necromancers, exalted characters, and enchanted castles, and all the *materiel* of the romances of chivalry, from which the unreasonable ideas of love had been imbibed. The marriage most likely to ensure happiness to the contracting parties, must be founded, like any other bargain, on mutual interest; some

substantial benefit must be conferred on each, by the union; and then, the knowledge that their partnership was indissoluble, would induce them, if they had common sense, to treat each other with complaisance, which was all the felicity that ought to be expected.'

Isabelle Carrick had heard these sentiments of her uncle expressed a thousand times, and illustrated by many anecdotes of contented couples, who married for interest, and wretched pairs, who wedded for fancy; but she did not, it seems, profit much by such wise lessons and lectures. She loved John Ranson, although her uncle charged the said John with being a poor man's son, and, moreover, guilty of being obliged to earn his own livelihood, though he had, by his industry, and application, raised himself to the station of junior partner in a respectable mercantile establishment. Should such a plebeian be preferred before Edwin Cone, whose father, descended from a respectable English family, was possessed of a large fortune, and gave the most splendid dinner parties in the city?

Mr. Tolbert thought it but of small consequence that Edward Cone was a licentious profligate, and had broken, at least, one engagement to marry. However, he did not command his niece to accept of Edwin; he only said, 'you may take your choice, Isabelle. If you marry Mr. Cone, I will give you ten thousand pounds on the wedding day, and the remainder of my estate at my decease—but should you wed John Ranson, I will never give

you a shilling, though you were starving at my gate.'

Isabelle preferred John; and her uncle soon after left America, in high dudgeon, railing at the manners and customs of the people, and declaring that his niece would never have been guilty of such folly, in a country where a proper respect was paid to rank; that the levelling principles of republicanism were subversive of all gentility, and must, while they governed the people, effectually prevent the regulations of good society from being understood and adopted.

'They are all,' said he, 'so perfectly *canaille* in their sentiments, that Isabelle's choice was commended in some of their highest circles, because, forsooth, John Ranson was industrious, enterprising, and clever;—I can say as much of my footman.'

Fourteen years passed—Isabelle had counted the lapse of time, only by the recurrence of new blessings and pleasures, and to her, life still looked bright; or, if a cloud appeared, it was always spanned with the rainbow. She was still lovely, and beloved; the tender, tried, and trusted *friend* of her excellent husband, and the mother of one beautiful boy. What more can earth offer of happiness! But why dwell on the picture?

> A day of bliss is quickly told,
> A thousand would not make us old
> As one of sorrow doth—
> It is by cares, by woes and tears,
> We round the sum of human years——

The embargo that preceded the last American war, occasioned the first reverse of fortune. Mr. Ranson struggled manfully to support his credit, for he knew that the weal and wo of those dearer than himself, were involved in his fate. His friends, for a time, buoyed him up; but the struggle between the nations commenced, and then who sympathised much for individual, and pecuniary suffering, while the fate of armies, and the fame of the Republic were at hazard? But Mr. Ranson was soon released from all inquietudes. Journeying from Albany to Boston, the carriage in which he travelled, was, by the horses taking fright, precipitated down a deep chasm, where he was instantly killed.

Hitherto, Mrs. Ranson, though she had lost, or been abandoned by all her own relations, and had, by injustice and prejudice, been deprived of the fortunes to which she had been apparently destined, yet it could hardly be said she had endured a reverse. Can that be termed a reverse which is not felt as a misfortune? Even her husband's embarrassments had not been realized by her, as he had sedulously labored to prevent his family from suffering privations. But she was now widowed and destitute of property; and the friends of her prosperity were so shocked at her misfortunes, and the consequent change in her appearance and behavior, that they unanimously concluded that she did not wish for society; and they were too well bred to intrude on her sorrows.

The sufferings of Mrs. Ranson, and the neglect of her city friends, induced her to apply to the relations of her husband, and this finally led to an arrangement, by which she consented to remove, with her child, to a small town in the western part of Massachusetts, and reside with his aged parents.

Mrs. Ranson was now placed in a situation, perhaps the most difficult and trying of any in the world, for one of her character, and education. She was placed in a little tattling country village, where the system of *espionage* was as perfect, and far more harassing, to those unaccustomed to its operations, than it ever was in Paris, when Fouche regulated the police, under the orders of Bonaparte.

It is not in cities, or among the educated and fashionable of a community, that national peculiarities can be well, or truly discovered. We must go into the remote villages, and among the scattered settlements of the interior of New-England, if we would discover the effect, either for good, or for evil, which the condition, principles, practices, and institutions of the Puritans, have had on the Yankee character.

It has not all been for good; but our enemies have never discovered the greatest fault. It is not inquisitiveness, or egotism, or selfishness. It is *calculation*,—a close, cold, careful calculation. A Yankee, (I speak of the common minded,) calculates his generosity and sympathy, as methodically as his income; and to waste either, on an unprofitable, or unde-

serving object, would be foolish, if not wicked. He is charitable ; but it is from principle, not feeling. Yet he is not deficient in warmth of heart ; but *duty*, his *duty* is always paramount to his impulses. This is a good principle—the mischief is, that 'good things spoiled, corrupt to worst.' Thus his rigid performance of duty is made, and often conscientiously, the plea of withholding assistance from the necessitous, for fear of encouraging idleness ; of prying into the most secret actions and sacred griefs of the afflicted, before pitying their sorrows, lest they should be deserved or self-incurred.

Then the Yankee, in his calculations, generally makes his own situation, conduct, and principles, the model for others. Accustomed to labor himself, he calculates that every person ought to be as constantly employed ; and compelled by his narrow income to practice rigid prudence, he deems a more liberal expenditure, wasteful profusion.

It was among such a scrupulously calculating people, that Mrs. Ranson was fated to dwell ; and she fixed the attention of the whole community. Her appearance, dress, conversation, manners, and principles, were all in turn, scrutinized ; even her thoughts and feelings were guessed at, and her plans and future prospects, made the frequent subject of that kind of commiseration, which seems to proceed from a hope, that the evils thus conjured up, like Banquo's shadowy kings, to frown in review, will be fully realized.

'O la !' said Mrs. Pratt, as she took her

seat at the table of her neighbour Dustin, where she regularly drank her tea every week ;—' O la! I declare I never was so shocked in my life. Mrs. Cutter heard her say so.'

'Who ? what ?' inquired Mr. Dustin.

'Gracious ! Mr. Dustin, have you not heard it ?' said Mrs. Pratt. 'Well, I declare, I never meant to mention the thing ; I would not have it get about among the people for all the world, for I really believe the woman does as well as she knows how. Only think ! she could not be brought up like a Christian, away there in the West Indies. We must have charity for such folks.'

'Oh, you are talking of Mrs. Ranson, I see,' said Mr. Dustin.

'Yes, I have just been telling your wife ; but pray never mention it,—or if you do, never say I told you,—that Mrs. Ranson says she thinks our meetings are very dull, and she had rather read prayers at home, than hear our minister preach. And then she always wants a parade for dinner, because they used to have great dinners in the city. I wonder if she thinks that is the way to keep the Sabbath day holy ?'

'Does she do anything, I wonder ?' said Mrs. Dustin.

'No, indeed—not she,' replied Mrs. Pratt. 'Why, she has her black woman, to wait upon her ; and there's her child, brought up in idleness ; that great boy, nearly fifteen, who wears his ruffles every day, and they say, never did any work in his life.'

'I wonder how she thinks they are to be maintained,' said Mr. Dustin. 'Old Mr. Ranson has but little property, and his wife is very unwell. They cannot support such an idle, expensive family.'

'Oh, she doesn't think about it,' replied Mrs. Pratt.

'Such grand folks never seem to think about expenses. They have never calculated how to get a living. But I fear she will have to put out her boy, and work herself, before she dies.'

'I suppose she expects people will assist her,' said Mr. Dustin. 'And the widow and fatherless should always be remembered.'

'I suppose she does ; but I am afraid the poor woman will be disappointed,' said Mrs. Pratt. 'People that work as hard as we do, cannot feel it our duty to support a family in idleness. She ought to put out that great boy, and have him taught to work, and then he might help maintain her.'

'They say she married against her uncle's consent,' said Mrs. Dustin. 'It is no wonder she does not prosper.—She might have had all his estate, if she had only tried to please him.'

'She looks to me like a woman who is very set in her own way, and very haughty,' said Mrs. Pratt. 'I called to see her the day after she arrived, for I thought it my duty to visit the unfortunate, and the stranger, and I meant to like her, if I could, for I really pitied her ; but she took no notice of me, and hardly spoke

while I was there. I cannot waste my time to visit such proud folks.'

Mrs. Ranson had a kind and generous disposition, but she was very sensitive, and her refined and delicate mind, though bowed with affliction, was not, in the least, divested of those feelings of independence, and superiority, which persons always accustomed to affluence, and to the humble attendance of slaves, must necessarily imbibe. She was shocked at the grossness of the villagers, and irritated at what she thought their unfeeling interference in her private concerns; but, especially, the idea that her son ought to be confined to labor, was an indignity, an outrage, on all propriety, that she never could pardon.

The two parties were soon completely at variance, and the villagers, by dint of clamors, if not reasons, were, as is usual, victorious. They convinced old Mr. Ranson, that his grandson John would certainly be ruined, if he was not taught to work. But the lad was as tenacious of his patrician privileges as his mother, and rather than don the 'every-day clothes' of a plough boy, he besought her to allow him to enlist as a soldier.

He was nearly fifteen, and tall of his age, and soldiers were, at that time, so much needed, that officers could not be very particular in the qualifications of recruits. It was a trying scene for Mrs. Ranson; but finally, the pride and prejudices of the woman prevailed over the tenderness and apprehensions of the moth-

er. She knew her son would be more exposed to danger with the musket; but then he would escape the contamination of the spade. The field of glory, or the corn field! Could one of her education and feelings prefer the latter? She would let him go and serve his country, and leave his fate with that Power who watches the orphan. She could humble herself before God, and intercede for her child, but she could not endure to see him degraded before men, as in her estimation he would be, if he labored.

The lad departed, and but a few weeks elapsed before a stranger came to the village and inquired for Mrs. Ranson. He was a messenger from the executors of her uncle Tolbert. That gentleman had on his death bed, bequeathed his immense property to the son of Mrs. Ranson; but still wishing to manifest some displeasure against his niece, he ordained that if the boy died before he attained the age of eighteen, the estate should all go to a distant relative in England. After that period, should he die without heirs, the personal property, which was very considerable, was to be his mother's. The messenger hastened with all possible speed to Buffalo, where the troops, in which young John Ranson served, were stationed; but before he arrived, the battle of Chippewa had been fought, and the brave boy, who signalized himself more than once during the action, was numbered with the dead!

Who shall picture the mother's grief! It

excited for a short time, the concern and consternation of the villagers! They knew it was their clamors which induced Mrs. Ranson to send her son from her—they felt condemned; yet still, most of them pertinaciously maintained that notwithstanding the wealth which the boy would have inherited had he lived, it would nevertheless have been an excellent thing for him, had he learned to work.

It is painful to dwell on the sorrows of the desolate hearted, but it is more painful still to witness the cold, unfeeling manner with which those sorrows are ofttimes treated by the ignorant and prejudiced. The regret of the villagers was of short continuance. Mrs. Pratt began her round of visiting, and by the time she had drank tea with all the principal families in the neighbourhood, which was about three weeks, she had convinced them that Mrs. Ranson was not at all to be pitied; that her troubles were but a just chastisement for her pride and obstinacy; and that it was doubtless a mercy that her son was taken away, as she would now have no earthly dependence, and would probably soon be brought to a proper sense of her follies, and then she would see that everything had been ordered for the best.

But there was one benevolent family in the village. One man and woman who pitied and assisted Mrs. Ranson, without censuring her. There were doubtless others of similar generosity; but these persons were the only ones she would acknowledge as benefactors. That

inflexible perseverance in a favorite point when persuaded that duty sanctions the course pursued, which is so characteristic of the Yankees, and which Mrs. Ranson thought so inhuman while employed to convince her that her son ought to work, she found, when displayed in her service, was equally zealous. Mr. Lawrence was a merchant, but he did not square his humanity by the rule of 'loss and gain.' He learned from the tenor of Mrs. Ranson's father's will, that, as a widow, she was entitled to an hundred pounds per annum, and he never ceased his inquiries, and exertions, till he had succeeded in establishing her claim, and providing for the regular payment of her annuity. He delivered into her hands the documents, and told her the only reward for his trouble which he desired was to see her restored to tranquillity. But though she did justice to the nobleness and humanity of Mr. Lawrence, and loved his wife like a sister, she could not be persuaded to return to society. The fate of her husband and son, but especially the latter, preyed on her heart, and almost overwhelmed her reason. She felt that she had yielded to her own prejudices when she consented he should go to the battle. Self-accusation made her wretched. She blamed the people, it is true, but that did not atone or justify her own error. Had there been a convent in the country, she would undoubtedly have devoted herself to the penance of a monastic life. She finally had a small house pre-

pared as near as possible to the spot where her husband perished ; and there, accompanied only by her faithful negro woman who had attended her from infancy, she resided in 1820. Pale and wasted, but still beautiful, she seemed, as she was described by the traveller, arrayed in her mourning habiliments, wandering among the lonely hills, or seated on the overhanging cliffs, like a spirit sent to warn him of some danger in the path before him. She was the victim of prejudices. But let it be remembered, that though we may be excessively annoyed by the prejudices of others, we shall never be quite wretched if we do not yield ourselves to the guidance of our own.

THE APPARITION.

> I say the *pulpit*, in the sober use
> Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,
> Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
> The most important and effectual guard,
> Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
>
> COWPER.

ABOUT fifty miles from Albany, in the proud state of New-York, there is a pleasantly situated little village, which we call Harmony. Some events which occurred there a few years since, may perhaps interest those readers who have the good taste to prefer exhibitions of our national and republican peculiarities of character to descriptions of European manners, and the good nature to concede, that the efforts of those American writers who are attempting to awaken the love and the pride of national literature among their countrymen, deserve, at least, to be tolerated. The southeastern line of Harmony is bounded by a high, rugged mountain, that seems to look frowningly down on the neat, thriving farms stretching along the borders of a small river, which winds silently through copse and plain at its base. The meanderings of this quiet stream are marked

on the western border by a narrow strip of rich meadow land, displaying alternately patches of mowing, fields of corn, or of that vegetable which an European might with propriety term a *republican root*, as its discovery and use have more perhaps than any other resource, contributed to support an increase of population among the laboring classes in the old world. The broad harvest moon had just risen above the rugged mountain, and there trembled over the landscape that soft silvery lustre which so frequently tempts the poet to write and the maniac to rove. But neither poet or maniac had ever been known to exist within the precincts of Harmony, and it seemed quite improbable Luna should there find a worshipper. Yet *one* there was, and a *fair* one too, regarding that bright moon with an attention as absorbing, if not a devotion as sincere, as ever a devotee of Ephesus paid at the shrine of Diana. Lois Lawton was the last surviving child of the clergyman who presided over the only church which had then been organized in Harmony. He was a Presbyterian, a good preacher and a strictly conscientious man, and but for two reasons might have been very popular among his parishioners. In the first place he did not sufficiently regard the feelings of the minority who were from principle or prejudice (it is sometimes very difficult to determine which predominates in the human mind) opposed to his settlement ; and in the second place he strenuously insisted on the fulfilment of a promise which the majority had made him, namely,

that at the expiration of five years from the time of his installation, there should be a convenient and handsome house for divine worship erected in the town. No one disputed the need of such a building, as the congregation were obliged to assemble alternately at a school-house and a hall. The unchurchlike character of the hall, where the Fourth-of-July revels, and New Year balls, were held as regularly as the summer and winter came round, was, in the opinion of all the good women, quite a scandal to their religious services. The men were not quite so scrupulous. They wisely considered that the building of a church would involve the payment of taxes, and that inconvenience came more home to the sensibilities of many rich men than the recollection that where the fiddle had resounded, prayers and holy hymns were to be fervently breathed, or devoutly sung. But finally Mr. Lawton, by dint of private expostulations with his church members, and public reproofs from the pulpit, succeeded so far that a town meeting was warned to be held, to see what steps should be taken to provide ways and means for building a meeting-house.

There is no record of a nation on earth whose origin, progress, character and institutions were, or are, in their predominating features, similar to ours. Democracies have been, and governments called, *free*; but the spirit of independence and the consciousness of unalienable rights, were never before transfused into the minds of a whole people. The trammels of rank have always been, since the

days of Nimrod, worn in the old world ; and there men, even when attempting to throw off the yoke of despotism, will be found stooping to established customs, and wearing the 'fardels' of fashion as if still in the harness. But in these United States no idol of nobility was ever set up ; and consequently, the people have never been degraded by cringing at the nod of a fellow mortal. Our citizens walk the earth with a consciousness of moral dignity which places them on a level with the king upon his throne. The feeling of equality which they proudly cherish does not proceed from an ignorance of their station, but from the knowledge of their rights ; and it is this knowledge which will render it so exceedingly difficult for any tyrant ever to triumph over the liberties of our country. However, to know the rights of man is but half the benefit imparted by our free institutions—they teach also to know his duties. Persons accustomed only to those establishments where the interests of church and state are inseparably blended, and where some particular form of devotion is enforced and supported by authority, can hardly believe that were religious worship left wholly to the free choice and voluntary support of the people, it would be adequately maintained. Yet our history will conclusively prove that piety of heart and freedom of mind are not only perfectly compatible, but that the exercise of the understanding in the examination of creeds, and the volition of the will in the admission of truth, are favorable to the cause

of religion and the Bible. Is this doubted ?—then let the caviller point to the christian nation in which are so few infidels as *here* ; here, where freedom of inquiry, and conscience, and belief, and worship, are not only enjoyed, but exercised without the least shadow of civil control.

These remarks are not foreign to my subject, though they may *seem* misplaced, and actually be uninteresting or dull. It was only the conscientious feeling of duty, which freedom of inquiry and conduct brings home with a sense of awful responsibility to those who profess to be Christians and know themselves free, that would have induced the frugal, painstaking, unostentatious citizens of Harmony to tax themselves with the expense of erecting a handsome house for religious worship, when they were many of them still dwelling in their small, inconvenient log tenements. The town patent had been originally granted to a Dutchman belonging to Albany, and the first settlers were descendants from the Dutch colonists ; but about the year 1790 the unoccupied parts of the patent were purchased by a Yankee speculator, and most of the later emigrants had been from New-England. The inhabitants, however, lived harmoniously together. Not that they agreed exactly in sentiment on every subject, but they seemed for some time to cherish a spirit of mutual forbearance. The Dutchman suffered his Yankee visiter to talk without interruption and argue without contradiction, and in return for this politeness the

latter saw his phlegmatic neighbour still adhere to those old customs, which he had been striving to convince him were not only extremely absurd, but very expensive and inconvenient, without exhibiting much disgust.

The settlement of Mr. Lawton was the first occurrence that threatened to make a deadly breach between the parties. The Yankees were nearly all Congregationalists—the Dutch, Presbyterians;—the former made the most bustle, but the latter polled the most votes, and the settlement of their favorite was accordingly effected. The Congregationalists were at perfect liberty to seek a pastor after their own faith, but as the town did not contain more people than might conveniently be accommodated at one meeting, and Mr. Lawton was respected by all and acknowledged to be a good man, the Yankees finally concluded to attend on his ministry, and pay their proportion of his salary. Had Mr. Lawton been what, in worldly language, is termed a managing man, he might doubtless have satisfied both parties. But he had fixed rules of action, from which he would not swerve, and settled principles which he would not soften, even though he might by that means have gained the popularity of a Chalmers. And then he had a serious dislike to the Puritan mode of church government, which he took no pains to conceal or qualify. In short, though, as I have said, he was a good man, he was not sufficiently careful to prevent 'his good from being evil spoken of.' The consequence was, that his Congre-

gational hearers soon took mortal offence and withdrew from his society. Had they stopped there, perhaps their conduct might not have deserved much blame, as it was evident to all that Mr. Lawton's sermons were oftener calculated to rouse their sectarian prejudices than awaken their religious feelings. But they were not satisfied with acting merely on the defensive, for when was a Yankee ever known to underrate his own importance, or quietly submit to have his religious faith and mode of worship censured as unsound and unscriptural?

Meekness and forbearance was not certainly the spirit evinced by the Congregationalists of Harmony; and from protesting against the presbyterian *forms*, they soon came to detest and vilify the man, who so strenuously supported them, and the people who were his adherents.

Matters were in this state between the parties, when the meeting-house was voted to be erected. This vote was conscientiously given, for when roused to reflection by the arguments and expostulations of their pastor, the Presbyterians knew it to be their duty to build the house, and yet, so wayward is the heart, so deeply rooted is selfishness, that many were dissatisfied, almost angry, because Mr. Lawton thus urged upon them the performance of an inconvenient duty.

Some Europeans have suggested that while depending entirely upon the people for their support, our clergy must be timid and time-serving, and while their own interest is involv-

ed in pleasing their hearers, that there is cause to fear they will often make a sacrifice of conscience to convenience. This might be the case, were not the clergy sensible that they are themselves a part of the sovereign people, and that to bow, cringe and fawn, would be a renunciation of the dignity which here entitles a man to respect from his fellow men. It is the great merit of our free institutions that they accustom those who enjoy them, to reflection and reasoning. It is not that our citizens may choose their own governors, and enact the laws by which such governors must be guided, that makes the privileges of which Americans should be most proud. It is, that, with the knowledge of his own personal independence, which is as familiar to the republican child as 'household words,' there is also inculcated a conviction of man's responsibility, not only to his God, but his country, posterity, the whole world. And so far as the human mind can shake off selfishness and act from a sacred regard to truth, justice and duty, so far will men not only be virtuous, but fearless in virtue. And will not a clergyman be more likely thus to feel and act, in a situation where he is placed and retained by the sober approval of a majority of his free parishioners, than when he owes his station to caprice, or favoritism, or stipulation with an individual? There needs no proof, but to attend our churches or read the sermons of our divines, to convince the most skeptical that our clergy are faithful in the cause of religion, and that their flocks

esteem them higher for such plain dealing. But everything excellent is liable to be abused or perverted; and this plain dealing may be rendered ungracious by a disagreeable manner. It is the manner which offends; and it was the manner of Mr. Lawton which made his people complain. No one thought of blaming him for supporting freely his own opinions, or insisting that the promise concerning the meeting-house should be fulfilled, but it was said he was too dictatorial, and that he hurried on the workmen without reference to the extra expense which it made the people, to move faster than the usual considerate motion of a Dutchman would allow.

But what has this long explanation to do with Lois Lawton, the clergyman's daughter? Much—it will enable you, reader, if you have read it, which I somewhat doubt, to judge of the perplexities which surrounded that young, fair girl who is my heroine, and I hope will be yours, while she was earnestly seeking to heal those divisions which had unhappily, for some time, rendered the inhabitants of Harmony as unharmonious a set as can well be imagined. To soothe suffering and calm the turbulent passions of men, is so naturally the office of woman, that Lois Lawton need not be considered a heroine merely because she was a peacemaker; but it really must be placed among extraordinary achievements, that she, by her prudent and conciliating conduct, so ingratiated herself with the good *vrows*, that they actually came to the resolution to abstain from the use

of tea and sugar for a given period, till they had saved a sum sufficient to pay for painting the church, which expense, by the way, was the one of which the Dutchmen most loudly complained ; and it was likewise an item on which Mr. Lawton had strenuously insisted. But to appease and please the Yankees, required more address, and yet their good will was very necessary to the happiness of the clergyman's daughter.

She thought as she gazed on the bright moon, of the bitter prejudices that existed between her father and Captain Isaiah Warren, the chief leader of the Yankee faction ; and then she thought of his son, the young Isaiah, between whom and her father's daughter, prejudices, but not bitter ones, also existed.

'He said he had a plan which he hoped would heal these differences, and make my father look with approbation on our love,' said the fair girl, softly yet audibly, a blush crimsoning her cheek, even though alone, and veiled around by the shades of night, at the thought of marrying Isaiah.

'And you consent I shall pursue my plan,' said Isaiah, who had advanced, unperceived, and then stood close beside her.

Lois had not expected him so soon, but she was not easily flurried, or at least, she never affected more fright than she really felt, and though somewhat confused that he had overheard her soliloquy, she neither screamed nor fainted ; but, after a moment's silence, turned calmly towards him, and begged he would ex-

plain why he had so anxiously urged this interview. 'I wish to return home before prayers,' said she—'or my father will be uneasy, perhaps offended, at my absence.'

The lovers were standing partly in the shadow of a broad sycamore that threw its branches over the little stream at their feet. The water there looked dark and deep, but further on, it was sparkling in the moonbeams, that came down with that glistening power which so sweetly invites 'lovers to breathe their vows,' and disposes 'ladies to listen.' I wish I had time to describe these two young persons, just as they looked while they glanced their eyes alternately at the charming prospect around them, and then turned, by stealth, their gaze on each other.

A genuine descendant of the pilgrims, has usually, a high, bold forehead, and a firm expression around the chin and mouth, which gives a decided, and generally a grave cast to the countenance. This gravity, however, is, in a degree, more or less, according to the age and character of the person, counteracted by the expression in the deep-set eye—keen, lively, penetrating ; it announces quickness of thought and humor, which is always allowed to the Yankees, both by friends and foes—the one terming the quickness wit, the other wickedness. When I say that Isaiah Warren had a fine complexion, good features, and real roguish-looking, Yankee eyes, that would flash with thought or merriment till the blue iris appeared nearly black as the pupil dilated, I

mean to be understood that he was very handsome, or, to use a more indefinite, and therefore, more polite phrase, that he had a very fascinating expression of countenance. And he thought Lois Lawton was beautiful as an angel. It is therefore of little consequence what others would think, should she be portrayed. A woman should never sigh for personal admiration, except from the man she loves.

'You have heard, I presume,' said Isaiah, the blood flushing over his cheeks and temple as he spoke, 'that my mother is firmly persuaded that I am to become a clergyman?'

Lois half smiled, as she answered in the affirmative.

'It is a foolish whim,' he continued, 'and yet my mother is a worthy woman, and a sensible one, in all, except what relates to me. Somehow my parents, from my being the first born, I presume, always appeared to expect I should do marvels. I am sorry they indulge such hopes, and yet the knowledge of their expectations, has, I confess, spurred me on to attempt being the first, both at school and college. At school my superiority was never denied, and at college, though I labored under the disadvantage of being poorly fitted, and having to be a teacher every winter, in order to earn money to support myself, my father being, with his large family, unable to furnish sufficient funds; yet I know I maintained a respectable standing in my class. But I have now graduated, and my parents are urging me to commence the study of divinity. Could I study

with your father, Lois, I would willingly obey them.'

Lois looked astonished, and yet gratified, for her father was, in her opinion, the best man, and best minister, in the whole world. But how could the matter be brought about? Captain Warren would never suffer his son to study with a Presbyterian clergyman.

'My mother,' resumed Isaiah, 'is confident she once saw a vision; though, I presume, it was nothing but a dream. When I was an infant, she says, that one night a figure, clothed in the costume of spirits, which is, I believe, always white, approached her bed, and told her that I would be a marvellous boy, and that I must have a good education, and then it would be again revealed what I must do. Since that time, my mother has watched every incident which has occurred to me, and tortured them all into omens, which she constantly interprets in my favor, till she has worked herself into the belief, that I am to be a great man; and, as greatness and goodness are, in her pure mind, inseparably connected, she is convinced I am to be a *great*, *good* man, which must mean a *minister*. It is in vain for me to combat these imaginings. Indeed, I do not wish to disprove her fancies, but to fulfil them; still I should like, I own, to make this romance, superstition, or prophecy, whichever it may be, somewhat subservient to my own happiness.'

'But how has this any reference to my father?' inquired Lois, timidly.

'I have thought——,' and he hesitated, as

if afraid or ashamed to say what he was intending—'I have thought, if the apparition would again inform my mother that it was necessary for me to study with Mr. Lawton, that all objections, on the part of my family, would be removed at once.'

'You would not, surely, deceive your mother, Isaiah ?' said Lois, turning on him her dark, expressive eyes, with a look of reproachful tenderness.

'She has deceived herself, Lois. You are not more credulous than I ; nor do you imagine, that, like Glendower—you remember it in Shakspeare—

> "These signs have marked me extraordinary,
> And all the courses of my life do show
> I am not in the roll of common men."

Yet my mother firmly believes it. The Yankees are not credulous, or easily imposed upon ; but, when once they have imbibed a superstition, it is difficult to eradicate the prejudice ; because they are constantly reasoning themselves more and more into the belief of the reality of their fancies. Thus, everything, even the most common incidents, concerning me, are marked, and noted, and made, in some sense or other, to refer to the destiny for which my mother thinks me born. Where can be the harm in taking advantage of this superstition, which I cannot remove, to heal the prejudices that, at present, unhappily divide our families ; and thus overcome the only obstacles that exist to our union ?' He then went on to state, that what he proposed was, to en-

velope himself in a white sheet, appear in his mother's room, and say, in a hoarse, sepulchral voice, that 'Isaiah must study divinity with Mr. Lawton.' And he wished Lois to aid in disposing her father to credit the story and receive the student. The families would then be necessitated to hold some intercourse, which, the sanguine lover was confident, would ripen into fellowship and friendship.

'But we must not do evil, that good may follow,' said Lois, with that solemnity of manner so peculiarly affecting when assumed by the young and lovely. 'This deception on your good and kind parents, though not intended for evil purposes, is still a deception. It will be derogatory to the sacred character you are intending to assume. It is wrong—I cannot tell you all the evil consequences that may follow—but my conscience tells me it is wrong. You must not, Isaiah, you must not do it.'

It was all in vain, that he represented he should otherwise be sent to Connecticut, to study there with the favorite clergyman of his mother; and that, in the interim, the jealousies and divisions in the town would probably increase; and, perhaps, his father and hers, become so exasperated with each other, as to forbid their children to marry together. It was all in vain. Lois would not be convinced that expediency was any excuse for practising deception; and though Isaiah's passion had, in a measure, stifled his conscientious scruples, his sophistry could not stifle hers. So they separated—she, with a sad face and slow

step, proceeded homewards—and he, with a sadder face and slower movement, wended his way towards a neighbouring house, where he had promised to assist as a watcher with an old man, who was dangerously sick. The man died that night, and Isaiah gazed on a scene he had never before witnessed—the last scene of all. It struck him most painfully; because the old man frequently adverted to, and lamented, the follies of his youth,—while it was continually occurring to Isaiah, that he had been guilty of a great sin, even to plan a deception upon his kind parents.

When the youth entered his father's house, the next morning, he found the whole family in commotion; and he learned, to his astonishment, almost horror, that his mother had seen the white apparition again, and it had told her that if Isaiah would prosper in this world, and be saved in the next, he must study with Mr. Lawton.

Isaiah was thunderstruck,—and, in the consternation of the moment, he acknowledged what had been his own intentions respecting the personating of the apparition. The matter grew more solemn, and Mr. Lawton and Lois were summoned; when the clergyman was, for the first time, apprised, that his daughter and the young student were looking to each other for their earthly happiness. As nothing, to clear up the mystery of the apparition, appeared, it was believed, by all the women in the town, to be an awful warning, a solemn call to the two religious parties, to lay aside their

prejudices against each other; and as the meeting-house was now completed, and the people were curious to attend in the new building, Mr. Lawton had the satisfaction, and a heart-felt satisfaction it is to a good man, of seeing a full audience listening to his sermon on the first Sabbath he performed divine service in the new church.

From that time, there was more unanimity among the inhabitants, than had been since Mr. Lawton began his ministry. This change was universally ascribed to the priest, who, his hearers observed, preached fewer doctrinal sermons, and insisted less on the doctrinal points than used to be his wont. Undoubtedly there was a change. Mr. Lawton as firmly believed in the apparition as any of his people. Neither was this strange, as he was descended, by the father's side, from a Scotch emigrant, who fancied himself gifted with the second sight, and his mother was a German, fully believing in all the wild and awful legends of German superstition. And, notwithstanding Mr. Lawton was a man of sound sense and fervent piety, it is not strange he should be a little infected with superstitious or imaginative notions. But these had, in this instance, a salutary effect; because, as the apparition had, as it were, borne witness to the saving creed of the minister, he did not think it necessary to argue continually to prove his creed the saving one. And so the town of Harmony seemed soon more deserving of its name.

There was a marked change of manner in

Isaiah Warren, from the time he commenced his religious studies; and when he was licensed and entered on the duties of his sacred office, no young clergyman could be more devout and devoted. Fourteen years passed away—The Rev. David Lawton and Captain Isaiah Warren were both gathered to their fathers. They had died in full charity with each other, and in the assured belief, that Presbyterians and Congregationalists were to inherit the same heaven. But Mrs. Warren still lived—lived, to enjoy the pious triumph of seeing her favorite son installed as pastor over the destitute church of Harmony. And all this, she firmly believed was foretold her by the apparition. She was never undeceived—but the reader must be.

Isaiah Warren had a brother Benjamin, a wild, roguish, adventurous fellow, who finally went to sea, and was absent many years. After his return, as he was sitting one evening in his brother's study, telling such tales of his wondrous chances as sailors will tell, he remarked an air of incredulity on Isaiah's countenance, and instantly paused.

'Why do you not proceed ?' inquired Isaiah.

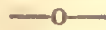
'You do not credit me,' returned Benjamin; 'and yet it does not require a greater degree of faith than you once exercised about an apparition.'

Isaiah saw the keen eye of his brother sparkle with mirth, and something that announced a triumph. In a moment the truth flashed on his mind. He started up, and striking the table with a volume of Baxter's "Saint's Rest,"

(the favorite book, next to the Bible, of his father-in-law, the late Mr. Lawton,) as if the said book had been a batten, he exclaimed—'Ben, I know you were that apparition!'

After a hearty laugh, Ben confessed the whole. 'I was,' said he, 'down close by the river, among some bushes at your feet, where I had crept to fix a trap for a mink, and there I lay and heard all your conversation with Lois. After you had gone, thinks I to myself, I will even play the trick on mother, and it will be no sin, for I am not intending to be a minister. So I wrapped up myself, and stole into mother's room, on tiptoe, and I said "Isaiah must study with Mr. Lawton," and then was out again in the twinkling of an eye. That was all I did say, and that about your being saved, was no words of mine. When I found how seriously the affair was taken, I did not dare to own what I had done. But, on the whole, I think it was a good thing. You obtained your wife, and the people were all made more peaceable and christianlike, and no bad effect has followed. This, I guess, happened, because I was not influenced by any bad or selfish motives, for our chaplain always said, that it was only the indulgence of selfishness that caused us to sin.'

WILLIAM FORBES.



> O! wherefore with a rash impetuous aim
> Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
> Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
> Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
> Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
> Or where the seal of undeceitful Good
> To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
> Lo, Beauty withers in your void embrace.
>
> AKENSIDE

'What answer did Elizabeth give?'

THOSE readers, who have been sufficiently interested in the work, to retain a recollection of the contents of the fifth Sketch, may remember, that 'The Village Schoolmistress' was left undecided respecting the answer she should make to the matrimonial suggestion of her recreant but repentant lover, William Forbes.

We have given her six months to consider the matter, and in this steam age of the world, no woman ought to require a longer time to make up her mind. What enviable advantages the antediluvian ladies enjoyed! They might reflect and reject, doubt and delay, consider and coquet, for at least three hundred years, without any risk of incurring that appalling epithet, which now, in the brief period of thirty, is sure to be bestowed on the fair one

who dares to remain in 'single blessedness.' Yet I never envied that longlived race. I am inclined to believe, the movement of the spirit was then as sluggish as the course of time. It must have been so, or the body could not for so long a season have resisted the efforts of the soul to escape from its prison house. And this sluggishness must have infected their literature. What interminable, prosing articles, many of our writers are even now inclined to perpetrate, and if their hours might be lengthened to years, would infallibly inflict upon the public! Nothing but the necessity of accommodating himself to the proverbial speed of time, will induce your thorough quill-loving author, to come to the conclusion of his favorite argument or article. And from this mania of 'long talks,' which seems inherent in most writers, we may safely conclude, that those men of a thousand years, would not neglect their mighty privilege of making folios. To be sure, in the dullest of all dull matter-of-fact knowledge, chronology and genealogy, they had the means of excelling. But romance—dear, delightful romance—what chance for a romance writer, when every event that had occurred since creation was within the memory of man! And how could they write poetry, among such an unchanging and deathless generation? It would not certainly be the poetry of feeling—melting, moving, melancholy poetry; for instance, like that most beautiful of all Burns's beautiful productions, 'Highland Mary.' And where did they find

metaphors to express the long unfading duration of the youth they must have enjoyed? Not in those bright, beautiful, but evanescent, or shifting things—buds and flowers—the morning and the moon. Only think of comparing the charms of a lovely girl, to the firmness of the mountain oak, or the unwasting, unvarying appearance of the solid rock! Then they had no rainbow. Ah, they never wrote poetry—that's certain!

Other reasons, quite as pertinent and conclusive, might easily be offered, to prove what a dull, cold, formal, changeless and charmless race they must have been,—but of all kinds of knowledge, I consider antiquarian lore as the most unwomanly. It must be gained by so much research, and explained by such learned terms, and defended by so many arguments, in the Sir Pertinax style of obstinacy, that, heaven defend me from ever meeting with that anomaly in our species—an antiquarian without a beard. Leaving it therefore, to some future Jonathan Oldbuck, as curious and communicative as he of Monkbarns, to pursue the inquiry respecting the precise age at which we may conclude a belle of the Nimrodian era, became an old maid, I will return to the explanation of those modern causes which gave to Elizabeth Brooks that uncoveted title.

I have said, or ought to have said, that William Forbes was an excellent scholar, the very first in his class, and, undoubtedly indebted for much of his mental superiority, to that circumstance, which is so often, and truly too,

considered a serious obstacle to the literary career of a collegian—namely, his love engagement.

This unusual result, must be attributed to the fact, that Elizabeth Brooks had the good sense, to use rightly and rationally, the influence she possessed over the heart and soul of the young student. Instead of wishing to engross his mind and time, with the trifles which must occupy much of the life of a young girl, she admired, and sought to imitate him in his studies. And that simple circumstance, contributed more to animate him in his exertion, than all the lectures of his tutors, or the prospect of obtaining triumphs over his class-mates. How eagerly he read, and how early he answered all her long epistles with letters still longer;—and yet their correspondence was like that of literary friends. To a stranger, their letters would scarcely have betrayed that they were lovers. His were filled with translations from the classics, beautiful sentiments that enchanted him, and must therefore enchant Elizabeth—explanations of ancient customs and costumes, which threw light on some otherwise obscure passages he had read to Elizabeth,—solutions of problems, or explana tions of questions that had been proposed by Elizabeth. Her answers were more sprightly than his, (a woman who can write at all, seldom writes a dull letter,) but nevertheless, were sufficiently learned to have entitled her, had they been seen by a literary coxcomb, to that frightful appellation, a *bas bleu.* I say fright-

ful, because the terror of that name, has prevented, and still prevents more women from cultivating their minds, than would the fear of the dungeon or the rack. It is the intellectual Blue Beard, threatening an awful and unknown punishment to those women, who dare a single peep into the secret chambers of knowledge—and where is the learned lady, who can ever hope for a generous Selim to rescue her from the keen, uplifted edge of the sword of sarcasm ?

Elizabeth Brooks, however, was wiser than most wise ladies,—that is, she did not assume those airs, which some learned women think so indispensable to distinguish their important selves from the crowd. She might be a little proud of her learning, she was certainly proud of William's learning, but the pride of teaching him—that pride which makes men so thoroughly dread, detest, and ridicule a learned woman, she never displayed. Even when, as was frequently the case, he acknowledged, the superior justness of her remarks, or submitted to the justness of her criticisms, she did not express any triumph—but modestly ascribed her discernment to some hint or information he had before given her ; thus making his self-love aid in the influence she possessed over him. And for many years, the attachment fostered between these young persons, appeared, and indeed was of that pure, refined, intellectual and exalted character, which poets would tell us, was 'half divine' and would be quite eternal. It was that kind of affection

which, if aught dependent on human passion were changeless, might hope to be so. But, alas! the heart—Who can answer for the wayward heart, or more wayward fancy?

The parting, and as affecting one as a novel writer ever witnessed, maugre all their sentimental descriptions,—the parting of William and Elizabeth has been already recorded, and it irks me quite as much to tell a story twice, as to listen to a twice told tale. So we will without further ceremony, accompany my hero to Albany, and consider him entered as a student-at-law, in the office of Judge Morse. (Note. Almost every lawyer in New-York, has, or might have, the title of Judge.) Mr. Morse was a good, that is, a true, specimen of the professional, political, popular men in New-York. He was social and hospitable, frank, cheerful, and fond of humor, if not himself a wit. He was also rich and respected, had a gay, agreeable wife, and several children, and his house was one of the most fashionable in the city, and the resort of all the fashionables.

Here was a marvellous change to William. He was transferred at once from the formal routine and rigid rules of a college life, where no flirting with the ladies was permitted to be thought of, except the ethereal flirtation of wooing those shy lasses, the 'sweet and sacred Nine,' and where nothing in this round world was considered so important, as to have the first appointment in the class, or be able to write the best 'odė to Hope, or sonnet to Des-

pair,' and introduced into the society of elegant and, as he thought, the most enchanting people on earth, and to the bustle and business of a large city.

Judge Morse had been long and intimately acquainted with the father of William Forbes, and to that circumstance, the young student was indebted for the enviable privileges he enjoyed of being admitted to the family parties of the distinguished lawyer. Indeed, William was soon considered and treated as one of the family. (What an excellent passport to really good society those young people enjoy who have good parents.) William Forbes had promised to write particularly of all that befell him—all his adventures, and all his reflections were to be communicated to Elizabeth. But he soon found it very perplexing and disagreeable, if not impossible, to keep his word. He could describe the country tolerably well, and the people *en masse*—but to tell Elizabeth of all the parties, balls, &c., he attended would, he feared, make her unhappy in her retirement; to tell her of the pretty and fascinating girls he met, might make her jealous. His amusements, therefore, could not be described to Elizabeth. Neither would his employments figure much better in an epistolary display. In all his studies at college she had participated in *inclination*, if not in *understanding*—but Law—dry, musty, unintelligible, inexplicable Law—how could he make her comprehend what was to himself incomprehensible. He knew indeed, that she was so devoted to him

and his pursuits, that had she been near him she would, for his sake, have looked on the volumes of Blackstone without shuddering ; perhaps have looked *into* them sufficiently to have learned the difference between *lex non scripta*, and *lex scripta*. At any rate she would have been interested, and listened delightedly to the history of her lover's progress in that study so exclusively masculine. But this sympathy could not be excited by a written correspondence ; so William relinquished the idea of describing his studies to Elizabeth.

Most of our scholars pass their three years of preparation and four years at college, solely with the view of being better qualified for active life. Few, if any, are intending to devote themselves to science or the cultivation of elegant literature. The necessary details of business, and the feverish anxiety of politics, in a few years wholly engross their minds, and unless the memory be exceedingly tenacious, of all the rich hoards of Greek and Roman lore they had once boasted, only a few sparkling gems, kept for display, remain. This does not happen because Americans are incapable of comprehending the profound depths of science, or of appreciating and admiring the sublimities of genius—it is purely the effect of our situation. With such a vast country to cultivate and control, unceasing activity is demanded, and there are, at present, no supernumeraries. Then the chance of success in public life is so tempting to the ambitious,—and who will not be ambitious, when there is a chance of suc-

cess ? that almost all our men of talents are, at least once in their lives, members of Congress —in expectation, I mean. William Forbes had thus visited the Capitol, and been installed in the speaker's chair before he had spent six months with Judge Morse. And that was a Quixotic speculation which he would by no means have been willing to communicate to Elizabeth.

Thus the sources of confidence and sympathy seemed, on his part, constantly contracting, and he grew formal without intending it. If Elizabeth noticed this change she did not note it. She had much of that kind of good sense, commonly called sagacity, which means, the faculty of foreseeing consequences ; and she must have reflected that reproaches never have the effect of enkindling the passion of a *lover*, however they may operate on that of a *husband*. So she did not complain that William's letters were cold, formal, short ; but she wrote often and affectionately, and described her business and her pleasures, her school and the neighbours, just as if she felt confident he would be interested in everything that concerned her. It was the best plan she could have adopted, to maintain her sway over the heart of William; and it served, notwithstanding the temptations by which he was surrounded, to keep him for more than two years, constant to the idea of making Elizabeth his wife. And though he might sometimes show a little more gallantry, than is usually displayed by an *engaged* man, towards the fair and fascinating ladies with

whom he associated, and about whom he was often rallied, yet he never regretted his engagement, never, in his secret soul, meditated proving, what he did prove,—a traitor to his love ;—never till the fair Clarinda appeared. I must describe her. Clarinda Curtis was the daughter of a New-York merchant, a successful merchant, for at the age of twenty, he left the vicinity of the Green Mountain, with only two changes of apparel and two dollars in cash, and in thirty years, passed in the 'Commercial Emporium,' he had acquired a princely fortune. Clarinda was the only child by his first wife, and from her mother inherited a large estate. She was also rich, in expectations, from her maternal grandmother, by whom she had been brought up. Then she was beautiful, splendidly beautiful : tall, even to the majestic, as Vermont beauties usually are, and so finely formed ! Her height she inherited from her father ; but the symmetry, so gracefully elegant, the rounded arm, taper fingers and slender foot, were not quite so strictly Vermontese ; though these perfections are much oftener possessed by your rural lasses, than the city belle, or the more fastidious city beau, who is usually a perfect Chinese in his admiration of small feet, imagines possible. Clarinda's features, with one exception, were perfect as statuary could be moulded. Her forehead was too narrow and receding, but examined by the rules of art, no other fault could have been discovered. Arched eyebrows, Grecian nose, the rose-bud mouth, with the sweet curl on the

upper lip that so easily and advantageously displays the white teeth—the round dimpled cheek, and exquisite chin, defying all adjective descriptions of round or square, or long or short,—all we can say of it is, that it was shaped precisely as a beautiful chin should be. And these features were harmonized by a brilliant complexion ; pure red and white, and both in their proper places ; and enlivened by a pair of blue eyes, of a softness that would have looked almost sleepy in a small girl, but belonging as they did, to a majestic beauty, seemed to throw an additional grace, the grace of repose over her loveliness. Fine, glossy, 'nut brown' hair, which she wore in a peculiarly becoming style, completed all we shall describe of her outward form of beauty. Alas, that this should be a show merely, not the index of inward excellence, that this comeliness should not extend to mind ! Who can imagine such a lovely looking being as I have described and believe her a simpleton ! Yet Clarinda Curtis with all her charms, was a dunce; that thing which sensible and educated young men often admire for a mistress ; but which sensible and educated married men will always find exceedingly disagreeable for a wife—an accomplished dunce ! Nature was not wholly in fault. The original constitution of her mind was undoubtedly dull, she was slow to comprehend—but then she was brought up by a doting grandmamma, and never, till she was full twelve years old, suffered to do anything save to grow. Could her tender relative have spared her that trouble,

she would, as she used often to express her fears that the poor child would weary herself with so much stretching and yawning. At length Mr. Curtis interfered, and threatened to take his daughter home if she was not better instructed ; and frightened at the prospect of losing her darling, grandmamma resolved the child should learn everything. Masters of all kinds and professions were engaged, and poured their lessons like a mingled flood over the unprepared mind of their pupil, till the few ideas, that had, by the kindly influence of nature, began to shoot, were deluged or uprooted, and no other ever had time to fix. All her knowledge seemed floating, unsystematized, and unconnected as the sentiments in a scrapbook, where, although you may have collected something on every subject, you can never be sure of finding that which is needed, or appropriate to the subject under discussion. Not one of her numerous masters but was ashamed of their pupil, except the dancing master. Strange as it may seem, with her indolent habits, she did love to dance. The excitement of motion was so novel, she was in perfect ecstasies with dancing, and she soon danced gracefully. For the rest, she could play a little, sing a little, draw a little, and speak a few French phrases ; but she could not have told whether Mexico was in North or South America; nor have subtracted 7 from 15 ;—nor wrote a letter of a dozen lines without mispelling as many words ; nor read a paragraph in a newspaper intelligibly. She was a dunce ; and yet

William Forbes, with all his learning and penetration, his taste and talent, did not discover it. She passed a fortnight with her aunt, (Mrs. Morse was her aunt,) and William saw her every day, and conversed with her every day, and fell in love with her, and never discovered she was a dunce. It was strange, he afterwards acknowledged, but then she was so beautiful it would have seemed profane to have doubted the elegance of her mind, the propriety and beauty of her thoughts.

But though William was enchanted with her appearance, and actually in that most woful of all lover-like predicaments, engrossed with the charms of one fair maid, while he was engaged to marry another not so fair, he might, and I am inclined to believe he would have acted the honorable part, and been true to Elizabeth, had he not discovered that Clarinda was in love with him. How the discovery was made I do not know, but made it was, and William must have been a hero indeed if, besides subduing his own inclination, he could have rejected the beauty and fortune that seemed, as Judge Morse remarked, designed by Heaven to make him blest, and insure his success in the world.

N. B. Judge Morse was not aware of the ignorance and indolence of his niece ; he had seen her but seldom, and *heard* her less ; for she had the good luck to be naturally taciturn, and real good luck it was, since her appearance was so much in her favor, that her silence was called eloquent. Had she spoke—but she rarely did, except in monosyllables. She

was too indolent to converse. William Forbes married her, as all my readers know, but they do not know what mortifying disappointment he endured, when he found with what a 'soulless' being he was destined to pass those hours of domestic intercourse his fancy had always painted as the most enviable privilege the married state afforded. Had she been, as many superficial ladies are, sprightly and amusing, he might have thought, as many men do, that learning was quite unnecessary for the sex; but such indifference and inanity displayed her ignorance in the most glaring and disagreeable point of view. She seemed unfeeling, because she could not enter into any of his ideas, or respond to his sentiments. With Elizabeth his intercourse had been so truly and purely that of intellect, their affection had been so founded on mutual esteem for each other's capacity, that nothing but experience would have convinced him, that the love of rational and intelligent beings could be maintained without some sympathy of mind. But he knew his wife loved him, and wished to please him, and that knowledge made him feel indulgent towards her ignorance, which he pitied more than he despised. So passed the time for a few months, and though not happy, yet he might have enjoyed the pride of being thought happy, as the having a handsome wife and rich wife, is pretty generally considered a passport to happiness, had he not unwisely taken it into his head, that it was possible to make his bride wise. He thought she could im-

prove, and that she would improve if she only knew how much his felicity depended on finding a companion in his wife ; and so he took a whole evening for the purpose, and gravely as a teacher, told her what he wished her to study and read, and how he expected she would join in the conversation with him and his friends, &c., sketching precisely, though he might not be aware of it, the intellectual character of Elizabeth as a model for his Clarinda. He might with just as much reason have drawn the portrait of Clarinda's beautiful features, and expected Elizabeth to mould hers by the picture. There is an old and quaint verse that I recollect reading when a child, which now frequently recurs to my mind when I witness some ridiculous displays of those who attempt to fill a niche for which nature never designed them.

> The man of wisdom may disguise
> His knowledge, and not seem too wise ;
> But take it for a constant rule
> There's no disguising of a fool.

There is no disguise for such an one but in silence ; and thrice blest are those simpletons who have the gift of silence. Clarinda possessed it, but love, what will not the magical power of love effect ? loosened her tongue. Her husband requested she would read, and she determined to read ; her husband wished her to talk, and she resolved to talk. But unfortunately, the jumble of ideas that had pervaded her head, ever since she underwent the penalty of listening to the lectures of six differ-

ent masters in the course of the twenty-four hours, besides her grandmamma's advice to remember all she heard, had so confounded her memory and understanding, originally weak, that though she read, she could neither compare, reflect or generalize ; and when she attempted to introduce in her conversation, any thought she had gathered from books, it was done with such an effort, and her quotations were so inappropriate, that her ignorance was never so apparent as in her learned phrases. Then she had the habit into which your poor conversationalists usually fall, namely, asking questions. I know nothing more disagreeable that does not absolutely shock one's principles, than to be subjected to the society of a questioner. And William Forbes disliked it exceedingly, but nevertheless, he bore with his wife's questions for a long time magnanimously, hoping she would, as she gained information, become capable of maintaining a conversation without such 'questionable' aid. He hoped in vain. She never, in society, could speak upon any subject but by a question, and the more confidence she gained in her own powers, and the more she conversed, the more ridiculously her questions were distributed among her acquaintance. How often did her husband wish, while his cheeks were glowing with shame at some blunder she had committed, that he had never urged her to talk. And she did it to please him—what could he say ? No matter what the subject of conversation

was, she would question. To give a few instances. One day when an eminent counsellor dined with Mr. Forbes, they happened, in their legal disquisitions to allude to a writ of fi. fa. and Mrs. Forbes eagerly demanded if that writ was not made against a singing master? At another time, she asked a lawyer, with a real compassionate voice, if John Doe and Richard Roe, could not take advantage of the insolvent act?—Those blunders to be sure, related to matters which a lady is not obliged to understand, yet she should understand enough to say nothing when they are introduced; but another blunder she made, could not be so easily excused. Her husband was appointed to deliver the address before an Agricultural Society, and proud enough she was of the honor conferred upon him. She could talk of nothing else, and among her host of questions on the occasion, she asked a celebrated rearer of merinos, why he did not obtain some cotton-wool-sheep and exhibit at the show?

I mention these circumstances that young men, intelligent and educated young men, may be warned against marrying a dunce, though she may be beautiful and rich, and affectionate, yet if she be a dunce—'she must, she will bring shame and sorrow' on her husband. And young ladies—is there not a lesson to them in this exhibition? Do they not feel that though they may be beautiful and rich, and married to the man they love, and who returns their affections,

yet, unless they have cultivated and improved their minds, they cannot make their husband happy or respectable.

Mrs. Forbes suddenly died during the tenth year of her marriage, and those who think her husband rejoiced, will do him foul wrong. He shed tears of unaffected sorrow over her pale corpse, for he felt she loved him, and that the pang of death to her was separation from him. But then his grief was not of that deep, enduring kind which is cherished by the survivor when kindred minds are torn asunder. He grieved that his wife should die more for her sake than his own, or that of his two little daughters, to whom he knew she never could have been a competent instructress or mother. And we may conclude that he did not think riches and beauty were the most important qualifications a wife could possess, because, as soon as decency would permit, he wrote to ascertain if Elizabeth Brooks was still at liberty

'*What answer did Elizabeth give?*'

She said no! unhesitatingly, as any woman of refinement and delicacy treated as she had been, would say.

But Mr. Bennett would not send her answer to his nephew, would not allow that she could decide on so important a point without first seeing William Forbes. 'I wish my nephew to visit me,' continued Mr. Bennett, 'and if I send him your rejection he will not come to New Hampshire. No, no, Elizabeth, we will give him a hearing before we pronounce his doom.'

William accordingly came. A noble looking man he was ; it seemed that his manly beauty had improved by years. There was a striking contrast between his appearance and that of Elizabeth. He had a fine commanding figure, his black eyes were still as bright, and black hair as glossy as ever, only around his temples it had grown thinner, and gave to his ample forehead a more judicial dignity. She was slender and pale, or rather inclining to yellow ; our villainous climate, cold winters and rough winds, soon tarnish a fair complexion. But then Elizabeth's countenance looked so animated and intelligent, that I really believe William Forbes thought her comely, for he gazed on her with the look of a lover regarding a beautiful girl.

That appealing look, or his eloquence, he was said to be a very eloquent pleader, and doubtless taxed his persuasive powers in the suit he was urging, finally obtained him the victory. Elizabeth, however, told Mr. Bennett, the day before she was married, that she should not have consented to wed Mr. Forbes but for the sake of his children, his little girls who, he said, so much needed her care and instructions. Thus by appealing a little to her professional pride, for all successful instructers are somewhat proud of their vocation, the lawyer succeeded, and carried home a sensible and intelligent woman, and was never afterwards ashamed to invite his friends to a dinner party lest they should discover his wife was a dunce.

Reader, the 'Sketch' is finished; and I think it proper to announce it, lest those who read to the end of the article should pronounce it dull, merely because it is long. What follows is intended entirely for the ladies; *gentlemen*, therefore, will please to pass it over. Gentlemen never indulge their curiosity about the forbidden, so I feel perfectly secure they will not read the next two pages. But the ladies *must* read them.

In the preface to the Village Schoolmistress were some remarks which, either from their novelty or the ambiguous manner in which they were expressed, will not, I fear, be understood in the sense intended. I did not mean that there was no *difference* in the minds of women. I believe, in the original conformation of soul, there exists as much dissimilarity among women as men—and the reason that the original capacity is not more distinctly developed and displayed, is wholly to be attributed to the situation of the female sex. There is for them but *one* pursuit. Of what use is it for us to deny the fact, that it is in the marriage establishment only, that woman seeks her happiness and expects her importance, when all history and our own observation, confirm it to be the truth. It is not so with men,—they have more than *one* medium through which to seek for fortune, fame and happiness, and that is, in my opinion, the sole reason of their superiority of mind over us. How I do wish women would be sensible of this, and endeavour to find or make an employment, consistent with *propriety*

—*that* must never be relinquished;—which would give to their minds strength and dignity, the strength and dignity which is acquired from exertion and self-dependence. But while women imagine they are gaining importance, and are flattered with those compliments on their intellectual progress, which the gentlemen sometimes deign to bestow, they seem perfectly unconscious that they have not made one step of advancement in the scale of society, or at least, they are only engaged in the same occupations, namely, that of canvassing fashions and superintending household affairs, which occupied the sex a thousand years ago. I do not say women have not more learning, that they do not *read* more, but pray tell me what difference this has created in their *pursuits?* except to make them less useful—because they now, many of them, think that to 'work with their hands' is disgraceful for ladies, and yet there is no employment provided, in which they can exercise their talents and learning advantageously—or indeed, at all. I would rouse them from this supineness,—I would have them seek some employment, have some *aim* that will, by giving energy to their minds, and the prospect of an honorable independence, should they choose to continue single, make them less dependent on *marriage* as the means of *support.*

They will then *really* improve, because their minds will have a wider circle in which to move and act. Women might succeed in many of the fine arts; but still, I think the business of instruction, the one best fitted to their charac-

ter, to the situation, which they must, indeed, *ought* to hold in society, because it was evidently assigned them by their Creator. It was for these reasons I urged upon their consideration the importance of *school-keeping*.

I seek to promote the happiness and the best interest of my sex; but I do not think that happiness, or those interests will be advanced by flattering women that they are *angels*, or that they have, as yet, much claim to a mental equality with men, if *equality* consist in the *exertion* of *mind*. We have reason, but we seldom use it; we might about as well be guided by instinct. We proceed day after day, and year after year in the same routine, without exhibiting one *original* idea. All new discoveries and inventions are made by the men; even the chemical combinations in cookery, and their causes, are unknown to almost every female, to those who have cooked all their days. We do not *think*—there is the fault of our education—we are not taught by necessity,—the necessity that arises to men in their diversified pursuits,—to *reflect*.'

A WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

> 'My country, thou art *free*—the orient wave,
> Albeit perfumed by India's spicy gales,
> Floats round the land where dwells the crouching slave,
> Where rapine prowls, and tyranny prevails—
> But here, in Freedom's green and peaceful vales,
> Man with his fellow mortal proudly copes;
> No despot's will the peasant's home assails,
> Nor stalks th' oppressor o'er its pastoral slopes,
> Nor reaps the stranger's hand the harvest of his hopes.'

Did you ever live in the country? I don't mean a residence of some six or seven weeks, just to escape the burning, boiling, stifling atmosphere of the crowded city, when the thermometer stands at 93° in the shade, and clouds of dust render promenading through Washington Street almost as dangerous as would be a march through the desert, to explore the ruins of Palmyra. But there is the Mall. Oh! the Mall is unfashionable;—and what lady, having a proper sense of her own dignity and delicacy, but would prefer suffocating at home, to the horror of a refreshing walk in an unfashionable place? They must resort to the country. But never should those ladies imagine their experience of pastoral life, makes them competent to decide on rural pleasures and rural characters; or gives them the right to bestow

those convenient epithets, dull, ignorant, plodding, on our country farmers, or uneducated, unfashionable, dowdyish, on their wives and daughters.

Summer and autumn are the seasons, during which our city people visit the country. In summer all who feel a sensibility for the beautiful, are charmed. The green woods, the flowery fields, the soft lulling waters and calm bright skies, are successively admired and eulogized. The sweet scenery is extolled, be-rhymed, sketched—left and forgotten. Autumn scenery makes a far deeper impression on the feelings. There is something in the decay of nature that awakens thought, even in the most trifling mind. The person who can regard the changes in the forest foliage,—that can watch the slow circles of the dead leaf, as it falls from the bough of some lofty tree, till it mingles with the thousands already covering the ground beneath, and not moralize is—not a person that I would advise to retire to the country, in search of happiness. He or she had better stay in the city and be amused. Those who cannot *think*, have, in my opinion, a necessity (which goes very far towards creating a right) for amusement.

But the season when the scenery of the country makes the most delightful impression on the traveller's senses, or awakens his mind to reflection, is not the time to form a correct estimate of the social pleasures and mental advantages, which the inhabitants in our interior towns enjoy. Labor, unceasing labor is, dur-

ing summer and autumn, the lot of the farmer, and usually of all his family. The city lady or gentleman, who visits in the country, regards this industry as oppressive, almost slavish. And truly it is sometimes so ;—but still there is a satisfaction to those industrious people, in seeing how much their hands have accomplished ; and there is a positive pleasure in the rest that night allows, and above all, which the Sabbath brings, that persons ever occupied in amusements or busy about trifles, cannot comprehend, any better than a blind man could the effect of colors on the eye. I may be told, that such happiness only refers to animal sensations, that mind has no part in the bliss which mere respite from the plough allows the farmer, any more than to the repose it brings the cattle that assisted his labors. If mind had no influence to prompt his industry, this might be true ; but our American yeomanry are lords of the soil they till,—they 'call no man master on earth,'—they are in fact, the acknowledged sovereigns of this vast country,—they are, in our republic, entitled to respect, from their station ; and those who affect to look down upon the farmer and his family, to despise and ridicule the country people, exhibit a spirit which, if it be refined and delicate, is neither enlightened, liberal or patriotic. The truth is, such fastidious persons know little, if anything, about the country ; not much more than did Owen Ashley, when he first entered as a partner in the store of Mr. Silsby, merchant in the village of ———, situated about thirty miles west

of the Green Mountains. Owen Ashley was Boston born and educated ; and was in truth, as fine a gentleman as could be found in the city. He was also endowed with very good abilities, and had he not indulged an over-weaning conceit of the privilege he enjoyed, in being a native of the metropolis of New England, he would have been a very sensible young man.

His father had been reputed very rich, and his failure in 1813, was wholly ascribed to the pressure of the times. A time of calamity it undoubtedly was, to many of our citizens, but none seemed more conspicuously marked by misfortune, than the elder Mr. Ashley. His real losses were not so great as was reported. He had for many years lived beyond his income, and it therefore required but a slight shock of his mercantile credit to embarrass him ; and when the downward course was once begun, he had no means of retarding the catastrophe. But I am not intending to sketch the old gentleman ; only as his failure was the cause of inducing his son Owen, to emigrate to that 'unknown bourne' to most of the native Bostonians, the land of the Green Mountains, it was necessary to mention it. Such an unprecedented adventure required a reasonable motive for its justification, or I might be accused of giving the creations of fancy, rather than sketches of real characters.

'Is it true, Ashley, that you are intending to leave the city ?' inquired Edward Paine, as he took the arm of the former on quitting the theatre.

'Yes, such is my intention,' replied Owen, in a low tone.

'When do you go?'

'To-morrow.'

'To-morrow,' ejaculated Edward in astonishment. 'Why, Ashley, you cannot be serious. Have you forgotten the party at Mrs. Drayton's to-morrow evening? Maria said she was particularly anxious to see you, and she has been arranging to have some delightful music; those songs and airs you so much admire, to charm you if possible, from this preposterous plan of self-banishment.'

'My dear friend, what else can I do?' sighed the discontented Owen. 'I have no funds to support me in the city. My father is a bankrupt by thousands. At his age, it will not be expected he should enter into new speculations, and his friends are prepared to assist him. He must, for the present, accept their aid. But what is excusable for him, would be a disgrace to me. I must engage in business; but I can do nothing here. Neither is the encouragement for honest adventurers in any of our cities, at all more flattering. The Vermont merchant, has made me a very generous offer, and I must either accept it, or enlist for a soldier, I see no other alternative.'

'I think, to shoulder the musket would be to me the least horrible of the two,' replied Paine, as they entered his lodgings together. 'I declare,' continued the little beau, as he arranged his hair at the mirror, with a very selt satisfied expression of face. 'I declare it is

abominable, Ashley, that such a fine fellow as you are, should be driven from all good society, and sent among the bears of Vermont. If I only thought the war was a just one, I would urge you to enlist as a soldier.'

'I have similar feelings of disgust, when thinking of my destination,' said Owen. 'And yet I fear it is wrong, even absurd to indulge in them. This Mr. Silsby, is a noble-minded fellow, and a noble looking one too. Indeed, quite the gentleman in his manners; and it cannot be, that he lives among savages. Have I ever told you the reason of his kindness towards me?'

'Not as I recollect.'.

'There is an air of romance about the business,' replied Owen, smiling, 'that promises well for me; because I never read any similar preface, without a fortunate denouement. You must know, that some twenty years since, this same Mr. Silsby, who had been in trade but a short time, came here to sell a drove of cattle, and purchase a stock of goods. He had traded with my father from the first, and was then considerably in his debt. The day after he arrived in the city with his cattle, there came a sheriff with demands from people in Vermont, and attached the whole drove. Mr. Silsby applied to my father, and stated, that the proceeding was the work of an enemy who was seeking to ruin him and supplant him in his business. This man, Silsby said, had been circulating false reports against him, affecting

his credit, and by that means had frightened those men from whom he had purchased cattle, and who were to wait his return, and had induced them to send on their demands after him. He said, if his property was thus attached, and sold at auction, it would ruin him, but that if he had the money to satisfy those demands, the market was good, and he should be able to pay the loan before he left the city. My father was a generous spirited man, and he had moreover, a most thorough detestation of all mean, paltry, villainous tricks; and he advanced the money without hesitation. I have since heard him remark, that had Silsby shown the agitation when he came to borrow the money, which he did when he came to pay it, he should have thought him a weak, timid man, and though he might not have doubted his honesty, he should most probably have refused to assist him. When he appeared to solicit the favor, he was to be sure very pale; but his air was perfectly collected and his countenance firm. But when, after a very successful speculation in the sale of his cattle, he entered, and taking out his pocket-book filled with bank notes, he asked my father to pay himself, and added, "you sir, have saved me from a failure, from disgrace, perhaps from a gaol;" he burst into tears. He appeared so overcome by his feelings, that my father in a lively tone attempted to reassure him, by saying, that what he had done had been no inconvenience, that it did not deserve even a single

thank ye—"but" added he, "if you think it has been of so much benefit to you, why I am the person who should feel obliged, because, through your means I have performed a good action so very cheaply." This reasoning, however, did not seem to soothe the feelings of the Vermont merchant,—he appeared distressed with his gratitude, till at last, my father said,—"Mr. Silsby, we will think no more of this matter now,—I may hereafter want your assistance, or my boy may. It is to me a sufficient reward, that I have obliged an honest man, and gained a good friend." Mr. Silsby looked up at these words and called me to him. I was then but four years old, but I remember it as though it were but yesterday. He called me to him, took me on his knee, and bent his face down to mine. I remember hearing him whisper, but what he said I did not understand. He then kissed my cheek—and so ended the tragi-comedy.'

'You think,' said Edward Paine, attempting to smile, while something like moisture conglobed in his eye, 'you think that this good-hearted Yankee then, made a vow to assist you if ever his kindness was necessary?'

'I have no doubt of it. And though he has never mentioned the circumstance of the loan, he never forgot while my mother lived, to make her an annual present. One year he would bring a fat turkey so large, that we were sometimes inclined to call it a different species from those to be found in the market—then

would come a firkin of most excellent butter, the balls all made up in a particular form, with a very curious stamp on each ball, and sometimes he would send a cheese, which I used to believe when a child, was precisely the size of the moon ; and so indelibly has that idea fixed itself in my mind, that I now never see the full-orbed luminary of night, without thinking of a Vermont cheese.'

'What does he propose to do for you ?' inquired Edward. 'I should say, from what you have related, that he was a very good sort of a man, but whether you would like a residence with him, is another affair. I suppose he has a wife, and at least a dozen children of his own ?'

'No, he is so singular as still to be a single man. He met with a disappointment of the heart, I have heard my mother say, soon after she became acquainted with him. The young lady to whom he was engaged, died of a consumption. He brought her to Boston, during her illness, and she spent several weeks with my mother. I remember seeing the young lady ; and I remember well how my mother wept, when Mr. Silsby came and carried her away; and that she told my father she wept for the sorrow the young man would soon endure, because, though he flattered himself with hopes, the young lady would never live to reach home. And she did not. Mr. Silsby has never married, and so we have reason to think he still remembers his first love,—and I

am so romantic, that I confess I respect him for his constancy.'

'He probably intends to make you his heir, if he has no family. Is he rich?' asked Edward with an expression of interest in the inquiry, his face had not before exhibited.

'Yes, he is rich for the country; but I am not intending to play the part of heir expectant. The fawning smile, the equivocal speech of such a parasite, is to me, most contemptible. Mr. Silsby merits my gratitude much more, than if he had promised to give me his fortune, because he seems anxious to encourage, and enable me to earn a fortune for myself. He offers to take me as a partner, and allow me one half the profits of his business simply for my assistance. And he seems eager too, to save me from all mortification of wanting a capital, by repeating how much he needs my help as an accountant,—that he is tired of being always harassed, &c.; and that is what I call perfect charity. 'Tis a virtue rarely practised. Most people seem to think that if they aid you in an enterprise, your feelings are of no consequence. But I esteem that delicate kindness which spares me the consciousness of my present dependence as the greatest favor I can receive. Yes, Silsby is a noble-hearted man, and I only wish he lived among civilized beings.'

'O! 'tis abominable to think you must go to Vermont,' said Edward Paine, buttoning his coat up closely as though the blast from the

Green Mountain even in thought, had power to freeze his spirit. 'Why, my dear fellow, do you not postpone your travels till next spring?'

'Because I am impatient to know the worst. I hate this procrastination of fate. It is to my feelings more insupportable than actual misery. I shall go to-morrow.'

'O! not to-morrow—Allow one more evening to your friends—to pleasure—to life. Consider that you will not soon have another opportunity of listening to the "concord of sweet sounds." You will hear no music beyond those rude hills, except the piping of the wintry winds, or a serenade of wild cats.'

Owen shook his head, and attempted to speak gaily while he replied—'Thank you, Edward, for your solicitude. It speaks well for your heart; but my judgment must not yield, even to your affection. If I have any merit, entitling me to the confidence of my friends, it is, that when I have taken a resolution on conviction of its fitness, I will adhere to it. So farewell. And when you and my young companions meet, pray remember, that in spirit I am with you.'

'Letters, we shall expect,—letters containing all your adventures and discoveries in that terra incognita,' said Edward, pressing his friend's hand as they parted, 'or we shall conclude you have positively given up the ghost, actually died of the *maladie du pays*.'

'Yes, you shall have letters,' was the reply;

and how well the promise was fulfilled, the extracts with which I shall conclude the sketch, will prove. The whole correspondence ought to be given, but—that may be done hereafter, if this sample proves acceptable to public taste. At present, I shall only select such letters and passages as will mark most distinctly, the effect which country scenes and characters, had upon the mind and feelings of my hero.

* * * * *

Vermont, Dec. 23.—'I am here you see my dear Edward,—and alive and well, and in no danger of dying from disgust, or ennui, or even the *maladie du pays*. To account for such a phenomenon, I will just tell you truly of my tour, and describe my present residence.

I started, as you well know in company with Mr. Silsby, in his sleigh. Well, we travelled silently on, he immersed in his mercantile speculations I suppose, and I deeply engaged in planning letters, in which I intended to exert all my fancy, to portray the savage and wild scenes I should traverse, and the uncouth beings I should meet, in a style of elegant pleasantry, that would divert my friends. I remember now nothing of those fancies, except that I intended to introduce the witticism, that the farther I travelled *west*, the more I became convinced the wise men must have come from the *east*,—and another one, in which I was to

represent the immense benefit my journey would be to science, as the elevation of the country where I resided, had actually permitted me to discover five new stars, one of which, I was convinced must be the lost Pleiad.

During these thoughts, if such reveries deserve the name of thought, I examined *coolly*—you must allow, for I was half frozen, the country through which I was travelling. I was never before in the interior of the country. Never before at a greater distance than thirty miles from Boston, except when I went by water to visit our Atlantic cities. I expected that the farther I receded from the sea shore, the more rude and uncultivated the land and the people would be. Edward, I was never so disappointed in my life. And I would with pleasure describe some of the beautiful villages, beautiful even in winter, and country seats I passed on my route hither,—but your city prejudices would discredit me. Come and see the country for yourself. Come in the summer, if to *see* is all you are anxious about ; but Mr. Silsby says, that if you wish to partake the social enjoyments of the country in their perfection, winter is the season. But come. Do not permit even the terror of journeying over the Green Mountains to deter you. I had pictured the passage as an exploit similar to that of Hannibal's famous march over the Alps,—with this trifling difference, that the destiny of nations was involved in his experiment of forcing his array of men and

elephants over those frozen heights, while I, riding at my ease, wrapped in a trio of buffalo skins, had nothing, but the vulgar business of studying my own comfort and preserving my own life and limbs, to attend to. Still I thought the adventure must be of some consequence. There must be, said I to myself, rugged precipices and narrow defiles, and yawning chasms, and perhaps a *glacier* or two. I had never heard the latter particularly named as being among the terrors of the Green Mountain; the epithet *Green*, did not seem applicable to a mountain of ice,—but yet I might discover a glacier. Edward, I was never so disappointed in my life, indeed I was really angry, when, after reaching that stupendous scene of 'mountains piled on mountains,' a few hours driving, up hill and down to be sure, and through a cold, dismal looking fir region, but on a good turnpike road, and without a single accident of any kind, Mr. Silsby announced, that we had crossed the Green Mountains. Here was a finale to all my hopes of being immortalized by escaping an avalanche. "All's well," thought I, what an ignoble catastrophe, that I should pass that barrier of civilisation and have no report to make but that "all's well!"

I might mention some peculiarities of the scenery, that would interest you by contrast, at least, for it is very different in character to that by which you are surrounded. But the impression it has made on my mind, is favorable

to the country through which I have passed,—very favorable in comparison with the images of savageness, desolation, rudeness and poverty, which I had always drawn of this part of New England; and which I know your fancy will still conjure up whenever Vermont is named. So we will let the country pass, and turn to the people.

My Mentor was not at all communicative on our journey. He seemed, as I thought, to be rather averse to answering my inquiries respecting the inhabitants of the good town, where I was to make my debut. I imputed this reserve, to his admiration of my knowledge and accomplishments. He has, thought I, already discovered that the society of his villagers, will be to my refined taste, "flat and unprofitable,"—he is ashamed of the people to whom he is about to introduce me;—for his sake, for he is really a good-hearted man, I will try and be civil to his friends; but I will not permit those bumpkins to treat me with familiarity. Such were my reflections when, just as the sun was setting, on the fourth day of our journey, Mr. Silsby aroused me from my self-complacent mood, by saying we were within six miles of his home.

"Have you a good hotel or boarding-house in your town?" said I.

"We have a tavern," he replied,—"but I have engaged your board in a private family, where I lodge myself—with Colonel Gage. He is one of our best men—a real Yankee farmer."

"Good heavens!" thought I,—"am I to board in a farmer's family?"

I believe the nervousness of my mind, was apparent in my countenance, for Mr. Silsby, after regarding me a minute or two, said very calmly—"If you should not be satisfied with your lodgings, Mr. Ashley, you can easily change. But I wish you to spend a week with me."

The day had been cold and gloomy, and soon after sunset, the whole horizon was overcast, and a thick darkness coming on, it became necessary to drive slowly, and the miles seemed to me as long as they say Scotch ones are. We occasionally passed very comfortable looking houses, the bright windows, promising warmth and gladness within,—but I had no interest in their joys—I felt chilled even to the heart, I felt like a stranger—where were my friends, my home, my own bustling city? Could I, at that time, have had the power, which I have often coveted, of transporting myself by a wish, to whatever place I desired, very certain I am, that I should have been in Boston with the speed of Clavileno, and with a resolution never again to venture beyond the Green Mountains. When the sleigh stopped at the door of Colonel Gage, I was just in that peevish mood engendered by hunger, cold, fatigue and discontent, which makes a man the most unreasonable creature on earth. I determined to hate my host and all his family, and find fault with everything. There was a

secret pleasure in thinking I should have cause to find fault,—and that was all I expected to enjoy.

We were met at the door by the Colonel himself. He gave Mr. Silsby a very brotherly greeting, and when I was named, grasped my hand with such warmth, such kindness, that the pressure actually sent a glow through my shivering frame,—Edward, it reached my soul in spite of my prejudices, I do believe our spirits know their friends. He never relinquished my hand till we had entered the room, where he introduced me to his wife, his daughter, and five sons, of all ages from sixteen down to six.

Well, Edward, you expect a description of the family. Wait a month, and then I can judge more accurately. I have been here now but four days ; perhaps I shall reverse my present opinion. I do not care to be called an enthusiast—or a lover. I never will be convinced of an error by my feelings only. I must have a reason to render for every change in my judgment of men and things. But thus much I will say, and it is what I should once have thought impossible,—I am in a country village in Vermont, living in a farmer's family, and yet—I am very happy.'

January 23d.—

> "Convince a man against his will,
> He's of the same opinion still."

'There is truth in that couplet, my dear Edward,—more than is always contained in wise proverbs. It is a very difficult affair to convince a person who has not only made up his mind on a subject, but defended his position with all the strength of his logic, that he has mistaken the causes or consequences of his system. Were it not for this tenaciousness of the human mind to maintain and uphold what it has received as truth, and defended as truth, even after convinced that it is not true, there might be reasonable grounds to hope that men would, in time, reach that perfection which is now considered possible, only by the visionary philosopher, or the credulous philanthropist. But I mean to prove, that it is practicable to overcome the prejudices of education, or situation rather. I will cite my own change of opinion, as proof that we may, if we will be open to conviction, correct our errors of sentiment. The person who believes he has no errors of opinion, must be a fool,—and he who will not correct them, when discovered, will never be wise.

When I was a tiny boy I thought, as our city children do, that the country was a place of woods, filled with bears and other wild animals, and I regarded the country people as objects of compassion, because they were obliged to live in such a place. This, you will say, was a childish notion, but I always retained the idea, that the advantages of a polite education were, in New England, confined to Boston and

its vicinity. A few weeks' residence here has convinced me, and therefore I acknowledge it, that a young lady may possess a refined taste, and cultivated mind and manners, may be *accomplished* in your sense of that fashionable word, without even having been beyond the atmosphere of Vermont ; and that country farmers may be men of intelligence and literature, may be well-bred and agreeable, in short, *gentlemen* in manners and conversation. You recollect saying that I should hear no music in this region, save the piping of the winds, or the shrieks of wild cats. Why, Edward,—I listen to the notes of a piano-forte every day ; and the sweet girl who plays it with a taste and skill I scarce ever heard exceeded, never was out of Vermont in her life ! You may stare, you must not disbelieve. When I first saw the instrument, the evening of my arrival, I thought Mr. Silsby must have purchased it at some auction in Boston, and removed it to the country to astonish the natives. I have since been told, and am convinced, that there are but very few villages in this state or in New Hampshire, but what have at least one family, often several, whose daughters are instructed to play the piano-forte. I do not mention this as redounding vastly to their praise, because I think the accomplishment, delightful as it is, is often too dearly purchased ; but I wish you to know, that the city belles do not monopolize all the *advantages* of such accomplishments. And I wish also to correct your

ideas respecting the wealth and intelligence, the manners and refinement of this portion of our Union.

In the dwelling of Colonel Gage, large, thoroughly finished, and furnished, even filled *full* from garret to cellar, I see nothing that would shock your taste save the large fire-places, and an old-fashioned, armed chair in the sitting room. The latter, Colonel Gage would tell you he prized, because it was his father's before him, and the former he would say, were necessary for the climate. But I confess they alarmed me a little, especially the first time I saw the kitchen fire. I was passing the door, when hearing a roaring like that of flame, I stepped in—and such a blaze I never saw on any hearth before. I hastily demanded of the housemaid, if there was an engine at hand. She understood me to say *Indian*—and replied, that there had never been an Indian in town since she could remember. After I made her comprehend my meaning, the matter was no better, for neither had she even seen an engine. In the theory of extinguishing fires, therefore, I found I was vastly superior to the Vermonters, but in the skill of kindling (or *building* as they term it, and truly, the pile of maple wood looks like a building,) one I was quite as inferior—so on the whole I had nothing to boast. But now I have become accustomed to these bright, blazing hearths, I do admire them. There is a generous hospitality in their light, and they inspire a cheerfulness of feeling, which

is, as I think, the chief reason why the country people are never troubled with ennui or dispepsia. 'Sin and sea-coal' you know, are proverbially united; and according to the poet, Melancholy dwells only

> 'Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings.'

Which never happens, I assure you, in a Yankee farmer's house, except when the inmates are asleep.

I am convinced that winter is the season to visit the country, if you wish to become acquainted with the true character of the inhabitants. They are then freed in a great measure, from that hurry and care which, often in the seasons of flowers, clouds their faces with anxiety, and amid the profusion of the harvest, which they must toil and sweat to gather, makes them look sad and weary. These labors are closed when the winter commences,—their garners are filled—it is a season of leisure, especially the winter evenings, and then is the time for their balls, parties, sleigh-rides and social visits. Never did I see more unaffected hospitality displayed, more real pleasure enjoyed than at these merry parties. They have earned the right to be happy, and right well do they improve it. But though I enjoy exceedingly these frank, social visits, yet I own it pleases me best to pass my evenings at home, in our domestic circle. Edward, I see the contemptuous curl on your lip while you ask, what charm there can possibly be in the hum-

drum circle of a farmer's family that so enchants me? You must not think of Colonel Gage as a farmer and nothing else. It is the boast of our free institutions, that talents, and worth, and energy, may claim their reward, let the station of their possessor be what it may. Colonel Gage was an officer in the revolutionary war, and he has held civil offices of all grades from that of town clerk to senator in the State Legislature. But all these honors have never tempted him to relinquish the plough. A man he is, representing the New England character of industry, enterprise, intelligence and perseverance in its best light, because his course has always been marked by that high-minded integrity, which will command respect. (How I wish *all* our Yankees deserved such a report.) Then he is so generous, so truly hospitable—and so uniformly pious—Edward. I would take his chance of gaining heaven before that of any person I know. But our domestic circle. Allow me to describe one evening. I have passed many such, and instead of finding them grow dull by repetition, "like a third representation" of a barren play, I look forward to each succeeding evening, with that expectation of entertainment we cherish, when a favorite actor is announced, from whose versatile powers we always expect new delight. But perhaps I ought first to mention our daily fare, which, by the way, is daily feasting. Such breakfasts and suppers! The profusion of good things then set forth, would absolutely

astound you, and be called quite vulgar in your city, where all the dainties are displayed at dinner. But I have the authority of Dr. Johnson for liking a good breakfast; and for their suppers—why, on my own authority, I pronounce them in *good taste.* It is the 'land of cakes' here—that's certain. To describe all the different kinds I have eaten, would require half a volume at least.

But the evening—You must know Mr. Silsby always dispenses with my presence in the store after eight o'clock. He stays till nine. When I enter the sitting room the family are arranged in the following order. Colonel Gage in his armed chair, occupies the right hand corner beyond the fire-place, his dignified countenance looking peculiarly benign and holy, as the brightening or falling blaze alternately reveals or shades his gray hairs, and his calm, thoughtful features. Nestling in his bosom, or playing at his knees, may be seen his youngest boy, the loved Benjamin of his old age, and close beside him sits his wife with her knitting work. She is many years younger than her husband, and still a beautiful woman; but her greatest charm is, that constancy, that devotedness of affection, that charity, with which she seems to be always waiting to promote her husband's comfort, the improvement of her children, and the happiness of all around her. In the centre of the room, stands an old-fashioned, round table, covered with books, newspapers, a board exhibiting the royal game of

"fox and geese," and all the feminine apparatus of needle-work. On the side of the table, (if *side* can be predicated of a round form,) next his mother, is the place of Master Robert Gage, the "eldest hope," a scholar, fitting for college, already ambitious of being a great man. Near to him usually stand or sit his two brothers, frolicksome fellows, whose glee over their game or their books, frequently awakens their mother's reproofs. The rogues, however, pay little attention to her soft-spoken remonstrances; but if they meet their father's eye "frowning disprovingly," or hear the slight tap of his foot on the floor, they are hushed as sleep. Opposite master Robert, sits the only daughter of my host, the sweet Catharine—positively, Edward, the loveliest girl I ever beheld. There she sits, looking so meek and innocent as she bends her head closer to her work, whenever I too earnestly regard her,—but sometimes—usually when I enter the room, she looks up in my face with such a smile! O! when I can flatter myself—as I try to do, that it welcomes me to the family circle, you cannot know how happy I feel. I am prevented from taking a seat beside her, because that is always occupied by her brother John, the youngest child but one. He loves Catharine so well that I cannot help loving the little urchin on her account, or otherwise, I fear I should really hate him. For there he will sit a full hour after I am at home, and he will engross all the attention Catharine can spare from her work,

He it is, that helps her wind her tnread, and he holds her work-basket, and picks up her scissors, or handkerchief—and often, claims a kiss for his reward. I have really wanted to strike that boy! There are always two vacant chairs, left for Mr. Silsby and your humble servant, and as I have my first choice, I take the one nearest to Catharine, but that is of little consequence while John remains. Colonel Gage converses with the ease of one accustomed to society, and he has moreover, all the fund of anecdote, which a revolutionary soldier and a pioneer in our new settlements, might be expected to possess. I have learned more from him of the early history of my country, more of the peculiar spirit of the early settlers, of their character, their labors and resources, than I ever learned before in my whole life. At nine o'clock, or a little before, Mr. Silsby makes his appearance, and then the four younger boys are dismissed to bed. I always rejoice when John goes, but the manner in which their father takes leave of them for the night, has a solemnity that awes, and prevents me from taking any advantage of my proximity to address Catharine. The boys in leaving the room, pass directly by their father. They pause before him, while he, in a tone of tender and touching pathos, dispenses a few sentences of reproof, advice, or commendation, to each individual. I never witnessed such a scene. I should think it would have a powerful effect on their tender hearts; for

when, as he receives their bow or kiss, he adds, "God bless you my children !" I often find it difficult to breathe freely. After a short pause, however, we begin to converse, and all join in the discourse more cheerfully, if possible, than before. News, politics, literature and anecdote, with an occasional tune on the piano-forte ; the Colonel is quite an enthusiast in his love of music ; and the hour of ten comes ere we are aware. I should remark, that we always have apples and cider, and frequently nuts of some kind, during the evening, and furthermore, I confess, that during the last hour, as the fire is gradually suffered to decay, we as gradually draw nearer to the hearth, and our circle contracting, I am at last usually quite near Catharine. I say usually, because whenever Catharine leaves her chair to play a tune, she seldom returns to it—she contrives to steal round to her father's side, and seats herself on a low chair close by his knee ; a seat claimed by the little boy when he is there. I wish from my soul he would take that small chair with him when he goes to bed.

I expect you will smile at what I am now going to confess—you will wish you were here to quiz me. So do not I. Though conscious I am acting rightly, I have hardly sufficient courage yet to stand the test of ridicule; but as one conquest over my own weakness, I confess that I attend the family devotions from choice ; that I kneel at prayers ; that Colonel Gage is a Methodist, and that Catharine says "amen !"

in a tone so soft, sweet and angelic, that it causes me to feel my own unworthiness more poignantly than would the severest reproofs. I never before comprehended what the distress of Macbeth was, when he could not say "amen." Yes, Edward—when I can kneel beside that innocent girl, and catch her soft whispered "amen,"—as her saint-like father pauses in the aspirations he has been pouring forth, perhaps for my salvation—I fancy she always responds the sweetest then, though in the lowest tone,—my heart throbs and swells till—I believe—tears have relieved me from the agitation of my feelings. But this agitation is not care, or pain, or discontent. No—I lay my head on my pillow in peace, everything around me is peaceful,—my reflections are all tinged with the Eden-like love and happiness that pervade this good family. "O, evenings worthy of the Gods!" you may exclaim, while revelling in your round of amusements, my apostrophe to evening would be—

> "I crown thee king of intimate delights,
> Fire-side enjoyments—heartfelt happiness,—
> And all the comforts of this dear, dear home." '

* * * * *

March 30.—'You say I am in *love*, and that it is the deluding passion which imparts the "Eden-like tinge," I rave about. True, Edward, I confess you are right—I am in love; but it is a patriotic, not a personal passion that engrosses me. I am in love with my country

I was always proud of being a Bostonian—Boston was the cradle of liberty, the literary emporium, the seat of arts, eloquence and fashion. Europeans were pleased with Boston, and allowed that we there possessed the advantages of good society. But still they ridicule America and Americans, and I—fool that I was—have acknowledged while conversing with them, that the interior of our country was yet rude—rude in its appearance, and rude in the character of its inhabitants. Vermont, especially, I considered, and reported as the Thule of our population, where civilisation ought not to be expected. Edward, I am ashamed of my ignorance, and I declare to you, that those dwellers in your proud city, who have seen little beyond it, are hardly better qualified to judge of the benefits of our free institutions and the peculiar character of our country people, than are those who have always lived beneath a royal government. All large cities must of necessity be similar in one striking feature—the disparity in the condition of the citizens. Riches, in the city, give the possessor a distinction, as surely as the priviledge of wearing a star and garter, and poverty is there degraded, and submits to a servile dependency, perhaps even to beggary ; though begging in our cities is usually practised by few but foreign mendicants, yet still it looks exceedingly preposterous to see such misery among a people boasting so much of their liberty, and equality, and prosperity, and happi-

ness. But the country, the country has none of this. Here is no ignorance, or want, or poverty, such as you have seen exhibited. Plenty of work there is to be sure, and the people work hard, but then it is *fashionable* to work, they do not feel degraded, and they are *not degraded* by it. They labor for themselves; there is no landlord or tenant; no hired dwellings; no rent to press like an incubus, and destroy the sleep of the weary. They reside in their own houses, on their own farms; they have enough, and to spare; they are lords of the soil and the laws; yet living in simplicity, and submitting quietly to all the necessary civil restrictions; but well acquainted with their own rights, and watching the conduct of their rulers with a strict and scrutinizing eye—providing liberally for public education, and eager to give their children its advantages—and you will find well-educated, even highly cultivated and refined people; those who would do credit to your "good society;" in every little town or village scattered through this—as you think, wild and rude State. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," said the wise man; and I now see the wisdom of his wish. The country is the strength of our Republic. Luxury may enervate our cities, but through our wide spread country, the healthful tide of liberty will still flow uncorrupted. There is no other land where the people are so free, so virtuous, so intelligent, so happy. I no longer connect the idea of American greatness, with the great-

ness of our cities. Should a foreigner ask me to show him the great blessings of our boasted freedom, I would send him on a six months' tour among the independent yeomanry of our land,—the *peasantry*, as he would call them Edward, I am a patriot; I love my country, and—why should I deny to you?—*I love Catharine.*'

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